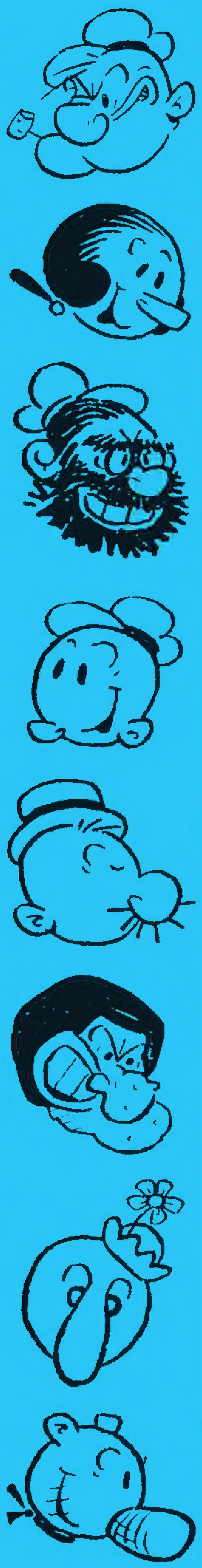
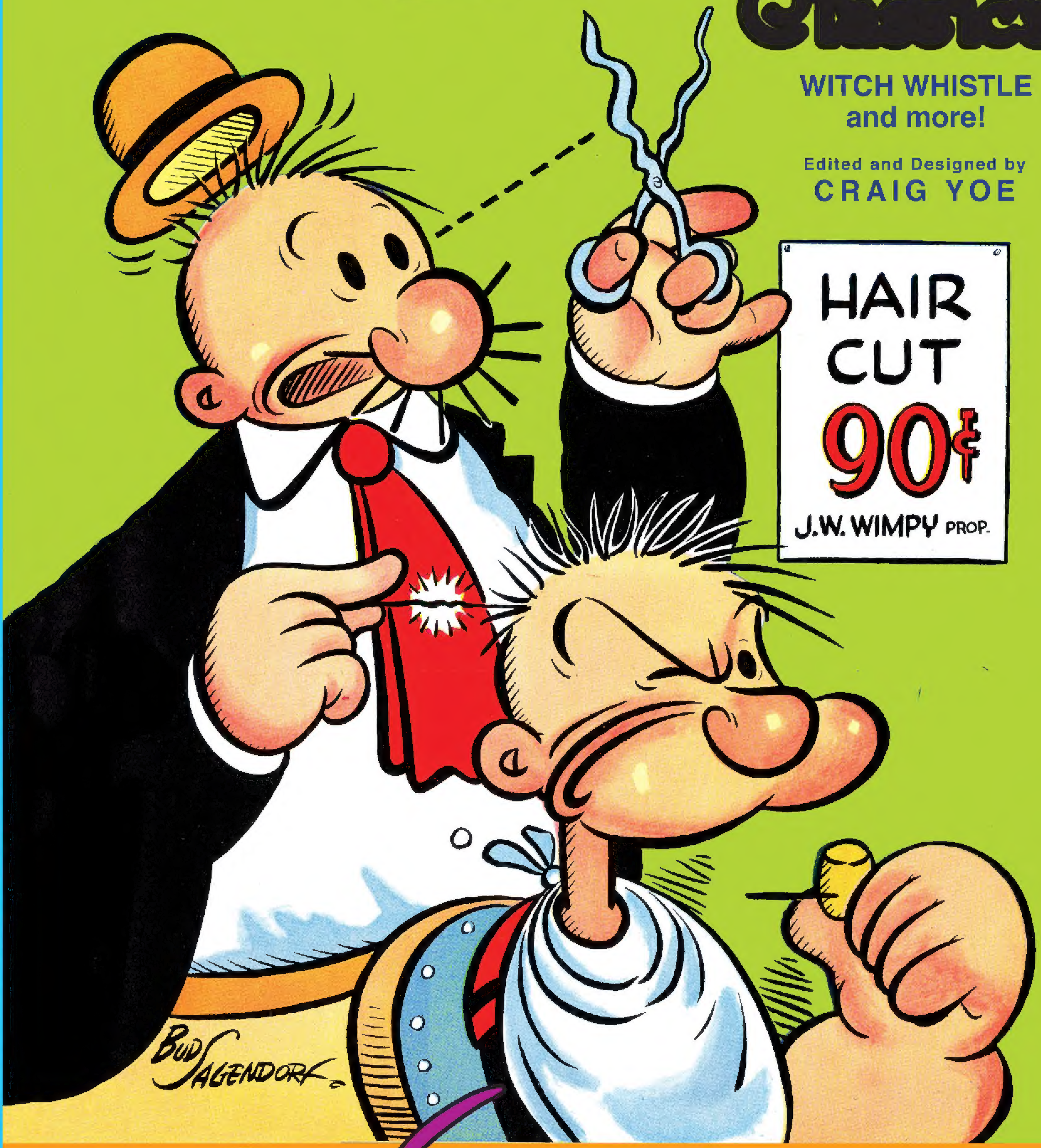
Popeye® Classics

WITCH WHISTLE
and more!

Edited and Designed by
CRAIG YOE





BUD SAGENDORF

Popeye
Classics

Bud Sagendorf

Produced by
CLIZIA GUSSONI

Edited and Designed by
CRAIG YOE

YOE BOOKS!
IDW PUBLISHING
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

wrote and drew more *Popeye* comic strips and books than any other cartoonist—and wrote and drew them better than all the other swabs!

When Bud was just 17, his sister, who worked in an art supply store in Santa Monica, California, introduced him to a customer, E.C. Segar, the creator of Popeye. Bud began a long relationship with Segar, who became his teacher, employer, and father figure.

After Segar's passing, Bud produced comic books for 24 years, penned the daily strip, and drew art for licensing products.

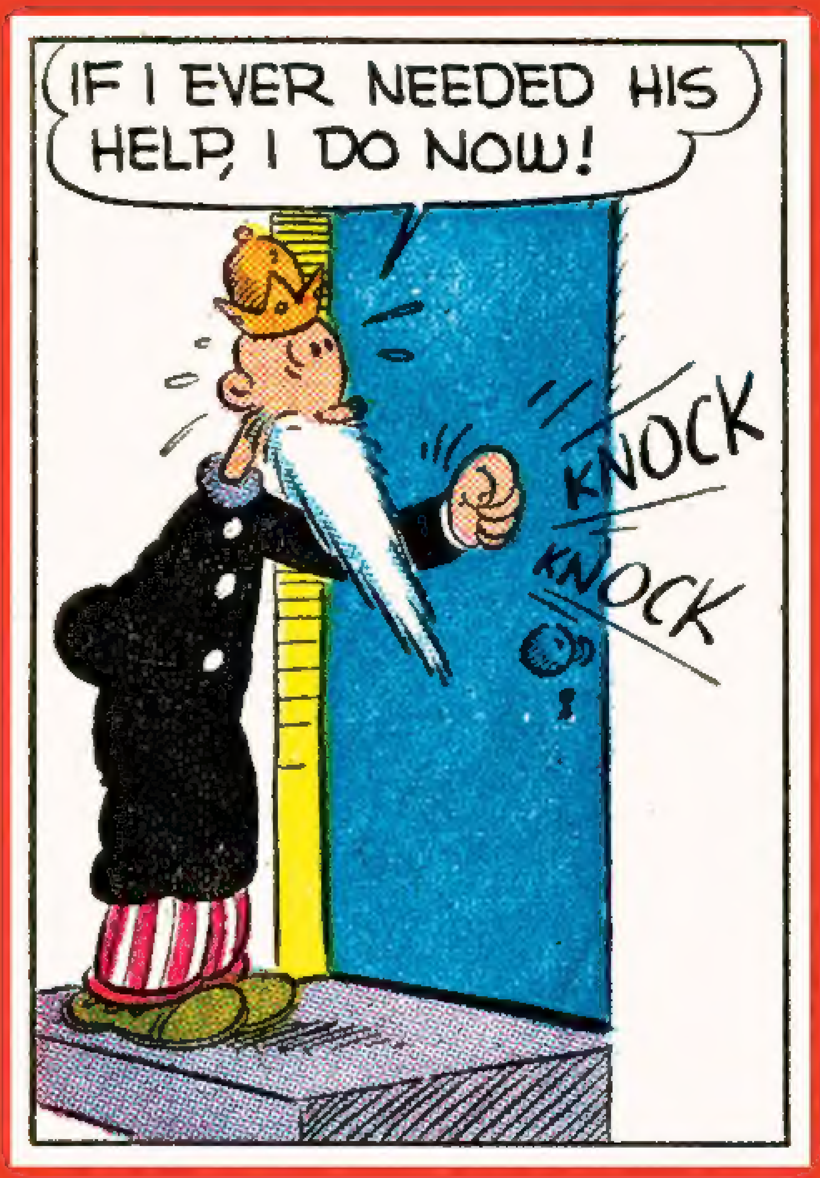
For a full biography with the crème de la spinach comics and many other rarities, see *Popeye: The Great Comic Book Tales by Bud Sagendorf* (Yoe Books/IDW, 2011).

We encourage you to send us images of Sagendorf treasures for future scrapbooks.

SOCIETY · OF · SAGENDORKS

"I am not now, nor have ever been, a member of the Society of Sagendorks (S.O.S.). I know nothing of the Society of Sagendorks' clandestine rites involving Bud Sagendorf's art, and have no knowledge of the group's apparent deification of Forrest "Bud" Sagendorf, their connection to the world banking system, or their avowed goal of total world domination. Furthermore, the cult-like symbol for the Society of Sagendorks above was NOT drawn by me, rather by someone who has fiendishly affixed a reproduction of my signature to it in order to discredit me by associating me with these zealots. Be it known: I stand willing to totally cooperate with any and all authorities on this matter even to the point of releasing names of people that may themselves be involved in sympathetic activities of the Society of Sagendorks or names of actual card-carrying members of the Society of Sagendorks I have obtained through my connections. For the good of mankind and all that we hold good and holy, I urge all patriotic, upstanding citizens to do the same!"

—Craig Yoe



Dedicated to Popeye's biggest fan and
a tremendous help to this series,

Fred Grandinetti.

This is Volume 3 in the complete reprint of Bud Sagendorf's classic Popeye comics. Collect them all.

Do you have art or ephemera for the Bud Sagendorf Scrapbook? Please contact Craig Yoe on Facebook!

Check out our videos on **The Yoe Tube** at **YouTube.com/TheYoeTube** and **Vimeo.com/TheYoeTube**

If you like this book, please blog, facebook, podcast, and tweet about it!
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Deep thanks to: Ted Adams, Giovanna Anzaldi, Brendan Burford, Frank Caruso, Justin Eisinger, Greg Goldstein, Fred Grandinetti, Mark Johnson, Jonathan Lozovsky, and Donnie Pitchford.

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ISBN: 9781623024925 DIGITAL

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A BUD SAGENDORF SCRAPBOOK

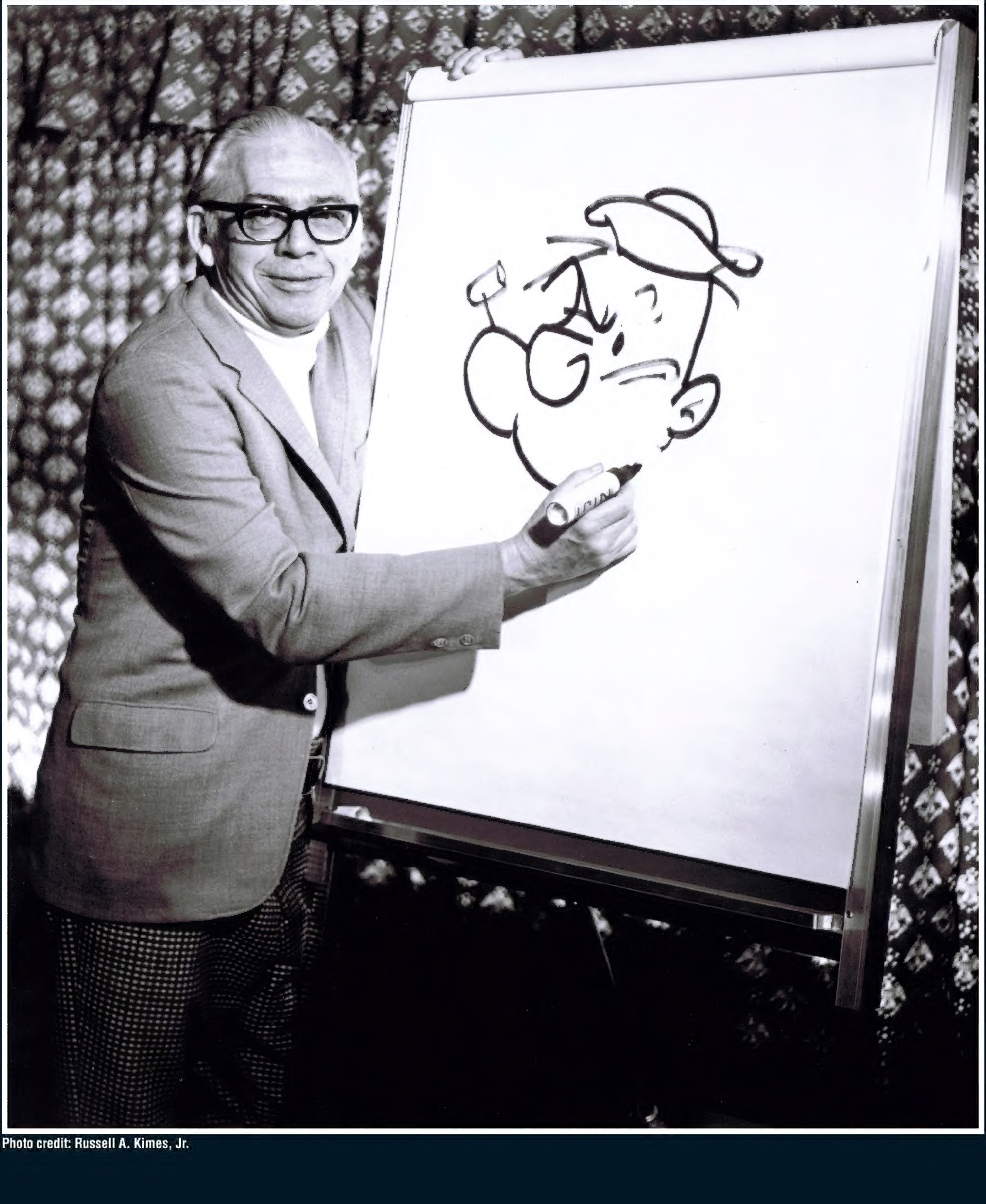

Photo credit: Russell A. Kimes, Jr.

Left: Sagendorf photographed by Russell A. Kimes, Jr.
From the collection of Donald Pitchford. Thanks, Donnie!

Above: Wimpy would gladly pay you Tuesday for this plush hamburger today!.
From the collection of Jonathan Lozovsky. Thanks, Jon!

Overleaf: Swab the deck of Old Maid cards, you swabs!
From the collection of Griffin Yoe. Thanks, Griffo!

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Brutus
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Farmer
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POPEYE'S
OLD MAID
CARD
GAME
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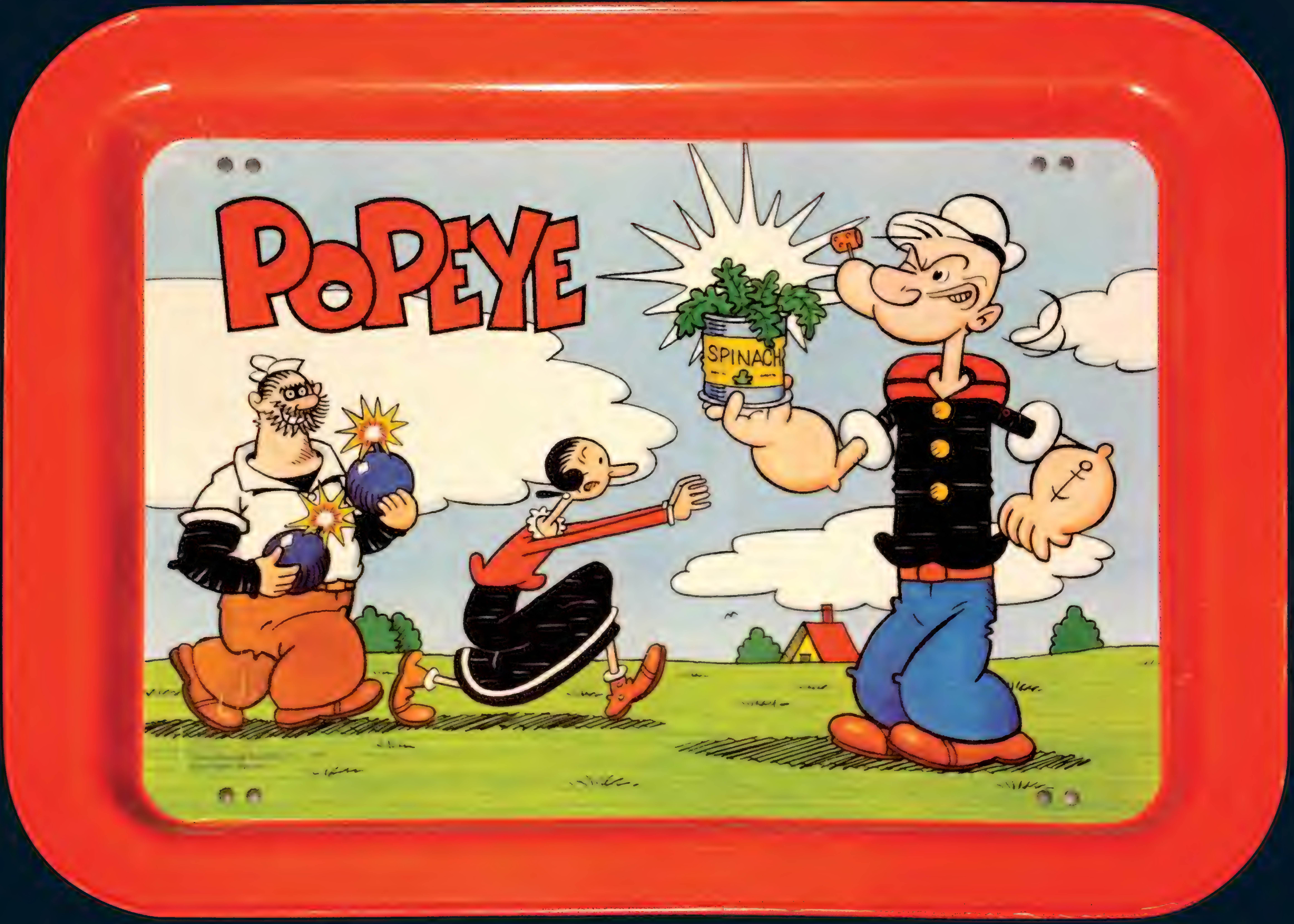
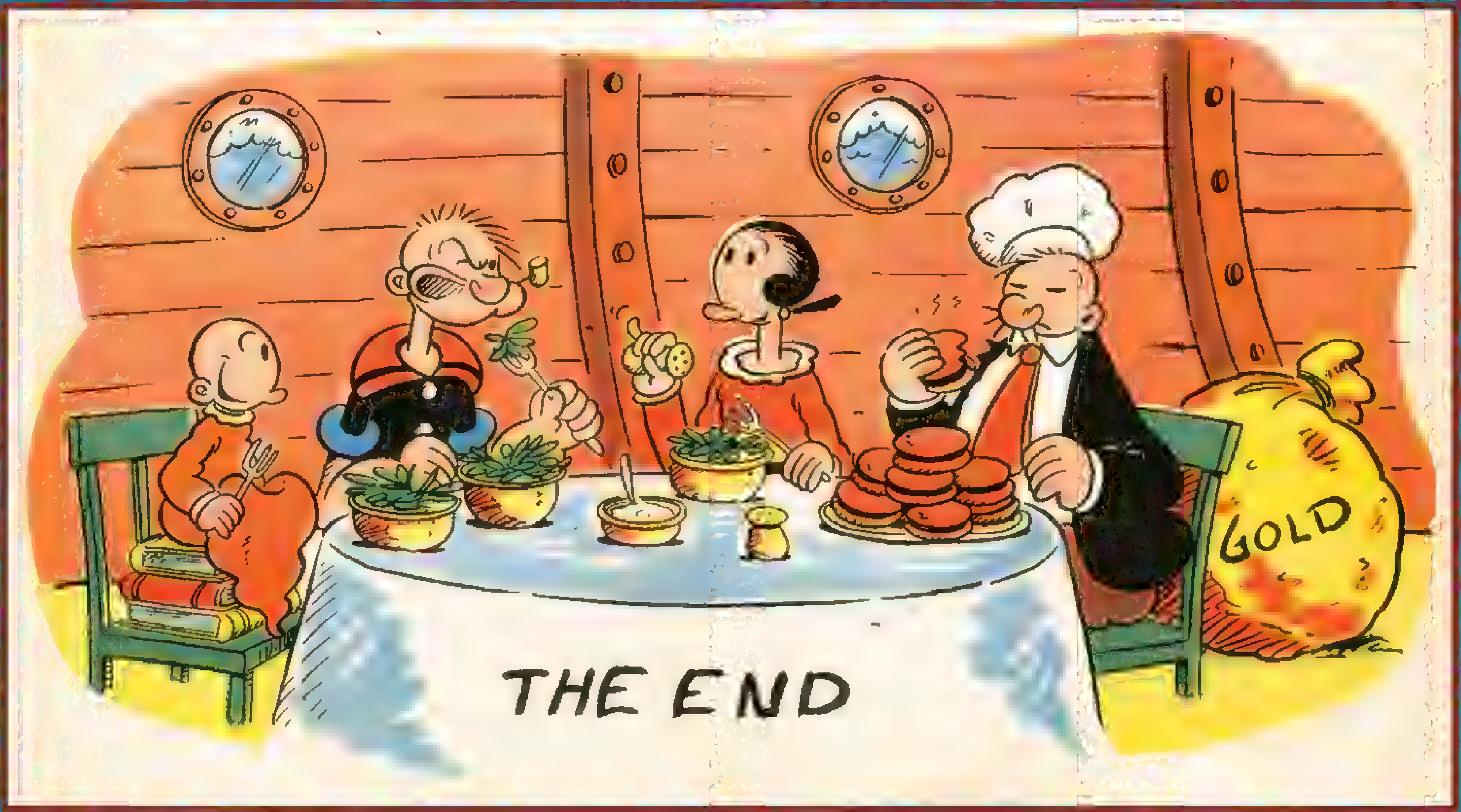


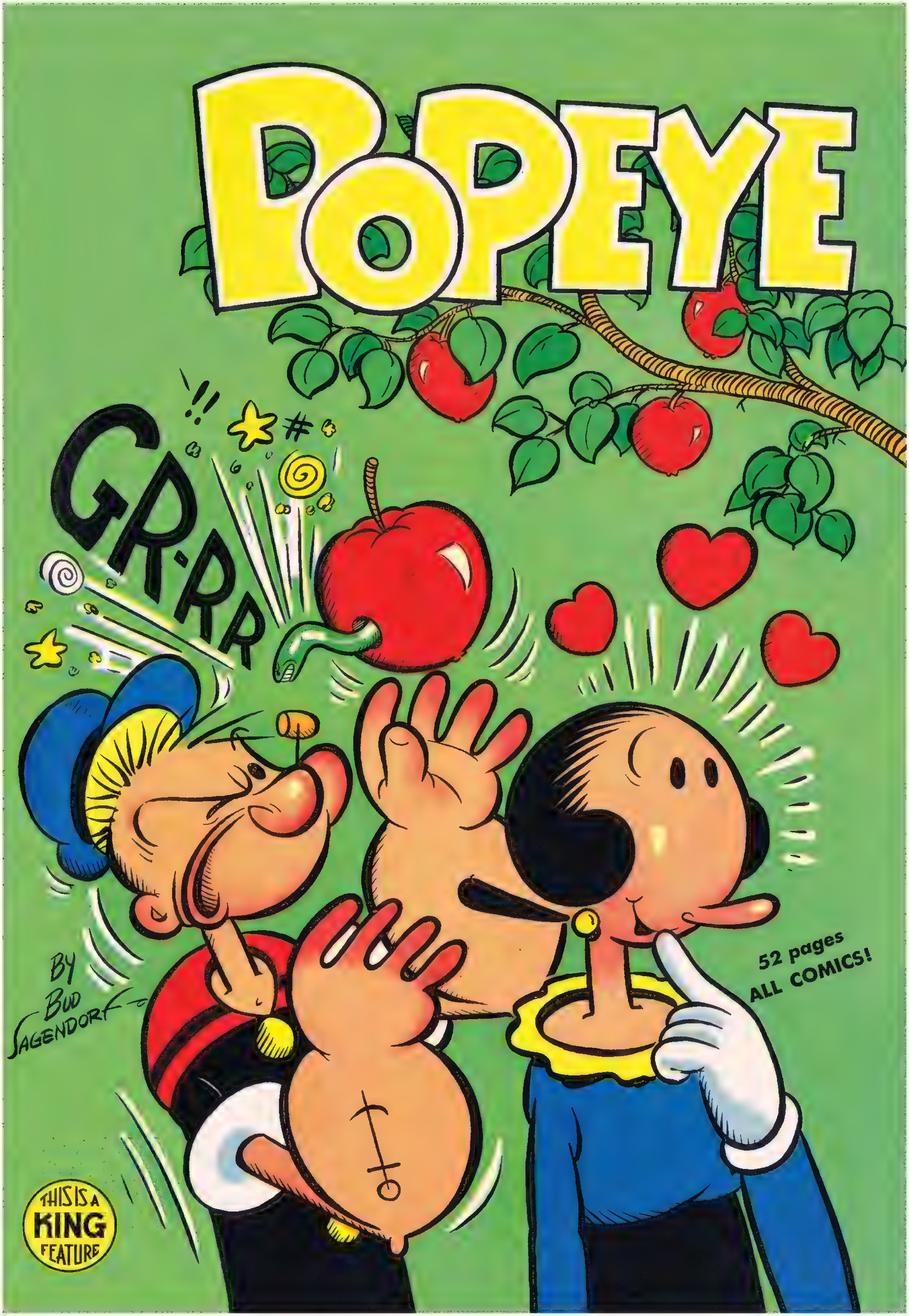
Left: Tray-mendous! (1979). From the collection of Grace Yoe. Thanks, Gracie!

Above: Bullying, Popeye is agin' it! A television syndication ad, 1983. From the collection of Fred Grandinetti. Thanks, Fred!

Right: An Arabian issue of Popeye dated August 1990. Thanks, Mark Johnson!

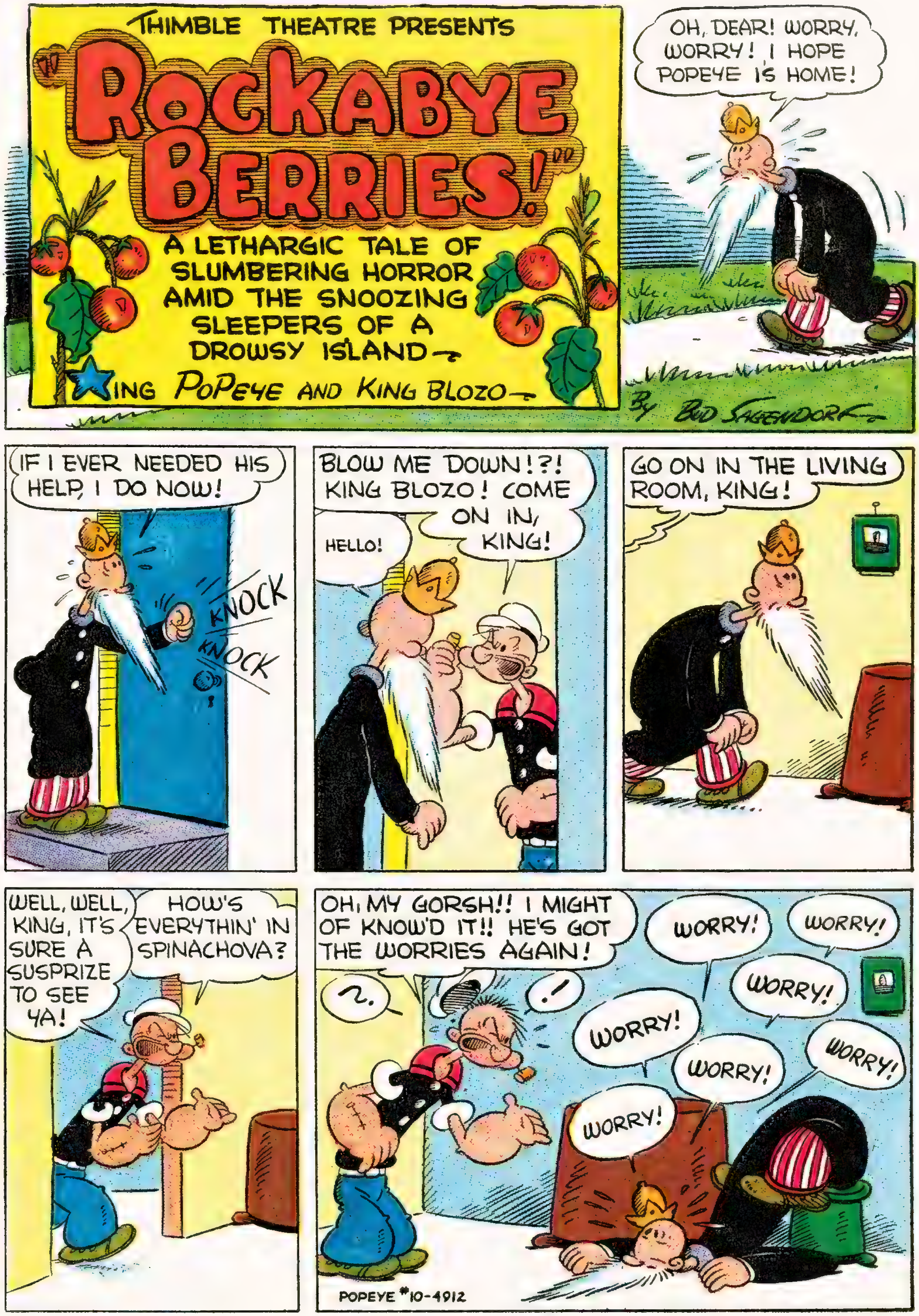
8/90
باباي
البحار
MAIL
YOUNG
FUTURE

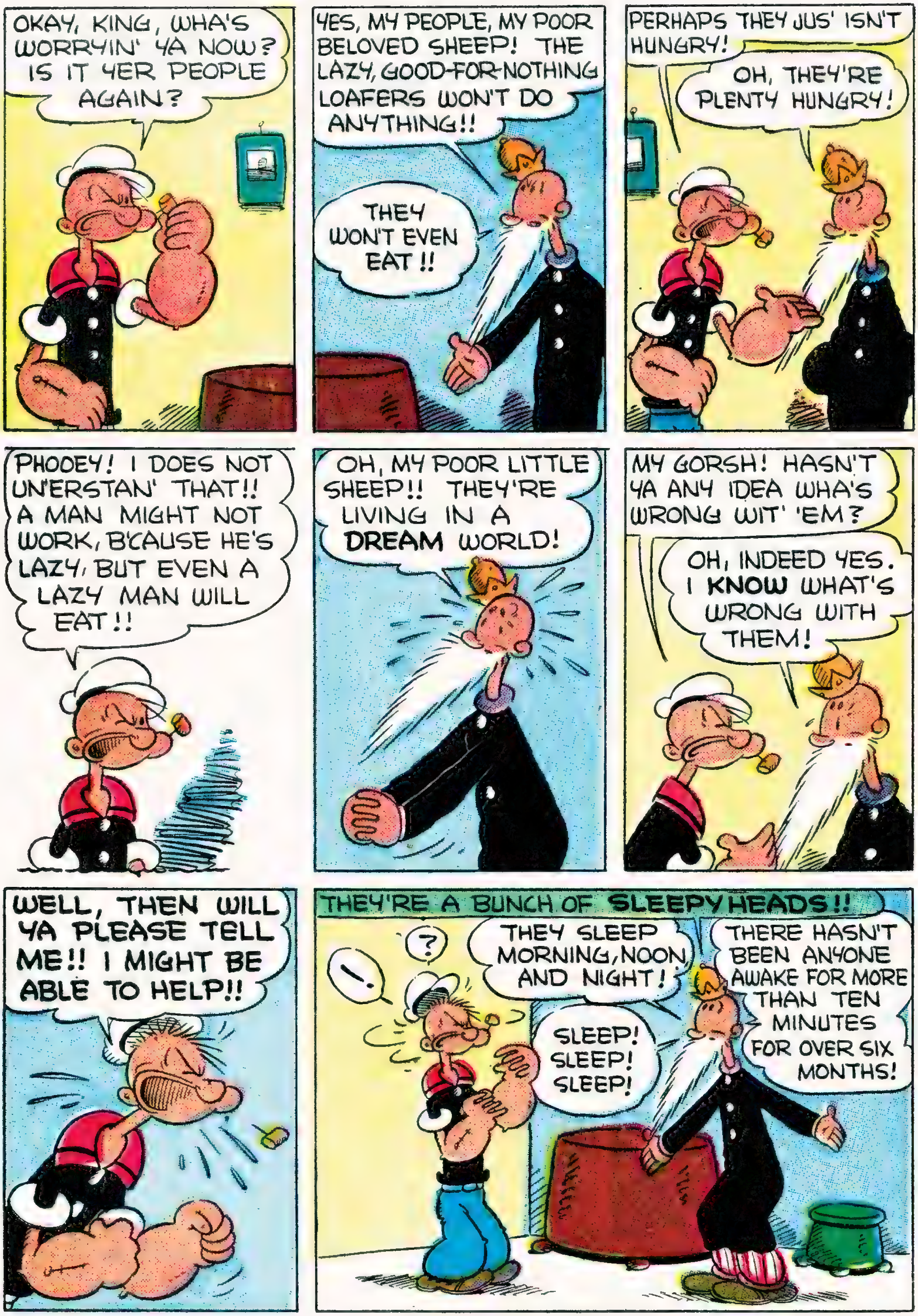

GOLD
THE END

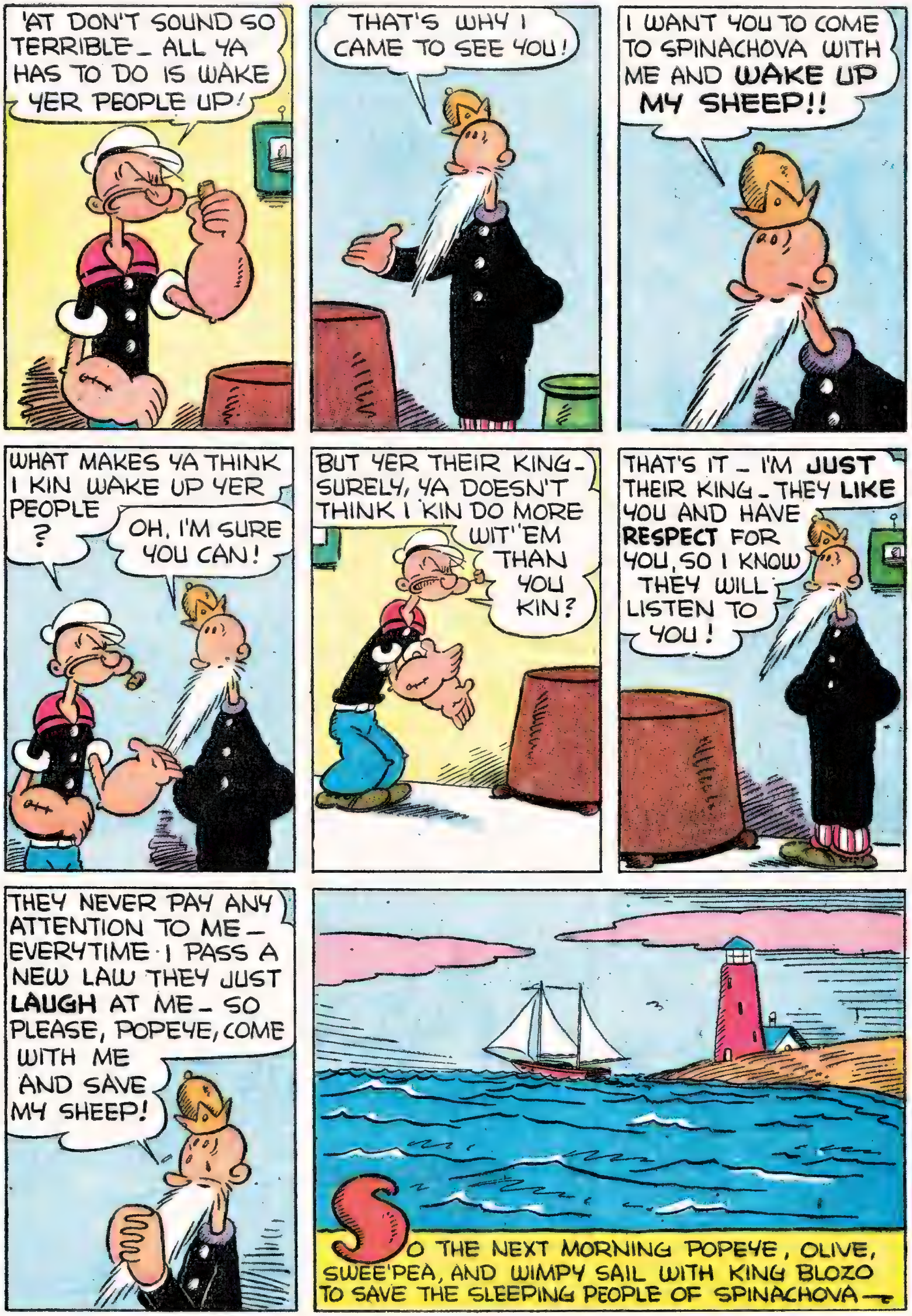


Popeye #10, December-January 1950

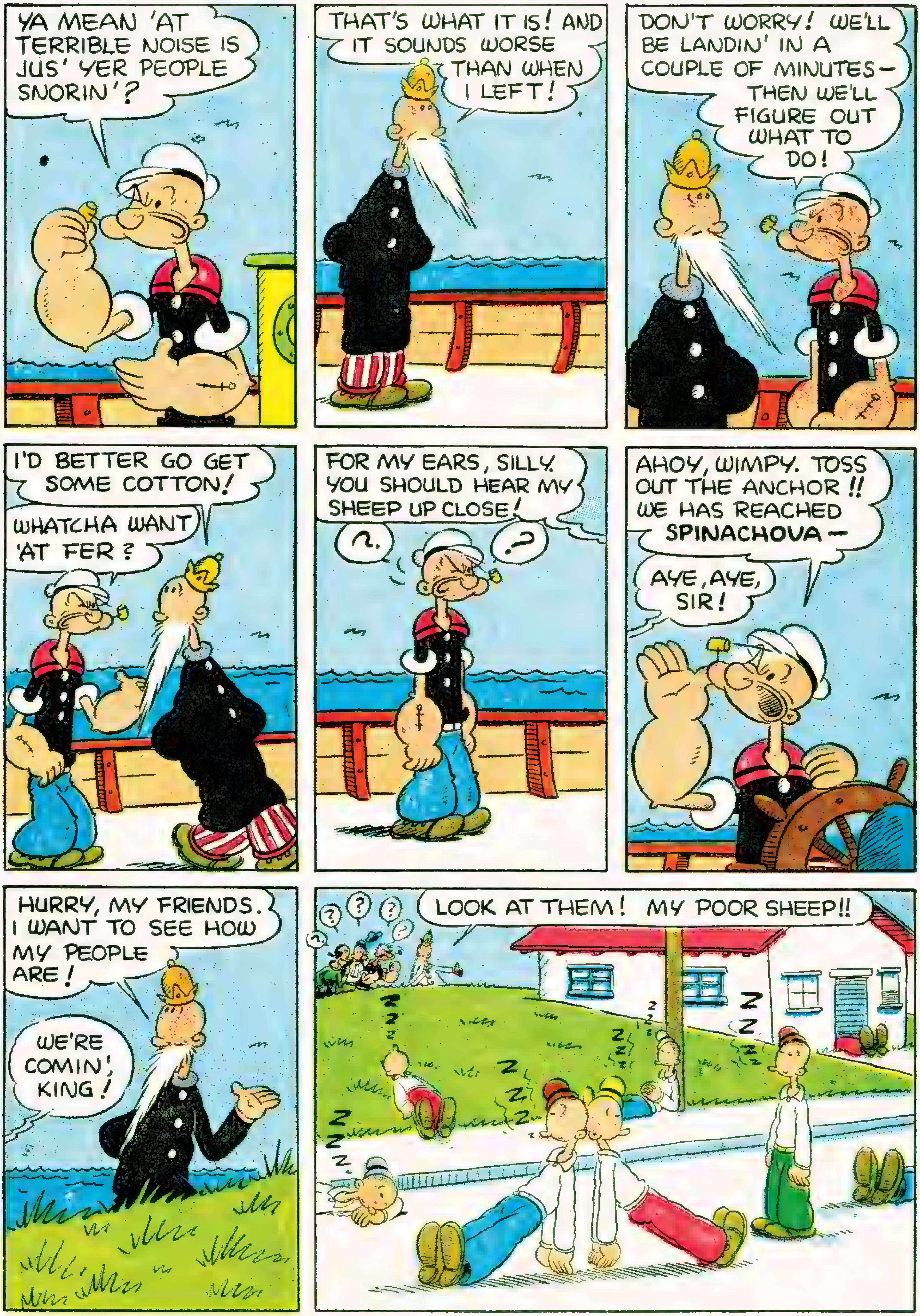
POPEYE
MY GORSH!! IT IS ALMOST TWO— AN' I HAS A DATE WIT' OLIVE!!
WHA--TH'?
WHERE IN HECK??
?
?
?
?
I KIN NOT FIGURE IT OUT--? I YAM SURE IT WAS HERE A MINUTE AGO!
OH-WELL-I HAS SEVERAL SPARES—I WILL USE ONE OF THEM!!
YIPE!?! THEY IS ALL GONE!
?
?
?
PORT YER HELM YA' SWABS
!
AHOY, POPEYE, I YAM MAKIN' SEA DORGS OUTA MR. JONES' PUPPIES!! YA KIN HAVE YER CAPS BACK AS SOON AS THE TIDE COMES IN!!!
?
?
BUD SAGENDORF


THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS
"ROCKABYE BERRIES!"
A LETHARGIC TALE OF SLUMBERING HORROR AMID THE SNOOZING SLEEPERS OF A DROWSY ISLAND—
STARRING POPEYE AND KING BLOZO—
By BUD SAGENDORF
OH, DEAR! WORRY, WORRY! I HOPE POPEYE IS HOME!
IF I EVER NEEDED HIS HELP, I DO NOW!
KNOCK KNOCK
BLOW ME DOWN!?! KING BLOZO! COME ON IN, KING!
HELLO!
GO ON IN THE LIVING ROOM, KING!
WELL, WELL, KING, IT'S SURE A SUSPRIZE TO SEE YA!
HOW'S EVERYTHIN' IN SPINACHOVA?
OH, MY GORSH!! I MIGHT OF KNOW'D IT!! HE'S GOT THE WORRIES AGAIN!
?
!
WORRY!
WORRY!
WORRY!
WORRY!
WORRY!
WORRY!
WORRY!
POPEYE #10-4912


OKAY, KING, WHA'S WORRYIN' YA NOW? IS IT YER PEOPLE AGAIN?
YES, MY PEOPLE, MY POOR BELOVED SHEEP! THE LAZY, GOOD-FOR-NOTHING LOAFERS WON'T DO ANYTHING!!
THEY WON'T EVEN EAT!!
PERHAPS THEY JUS' ISN'T HUNGRY!
OH, THEY'RE PLENTY HUNGRY!
PHOOEY! I DOES NOT UN'ERSTAN' THAT!! A MAN MIGHT NOT WORK, B'CAUSE HE'S LAZY, BUT EVEN A LAZY MAN WILL EAT!!
OH, MY POOR LITTLE SHEEP!! THEY'RE LIVING IN A DREAM WORLD!
MY GORSH! HASN'T YA ANY IDEA WHA'S WRONG WIT' 'EM?
OH, INDEED YES. I KNOW WHAT'S WRONG WITH THEM!
WELL, THEN WILL YA PLEASE TELL ME!! I MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP!!
THEY'RE A BUNCH OF SLEEPYHEADS!!
?
!
THEY SLEEP MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT!
THERE HASN'T BEEN ANYONE AWAKE FOR MORE THAN TEN MINUTES FOR OVER SIX MONTHS!
SLEEP! SLEEP! SLEEP!

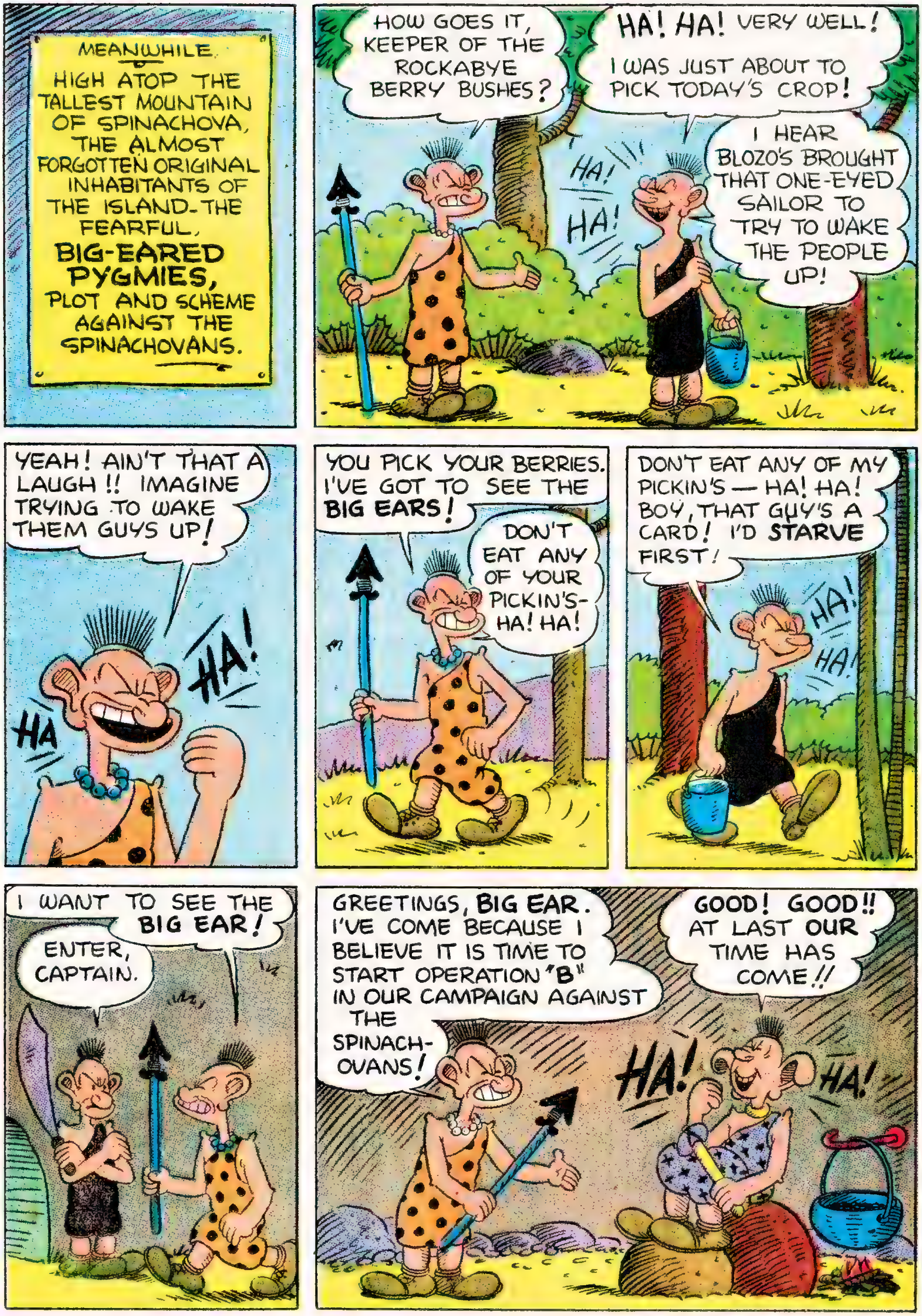

'AT DON'T SOUND SO TERRIBLE_ ALL YA HAS TO DO IS WAKE YER PEOPLE UP!
THAT'S WHY I CAME TO SEE YOU!
I WANT YOU TO COME TO SPINACHOVA WITH ME AND **WAKE UP MY SHEEP!!**
WHAT MAKES YA THINK I KIN WAKE UP YER PEOPLE ?
OH, I'M SURE YOU CAN!
BUT YER THEIR KING- SURELY, YA DOESN'T THINK I KIN DO MORE WIT' 'EM THAN YOU KIN?
THAT'S IT _ I'M **JUST** THEIR KING _ THEY **LIKE** YOU AND HAVE **RESPECT** FOR YOU, SO I KNOW THEY WILL LISTEN TO YOU!
THEY NEVER PAY ANY ATTENTION TO ME— EVERYTIME I PASS A NEW LAW THEY JUST **LAUGH** AT ME_ SO PLEASE, POPEYE, COME WITH ME AND SAVE MY SHEEP!
SO THE NEXT MORNING POPEYE, OLIVE, SWEE'PEA, AND WIMPY SAIL WITH KING BLOZO TO SAVE THE SLEEPING PEOPLE OF SPINACHOVA —

WE'VE BEEN AT SEA FOR OVER A WEEK, OL' PAL. WHEN DO WE REACH THE ISLAND ?
THIS AFTERNOON, WIMPY!
DON'T WORRY, KING. I'M SURE POPEYE WILL BE ABLE TO HELP!
I HOPE SO! BEING KING TO SLEEPING SHEEP IS NO FUN!
AHOY, POPEYE. WHA'S 'AT TERRIBLE NOISE ?
WHAT NOISE ?
MY GORSH!! CAN'T YA HEAR IT?
I HEAR IT! GOOD HEAVENS, IT'S GETTING LOUDER!!
POPEYE, WHAT IS THAT HORRIBLE, ROARING NOISE ?
MY GORSH!?! NOW I HEARS IT!. SOUNDS LIKE A THOUSING AIRYPLANES!!
THAT, MY FRIENDS, IS **MY** PEOPLE – SPINACHOVA MUST BE JUST BELOW THE HORIZON – THE NOISE YOU HEAR IS MY POOR PEOPLE **SNORING!!**
SNIFF
SNIFF
?
?
?
?



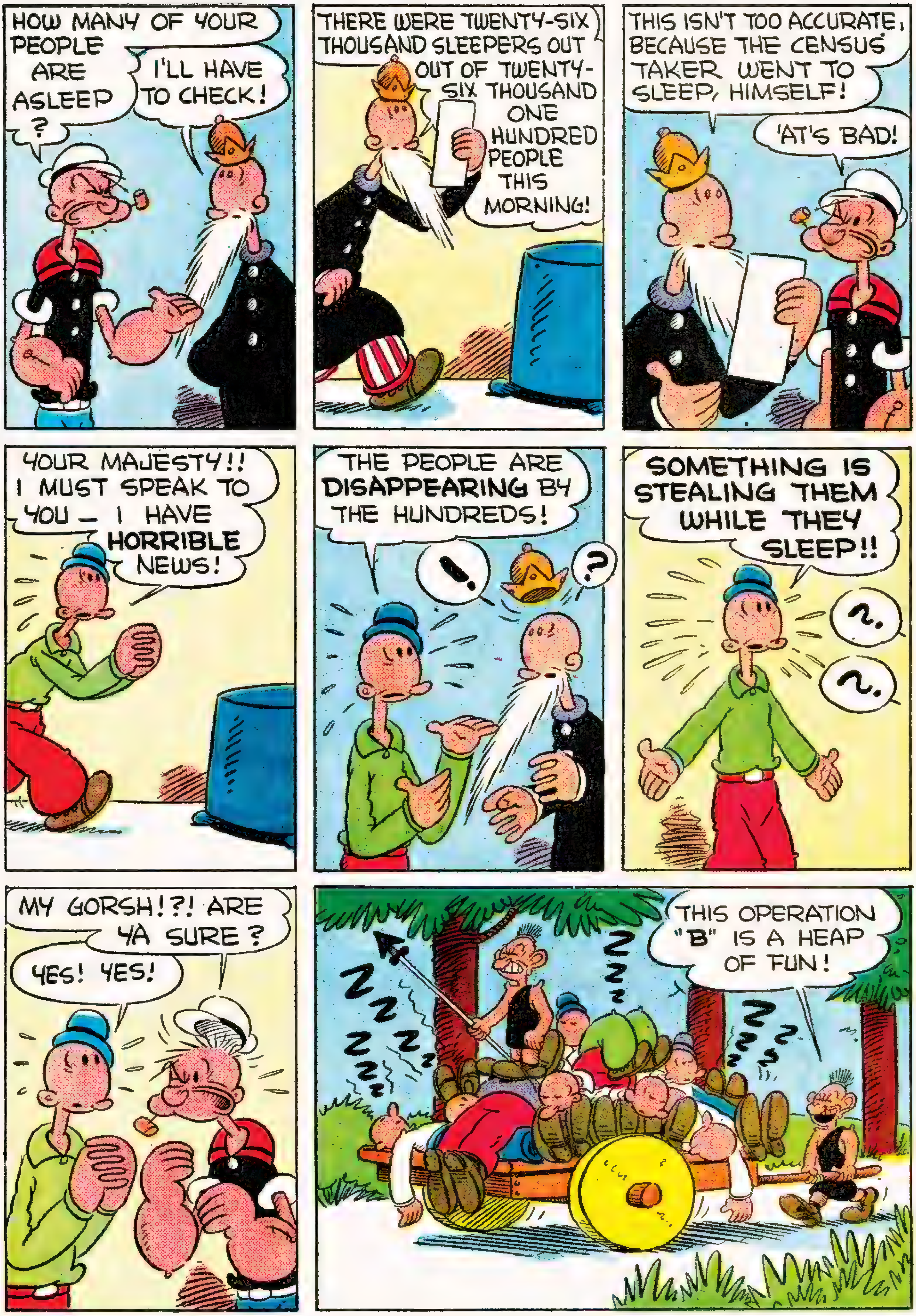
YA MEAN 'AT TERRIBLE NOISE IS JUS' YER PEOPLE SNORIN'?
THAT'S WHAT IT IS! AND IT SOUNDS WORSE THAN WHEN I LEFT!
DON'T WORRY! WE'LL BE LANDIN' IN A COUPLE OF MINUTES— THEN WE'LL FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO!
I'D BETTER GO GET SOME COTTON!
WHATCHA WANT 'AT FER?
FOR MY EARS, SILLY. YOU SHOULD HEAR MY SHEEP UP CLOSE!
AHOY, WIMPY. TOSS OUT THE ANCHOR!! WE HAS REACHED SPINACHOVA—
AYE, AYE, SIR!
HURRY, MY FRIENDS. I WANT TO SEE HOW MY PEOPLE ARE!
WE'RE COMIN', KING!
LOOK AT THEM! MY POOR SHEEP!!

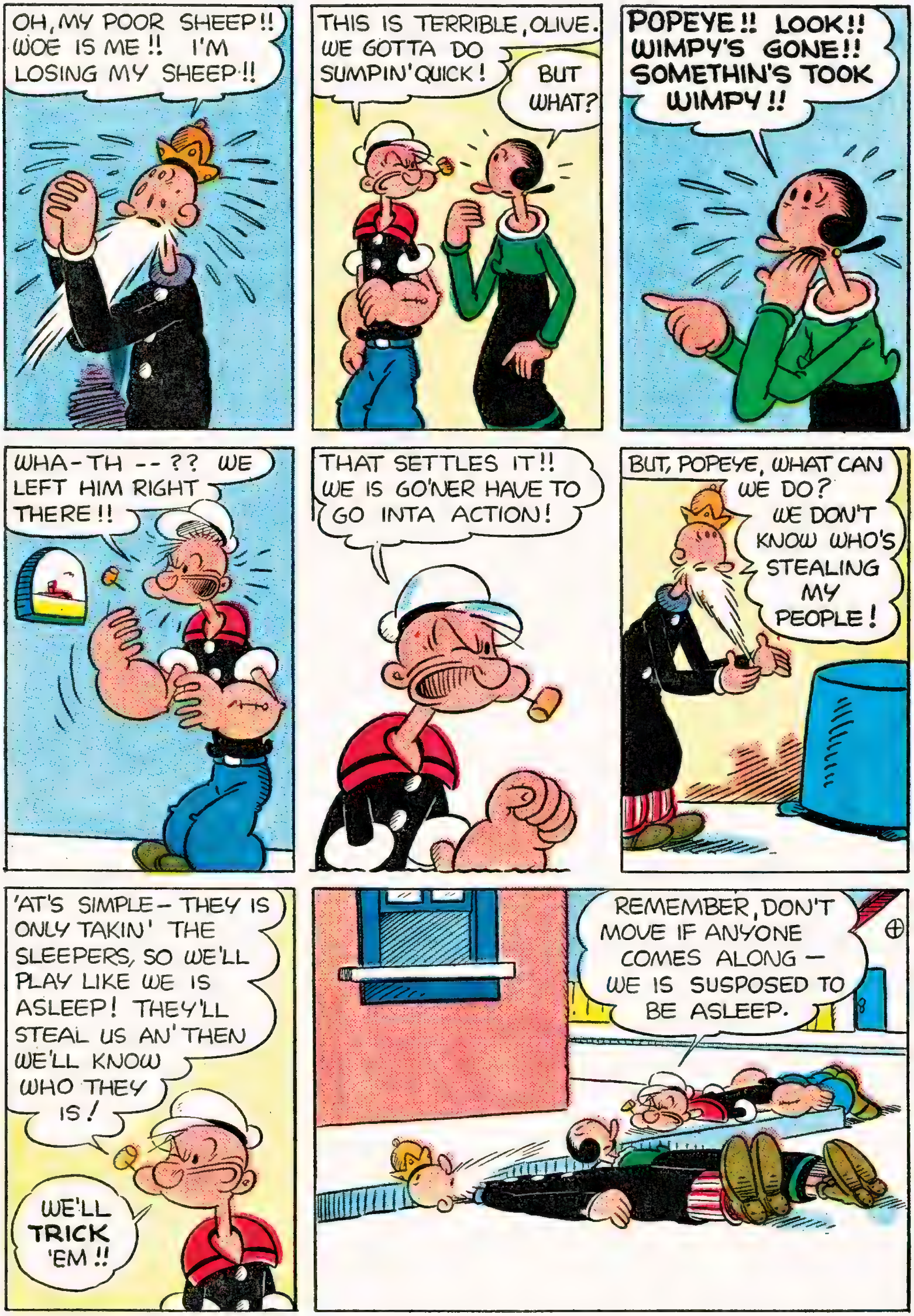
MY GORSH, KING! THIS IS TERRIBLE!! HAS YA EVER TRIED WAKIN' 'EM UP?
YES-
-THEY WAKE UP BY THEMSELVES, BUT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE FOR ANY-ONE ELSE TO WAKE THEM!
WHERE YA GOIN', WIMPY?
TO TRY MY HAND AT AWAKENING ONE OF THEM!!
COME, COME, MY GOOD MAN - RISE AND SHINE! WAKE UP!! IT'S TIME TO GET UP!
HURRY, MAN, YOU'LL MISS YOUR BUS!! YOU'LL BE TARDY! IT'S LATER THAN YOU THINK!!
TAP
?
!
BAM!
THE KING IS CORRECT, POPEYE - THEY DON'T AWAKEN VERY EASILY!

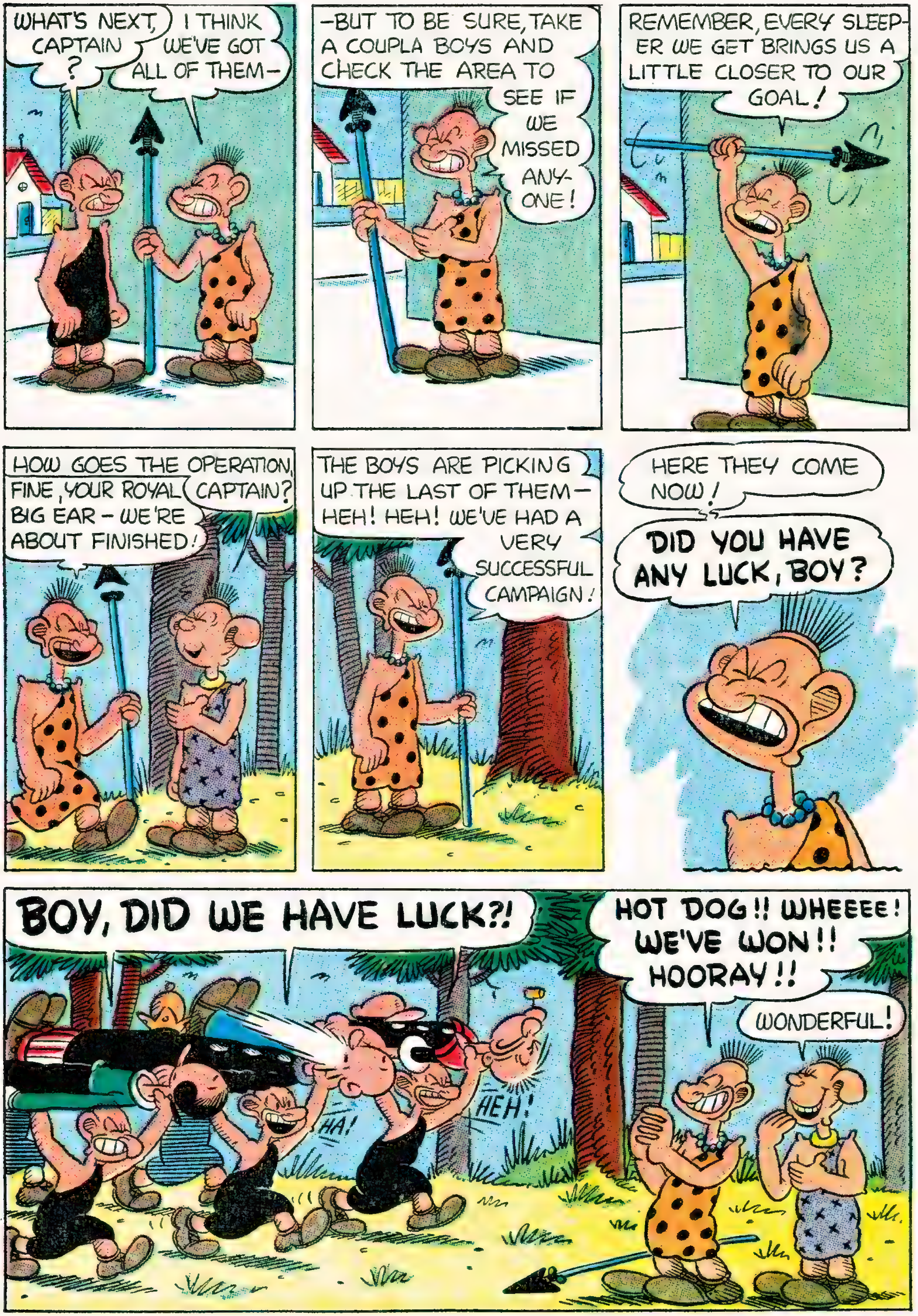

MEANWHILE
HIGH ATOP THE TALLEST MOUNTAIN OF SPINACHOVA, THE ALMOST FORGOTTEN ORIGINAL INHABITANTS OF THE ISLAND- THE FEARFUL, BIG-EARED PYGMIES, PLOT AND SCHEME AGAINST THE SPINACHOVANS.
HOW GOES IT, KEEPER OF THE ROCKABYE BERRY BUSHES?
HA! HA! VERY WELL! I WAS JUST ABOUT TO PICK TODAY'S CROP!
HA! HA!
I HEAR BLOZO'S BROUGHT THAT ONE-EYED SAILOR TO TRY TO WAKE THE PEOPLE UP!
YEAH! AIN'T THAT A LAUGH!! IMAGINE TRYING TO WAKE THEM GUYS UP!
HA HA!
YOU PICK YOUR BERRIES. I'VE GOT TO SEE THE BIG EARS!
DON'T EAT ANY OF YOUR PICKIN'S- HA! HA!
DON'T EAT ANY OF MY PICKIN'S — HA! HA! BOY, THAT GUY'S A CARD! I'D STARVE FIRST!
HA! HA!
I WANT TO SEE THE BIG EAR!
ENTER, CAPTAIN.
GREETINGS, BIG EAR. I'VE COME BECAUSE I BELIEVE IT IS TIME TO START OPERATION "B" IN OUR CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE SPINACH-OVANS!
GOOD! GOOD!! AT LAST OUR TIME HAS COME!!
HA! HA!

YOU'D BETTER DO SOMETHING QUICK OR BLOZO WILL GO TO PIECES!
BLOW ME DOWN, OLIVE! WHAT KIN I DO? I CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHY THEY SLEEP.
WORRY!
WORRY!
MY POOR SLEEPING SHEEP! WE'VE GOT TO WAKE THEM UP!
WORRY!
THEY'VE GOT TO WAKE UP TO SAVE THE SPINACH CROP! IF WE DON'T HARVEST THE SPINACH, WE'LL GO BUSTED!
GREETINGS, OL' PAL. I'VE BEEN LOOKING OVER THE TOWN — I'VE NEVER SEEN SO MANY SLEEPING PEOPLE!
IT'S DISGUSTING, SIR. I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH LAZY FOLKS!
?
IMAGINE SLEEPING TWENTY-FOUR HOURS EVERY DAY!
YA SHOULD BE ASHAMED, WIMPY. THEM PEOPLE DOESN'T WANT TO SLEEP — WHAT TH--?
Z Z Z
HE WENT TO SLEEP WHILE I WAS TALKIN' TO HIM!
?
?
?
WORRY! WORRY!

THIS IS **WONDERFUL**!! I WAS AFRAID ONLY SPINACHOVANS WERE AFFECTED BY THIS MYSTERIOUS CONDITION!
Z Z Z
KING BLOZO, WHY DON'T YOU HAVE SOME SCIENTISTS AND DOCTORS FIND OUT WHAT'S CAUSING IT?
I **DID**, MISS OYL!
YOU DID!! WHAT DID THEY SAY?
I NEVER ASKED THEM, BUT YOU MAY, IF YOU WISH – JUST FOLLOW ME!
HA! HA
THEY WENT TO SLEEP BEFORE THEY FOUND THE ANSWER!
?
?
Z Z Z Z
Z Z Z
Z Z Z Z
CALL MY ARMY TOGETHER! I WISH TO SPEAK TO THEM!
THE TIME IS **RIPE**!! COMMENCE OPERATION "**B**"!!


HOW MANY OF YOUR PEOPLE ARE ASLEEP ?
I'LL HAVE TO CHECK!
THERE WERE TWENTY-SIX THOUSAND SLEEPERS OUT OUT OF TWENTY-SIX THOUSAND ONE HUNDRED PEOPLE THIS MORNING!
THIS ISN'T TOO ACCURATE, BECAUSE THE CENSUS TAKER WENT TO SLEEP, HIMSELF!
'AT'S BAD!
YOUR MAJESTY!! I MUST SPEAK TO YOU — I HAVE HORRIBLE NEWS!
THE PEOPLE ARE DISAPPEARING BY THE HUNDREDS!
!
?
SOMETHING IS STEALING THEM WHILE THEY SLEEP!!
MY GORSH!?! ARE YA SURE?
YES! YES!
THIS OPERATION "B" IS A HEAP OF FUN!

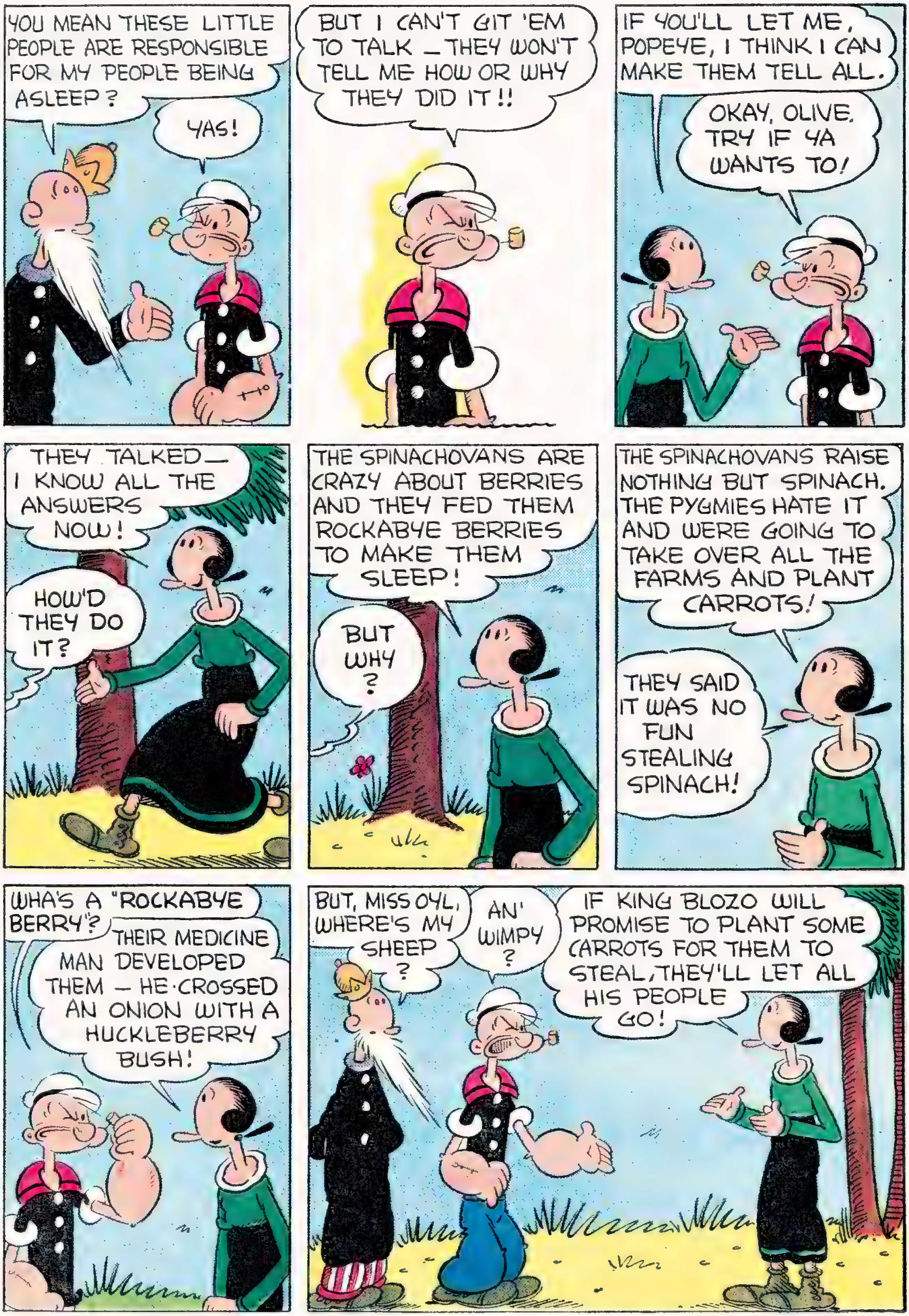

OH, MY POOR SHEEP!! WOE IS ME!! I'M LOSING MY SHEEP!!
THIS IS TERRIBLE, OLIVE. WE GOTTA DO SUMPIN' QUICK!
BUT WHAT?
POPEYE!! LOOK!! WIMPY'S GONE!! SOMETHIN'S TOOK WIMPY!!
WHA-TH --?? WE LEFT HIM RIGHT THERE!!
THAT SETTLES IT!! WE IS GO'NER HAVE TO GO INTA ACTION!
BUT, POPEYE, WHAT CAN WE DO? WE DON'T KNOW WHO'S STEALING MY PEOPLE!
'AT'S SIMPLE— THEY IS ONLY TAKIN' THE SLEEPERS, SO WE'LL PLAY LIKE WE IS ASLEEP! THEY'LL STEAL US AN' THEN WE'LL KNOW WHO THEY IS!
WE'LL TRICK 'EM!!
REMEMBER, DON'T MOVE IF ANYONE COMES ALONG— WE IS SUSPOSED TO BE ASLEEP.

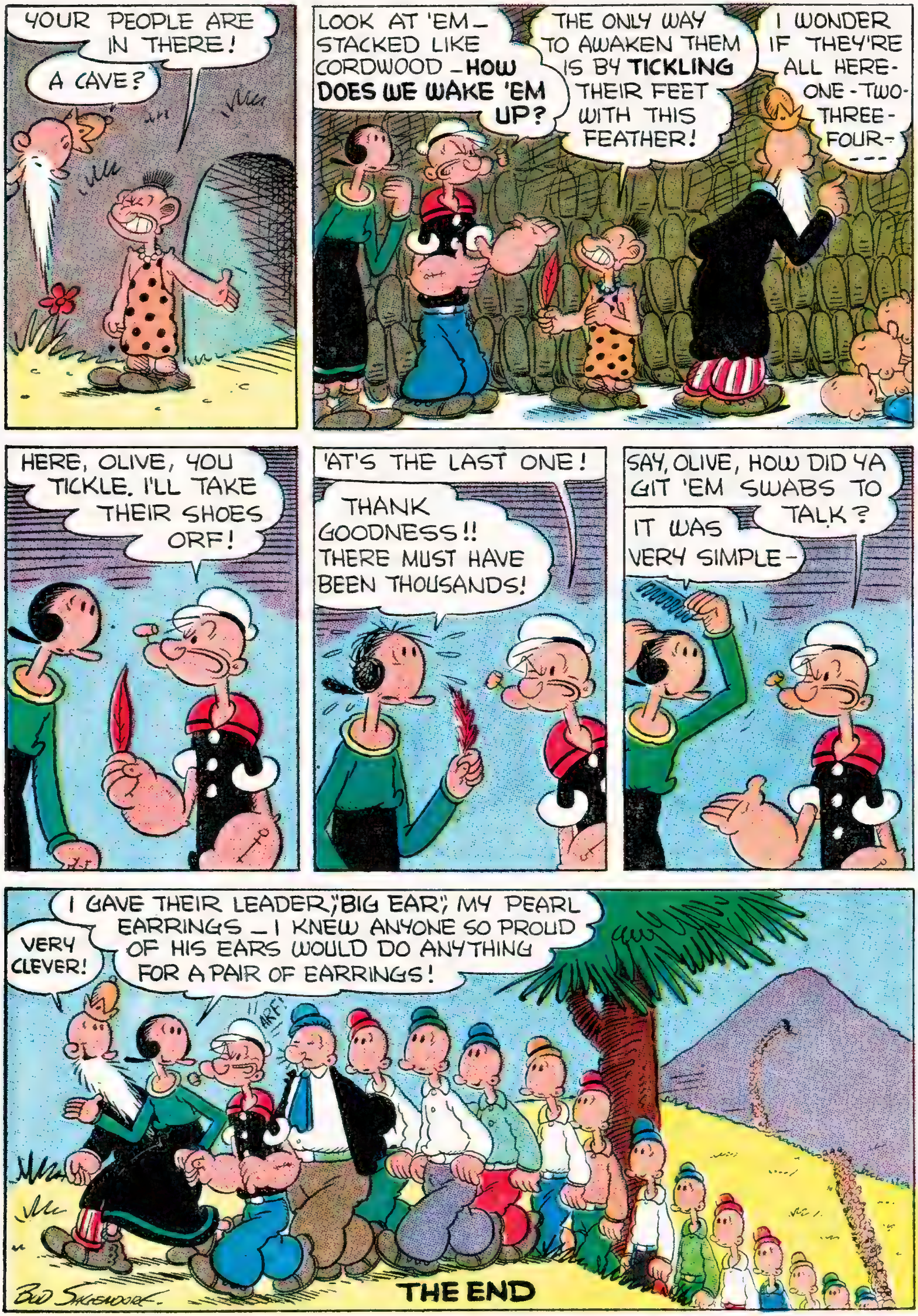


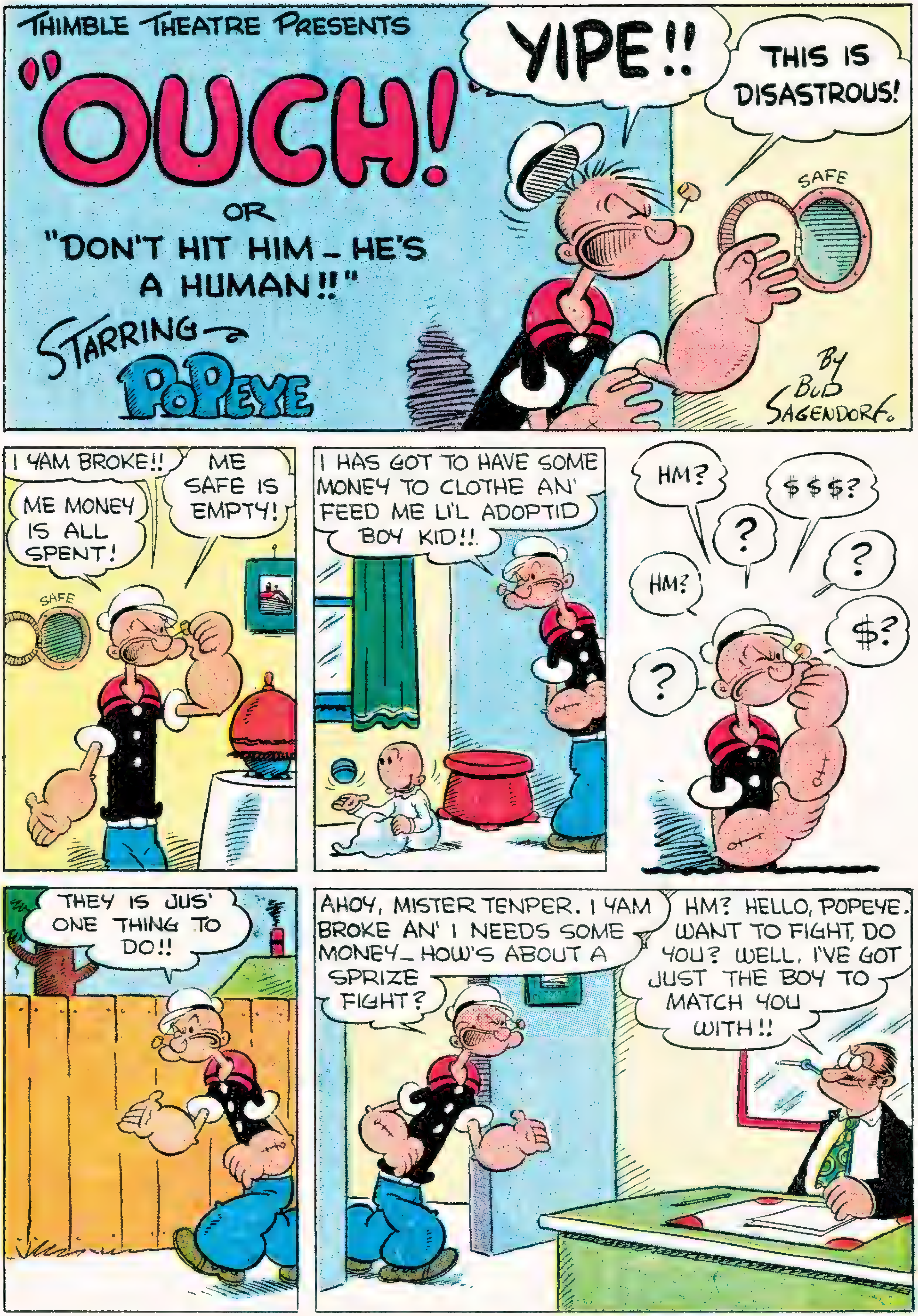
WHAT'S NEXT, CAPTAIN ?
I THINK WE'VE GOT ALL OF THEM—
—BUT TO BE SURE, TAKE A COUPLA BOYS AND CHECK THE AREA TO SEE IF WE MISSED ANYONE!
REMEMBER, EVERY SLEEPER WE GET BRINGS US A LITTLE CLOSER TO OUR GOAL!
HOW GOES THE OPERATION, CAPTAIN?
FINE, YOUR ROYAL BIG EAR - WE'RE ABOUT FINISHED!
THE BOYS ARE PICKING UP THE LAST OF THEM— HEH! HEH! WE'VE HAD A VERY SUCCESSFUL CAMPAIGN!
HERE THEY COME NOW!
DID YOU HAVE ANY LUCK, BOY?
BOY, DID WE HAVE LUCK?!
HA!
HEH!
HOT DOG!! WHEEEE! WE'VE WON!! HOORAY!!
WONDERFUL!

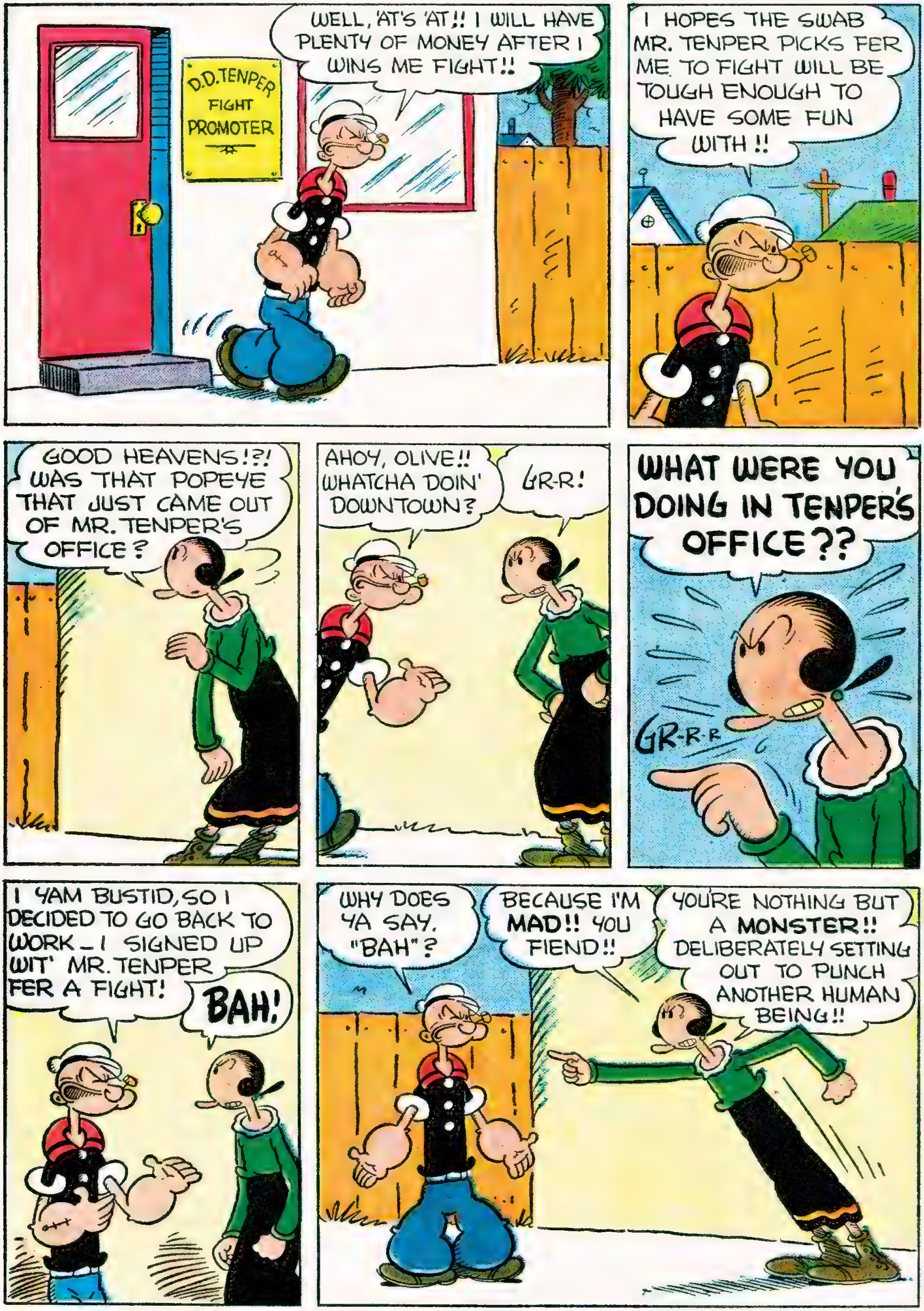
BOY! I NEVER THOUGHT WE'D GET THAT SAILOR TO SLEEP!
NOW THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY US!
AHOY, YA SWABS, 'AT'S WHAT YA THINKS!!
?
?
OKAY, SHORTY, START TALKIN'!! WHA'S GOIN' ON AROUN' HERE? WHAT DID YA DO WIT' ALL THE SPINACH-OVANS?
GULP!
YOU CAN'T SCARE US!! YOU'RE ASLEEP!!
HAVE IT YER OWN WAY, LITTLE MAN — WE IS BOTH ASLEEP AN' YOU IS ABOUT TO HAVE A NIGHT-MARE!
!
?
NOW START TALKIN'!!!
!
?
!
ARMY!! TAKE CARE OF HIM!!
?
?
?
!
!

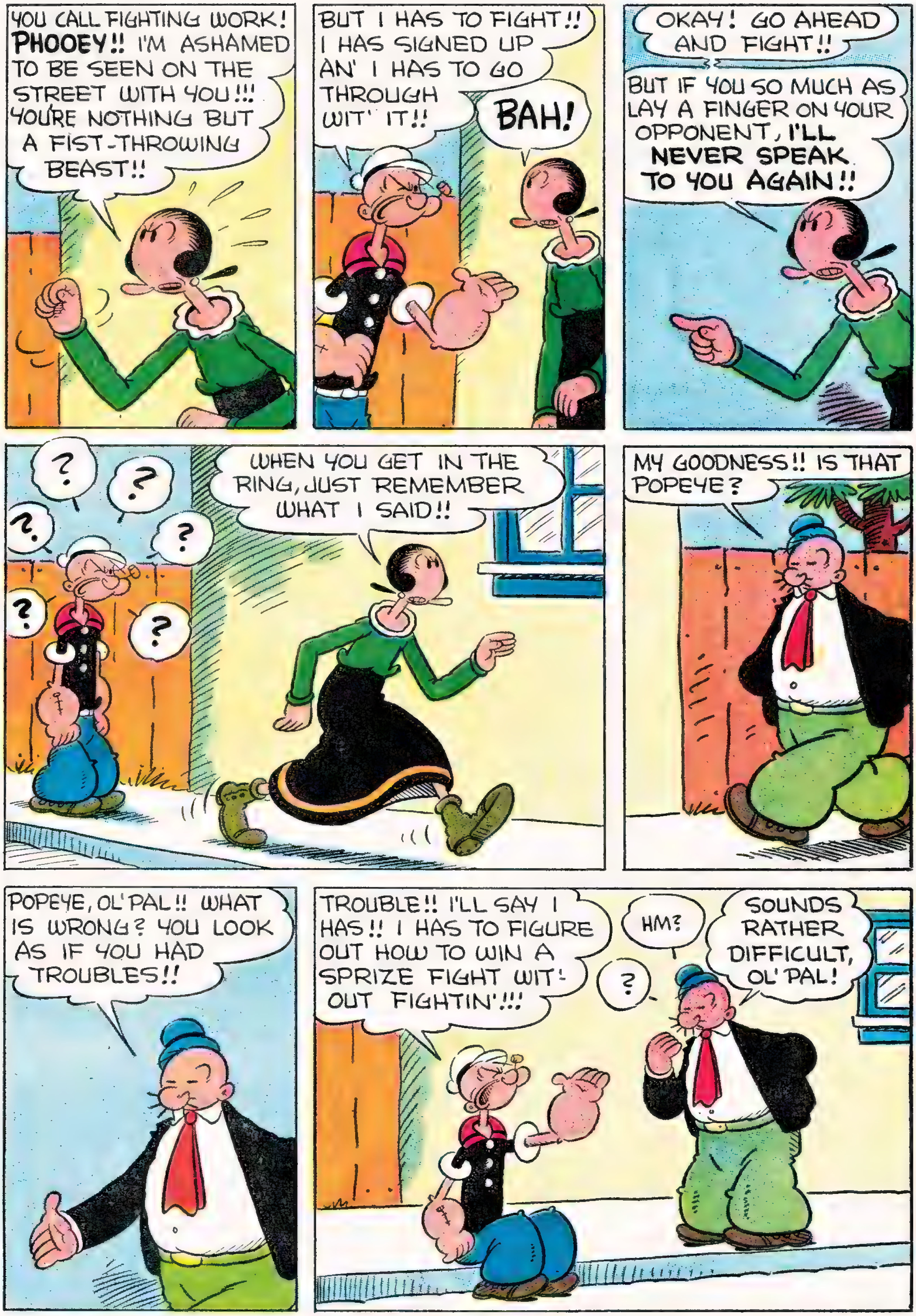
BLASTID TWIG TOSSERS!
OH, MY GOSH! HE CAUGHT THEM!!
?
!
!
?
OKAY, LI'L BOYS, WE WILL PLAY MY WAY NOW!!
HE'S GOING TO THROW THEM!!
SWISH
?
HERE'S THE REST OF YER SPEARS BACK!!!
ARF! ARF! 'AT SURE TOOKED CARE OF 'EM SWABS!!
ARF!
ARF!
IS IT OKAY FOR US TO WAKE UP NOW, POPEYE?
SURE I HAS PUT THE TWO RINGLEADERS IN A PRISING!!!

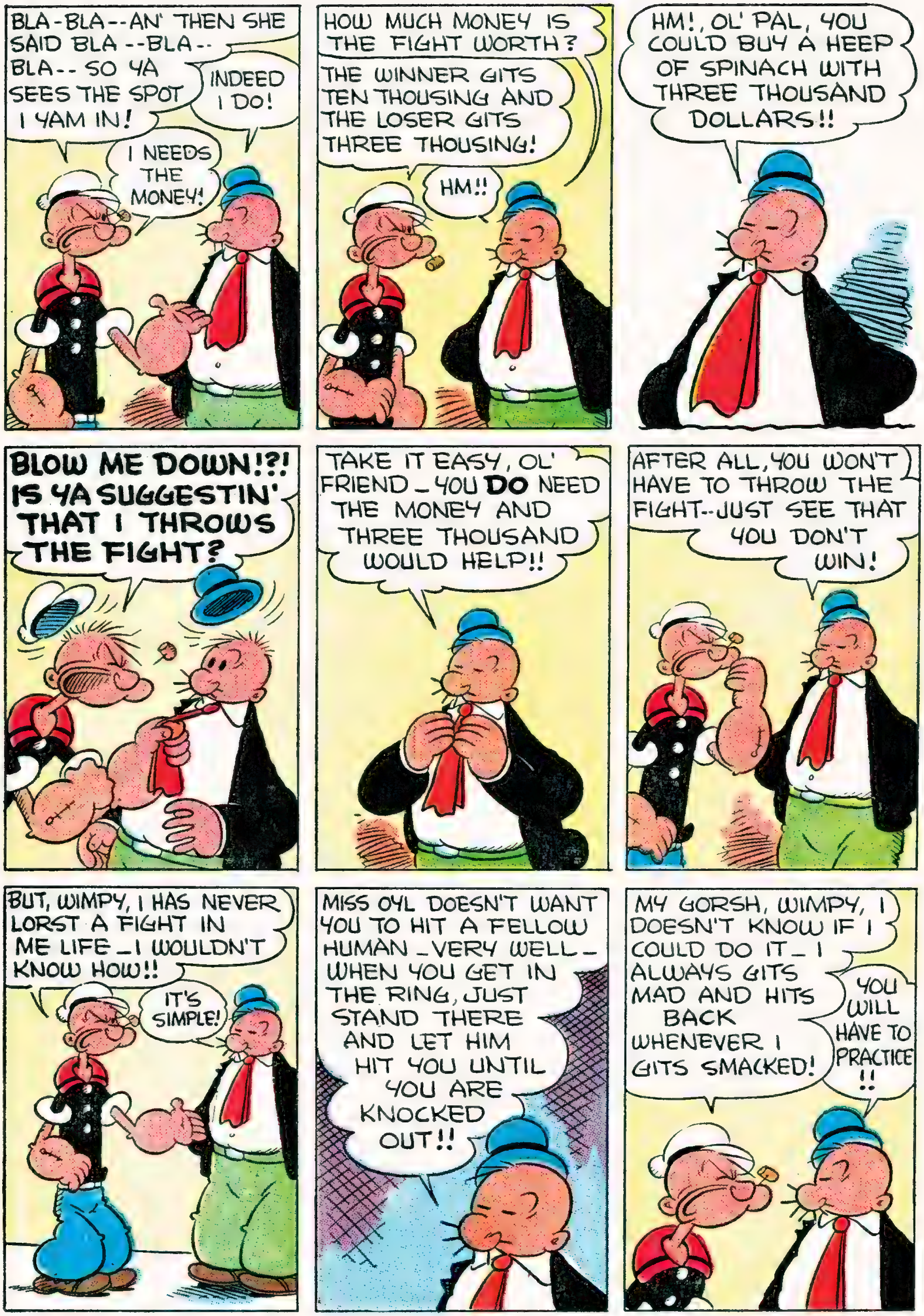

YOU MEAN THESE LITTLE PEOPLE ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR MY PEOPLE BEING ASLEEP?
YAS!
BUT I CAN'T GIT 'EM TO TALK — THEY WON'T TELL ME HOW OR WHY THEY DID IT!!
IF YOU'LL LET ME, POPEYE, I THINK I CAN MAKE THEM TELL ALL.
OKAY, OLIVE. TRY IF YA WANTS TO!
THEY TALKED— I KNOW ALL THE ANSWERS NOW!
HOW'D THEY DO IT?
THE SPINACHOVANS ARE CRAZY ABOUT BERRIES AND THEY FED THEM ROCKABYE BERRIES TO MAKE THEM SLEEP!
BUT WHY?
THE SPINACHOVANS RAISE NOTHING BUT SPINACH. THE PYGMIES HATE IT AND WERE GOING TO TAKE OVER ALL THE FARMS AND PLANT CARROTS!
THEY SAID IT WAS NO FUN STEALING SPINACH!
WHA'S A "ROCKABYE BERRY"?
THEIR MEDICINE MAN DEVELOPED THEM — HE CROSSED AN ONION WITH A HUCKLEBERRY BUSH!
BUT, MISS OYL, WHERE'S MY SHEEP?
AN' WIMPY?
IF KING BLOZO WILL PROMISE TO PLANT SOME CARROTS FOR THEM TO STEAL, THEY'LL LET ALL HIS PEOPLE GO!


YOUR PEOPLE ARE IN THERE!
A CAVE?
LOOK AT 'EM— STACKED LIKE CORDWOOD—HOW DOES WE WAKE 'EM UP?
THE ONLY WAY TO AWAKEN THEM IS BY TICKLING THEIR FEET WITH THIS FEATHER!
I WONDER IF THEY'RE ALL HERE- ONE-TWO- THREE- FOUR- ---
HERE, OLIVE, YOU TICKLE. I'LL TAKE THEIR SHOES ORF!
'AT'S THE LAST ONE!
THANK GOODNESS!! THERE MUST HAVE BEEN THOUSANDS!
SAY, OLIVE, HOW DID YA GIT 'EM SWABS TO TALK?
IT WAS VERY SIMPLE—
I GAVE THEIR LEADER, "BIG EAR," MY PEARL EARRINGS—I KNEW ANYONE SO PROUD OF HIS EARS WOULD DO ANYTHING FOR A PAIR OF EARRINGS!
VERY CLEVER!
ARF!
BUD SAGENDORF
THE END

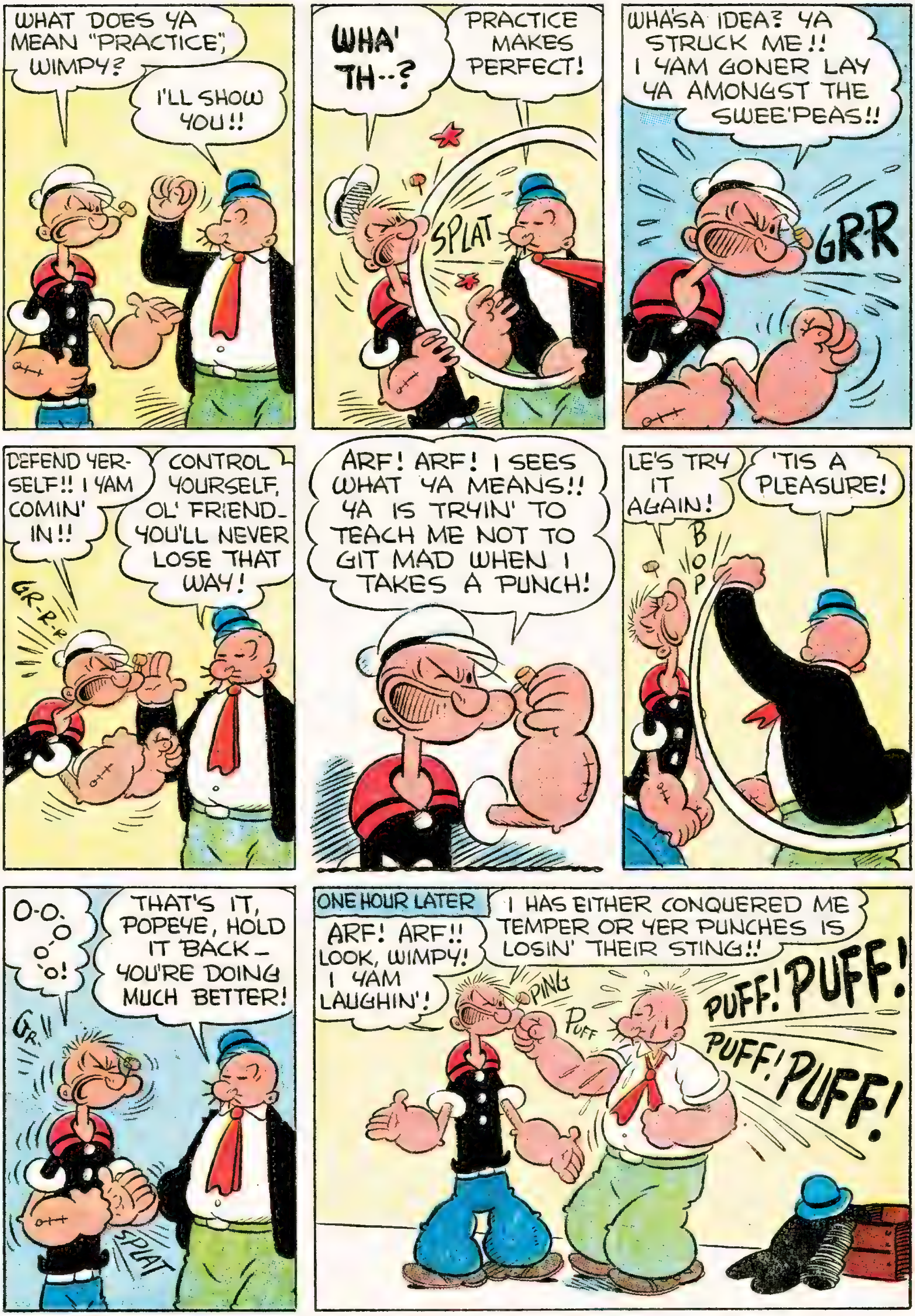

THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS
"OUCH!"
OR
"DON'T HIT HIM – HE'S A HUMAN!!"
STARRING
POPEYE
YIPE!!
THIS IS DISASTROUS!
SAFE
BY BUD SAGENDORF.
I YAM BROKE!!
ME MONEY IS ALL SPENT!
ME SAFE IS EMPTY!
SAFE
I HAS GOT TO HAVE SOME MONEY TO CLOTHE AN' FEED ME LI'L ADOPTID BOY KID!!
HM?
$ $ $?
?
HM?
?
$?
?
THEY IS JUS' ONE THING TO DO!!
AHOY, MISTER TENPER. I YAM BROKE AN' I NEEDS SOME MONEY – HOW'S ABOUT A SPRIZE FIGHT?
HM? HELLO, POPEYE. WANT TO FIGHT, DO YOU? WELL, I'VE GOT JUST THE BOY TO MATCH YOU WITH!!

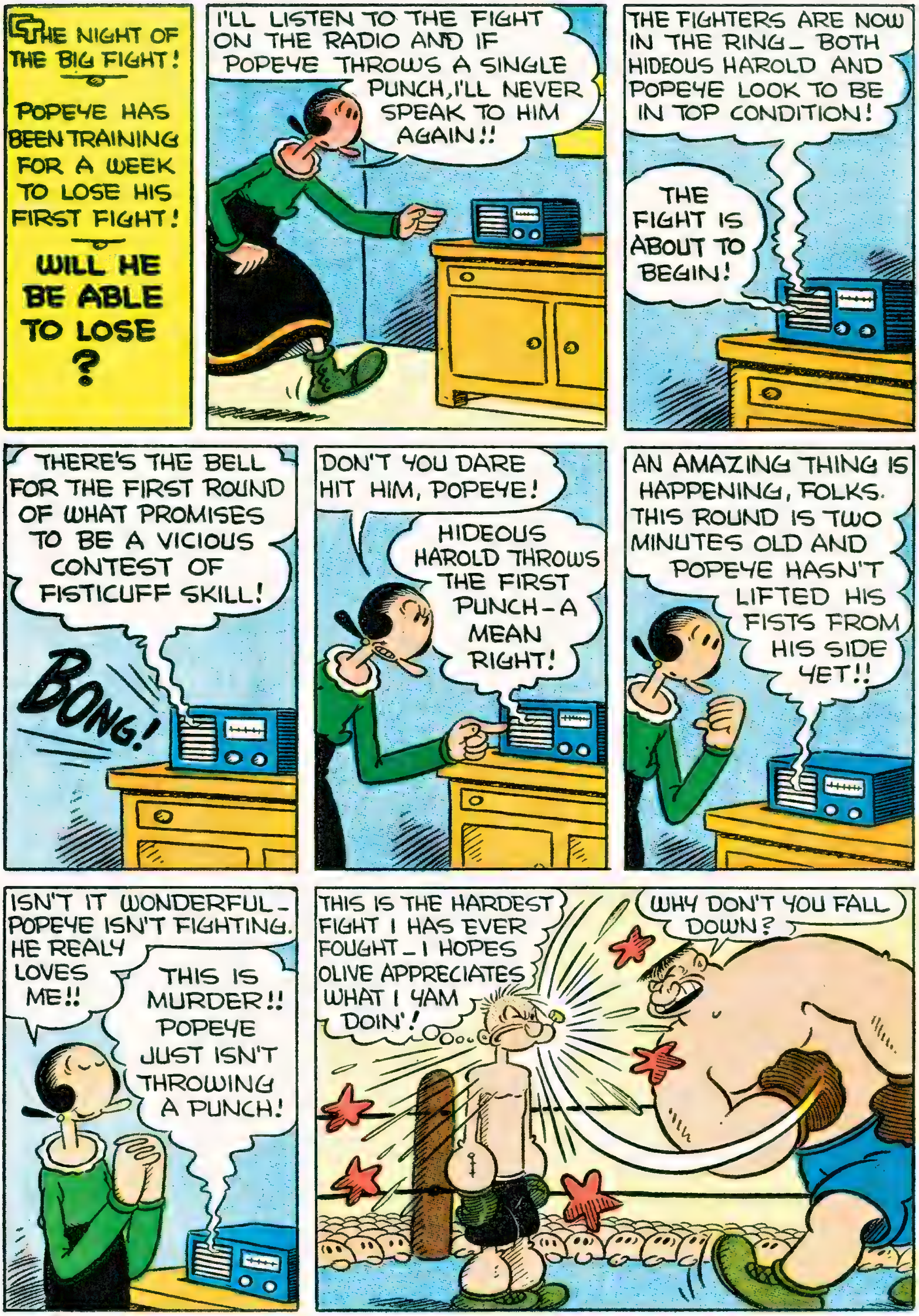

WELL, 'AT'S 'AT!! I WILL HAVE PLENTY OF MONEY AFTER I WINS ME FIGHT!!
D.D. TENPER FIGHT PROMOTER
I HOPES THE SWAB MR. TENPER PICKS FER ME TO FIGHT WILL BE TOUGH ENOUGH TO HAVE SOME FUN WITH!!
GOOD HEAVENS!?! WAS THAT POPEYE THAT JUST CAME OUT OF MR. TENPER'S OFFICE?
AHOY, OLIVE!! WHATCHA DOIN' DOWNTOWN?
GR-R!
WHAT WERE YOU DOING IN TENPER'S OFFICE??
GR-R-R
I YAM BUSTID, SO I DECIDED TO GO BACK TO WORK – I SIGNED UP WIT' MR. TENPER FER A FIGHT!
BAH!
WHY DOES YA SAY, "BAH"?
BECAUSE I'M MAD!! YOU FIEND!!
YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A MONSTER!! DELIBERATELY SETTING OUT TO PUNCH ANOTHER HUMAN BEING!!


YOU CALL FIGHTING WORK! PHOOEY!! I'M ASHAMED TO BE SEEN ON THE STREET WITH YOU!!! YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A FIST-THROWING BEAST!!
BUT I HAS TO FIGHT!! I HAS SIGNED UP AN' I HAS TO GO THROUGH WIT' IT!!
BAH!
OKAY! GO AHEAD AND FIGHT!!
BUT IF YOU SO MUCH AS LAY A FINGER ON YOUR OPPONENT, I'LL NEVER SPEAK TO YOU AGAIN!!
WHEN YOU GET IN THE RING, JUST REMEMBER WHAT I SAID!!
MY GOODNESS!! IS THAT POPEYE?
POPEYE, OL' PAL!! WHAT IS WRONG? YOU LOOK AS IF YOU HAD TROUBLES!!
TROUBLE!! I'LL SAY I HAS!! I HAS TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO WIN A SPRIZE FIGHT WIT-OUT FIGHTIN'!!!
HM?
SOUNDS RATHER DIFFICULT, OL' PAL!

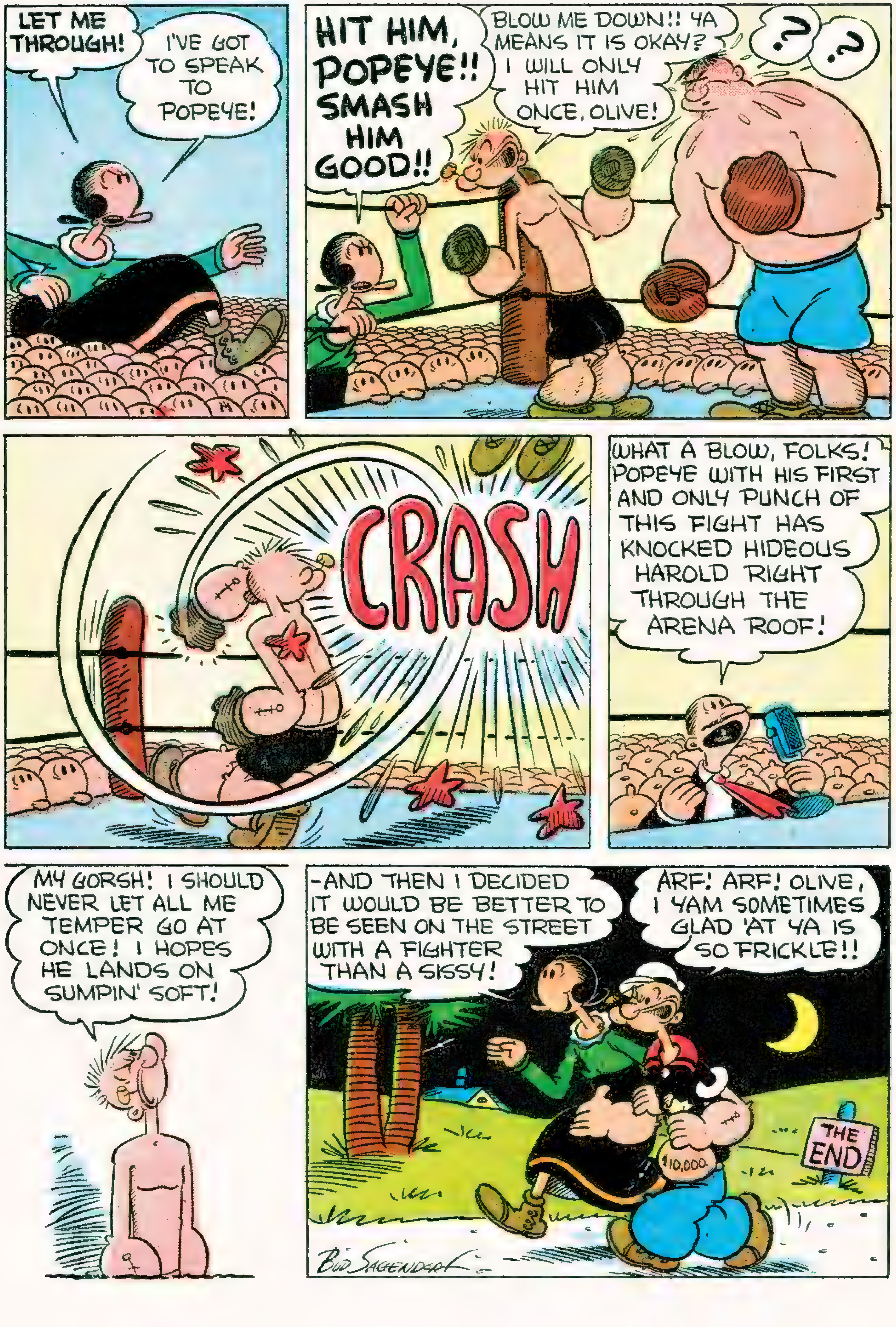


BLA-BLA--AN' THEN SHE SAID BLA--BLA-- BLA-- SO YA SEES THE SPOT I YAM IN!
INDEED I DO!
I NEEDS THE MONEY!
HOW MUCH MONEY IS THE FIGHT WORTH?
THE WINNER GITS TEN THOUSING AND THE LOSER GITS THREE THOUSING!
HM!!
HM!, OL' PAL, YOU COULD BUY A HEEP OF SPINACH WITH THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS!!
BLOW ME DOWN!?! IS YA SUGGESTIN' THAT I THROWS THE FIGHT?
TAKE IT EASY, OL' FRIEND _ YOU DO NEED THE MONEY AND THREE THOUSAND WOULD HELP!!
AFTER ALL, YOU WON'T HAVE TO THROW THE FIGHT--JUST SEE THAT YOU DON'T WIN!
BUT, WIMPY, I HAS NEVER LORST A FIGHT IN ME LIFE _ I WOULDN'T KNOW HOW!!
IT'S SIMPLE!
MISS OYL DOESN'T WANT YOU TO HIT A FELLOW HUMAN _ VERY WELL _ WHEN YOU GET IN THE RING, JUST STAND THERE AND LET HIM HIT YOU UNTIL YOU ARE KNOCKED OUT!!
MY GORSH, WIMPY, I DOESN'T KNOW IF I COULD DO IT _ I ALWAYS GITS MAD AND HITS BACK WHENEVER I GITS SMACKED!
YOU WILL HAVE TO PRACTICE!!

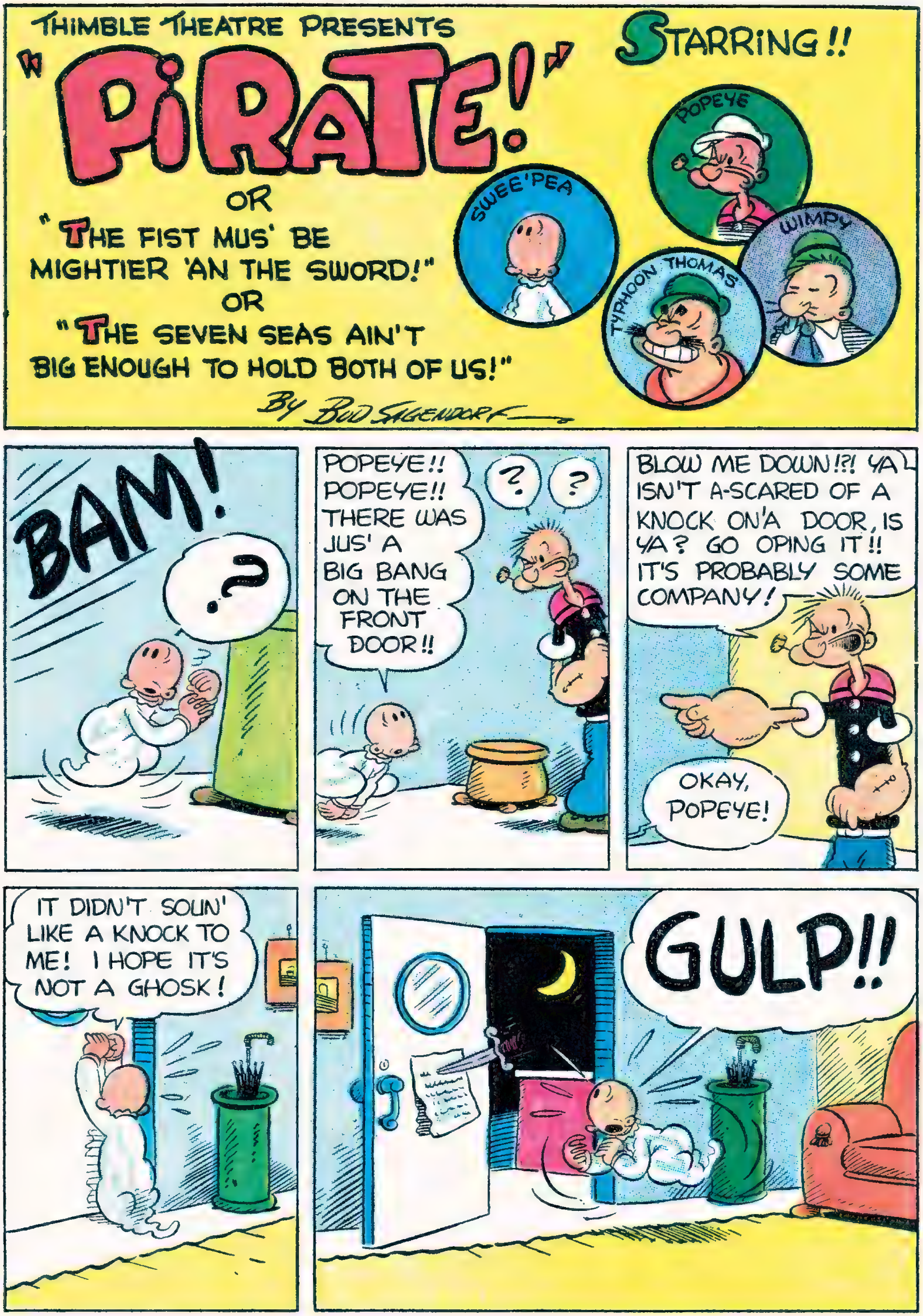

WHAT DOES YA MEAN "PRACTICE", WIMPY?
I'LL SHOW YOU!!
WHA' TH--?
PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT!
SPLAT
WHA'SA IDEA? YA STRUCK ME!! I YAM GONER LAY YA AMONGST THE SWEE'PEAS!!
GR-R
DEFEND YERSELF!! I YAM COMIN' IN!!
CONTROL YOURSELF, OL' FRIEND– YOU'LL NEVER LOSE THAT WAY!
GR-R-R
ARF! ARF! I SEES WHAT YA MEANS!! YA IS TRYIN' TO TEACH ME NOT TO GIT MAD WHEN I TAKES A PUNCH!
LE'S TRY IT AGAIN!
'TIS A PLEASURE!
BOP
O-O-O-O-O!
THAT'S IT, POPEYE, HOLD IT BACK– YOU'RE DOING MUCH BETTER!
GR
SPLAT
ONE HOUR LATER
ARF! ARF!! LOOK, WIMPY! I YAM LAUGHIN'!
I HAS EITHER CONQUERED ME TEMPER OR YER PUNCHES IS LOSIN' THEIR STING!!
PING
PUFF
PUFF! PUFF!
PUFF! PUFF!

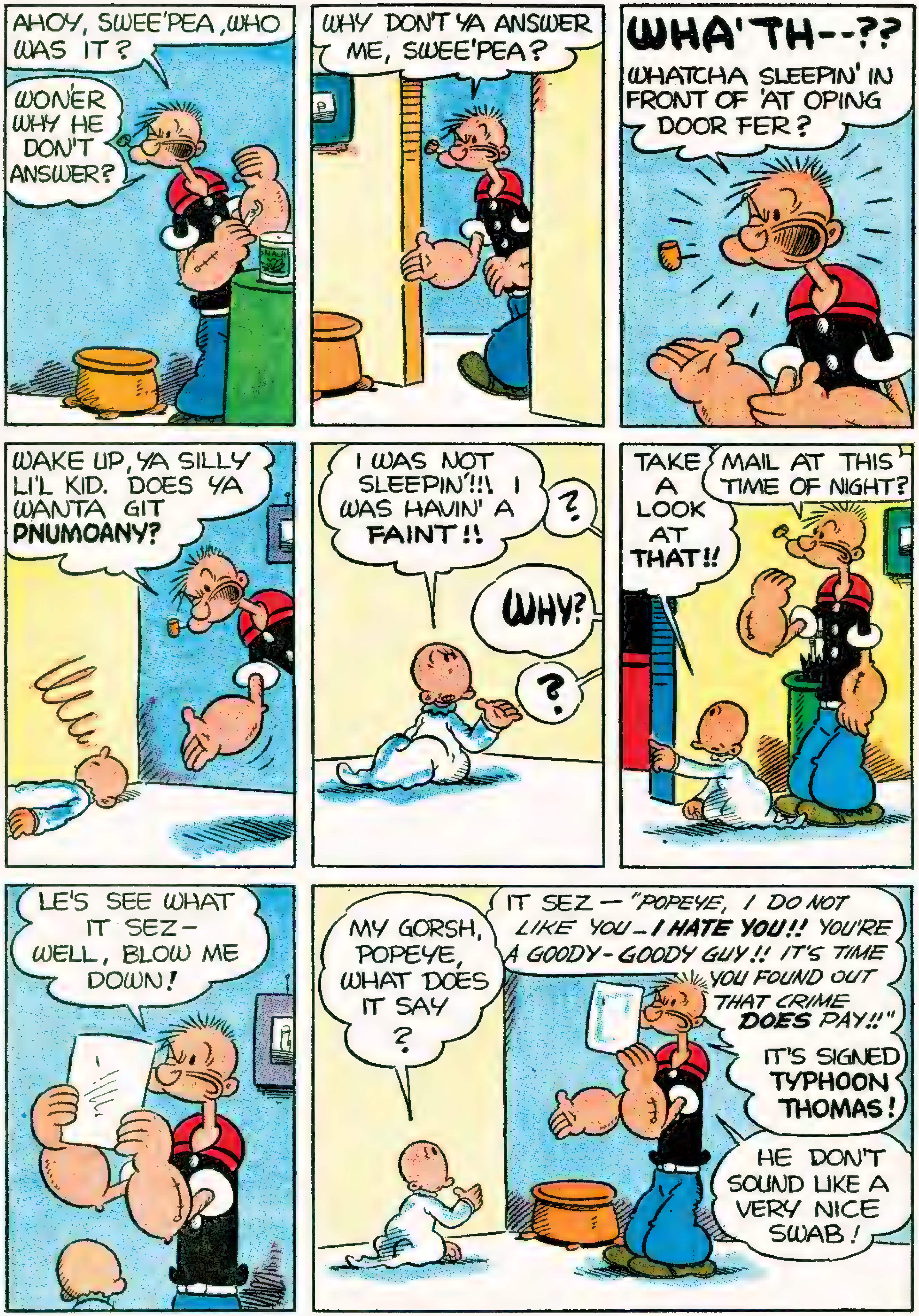

THE NIGHT OF THE BIG FIGHT!
POPEYE HAS BEEN TRAINING FOR A WEEK TO LOSE HIS FIRST FIGHT!
WILL HE BE ABLE TO LOSE ?
I'LL LISTEN TO THE FIGHT ON THE RADIO AND IF POPEYE THROWS A SINGLE PUNCH, I'LL NEVER SPEAK TO HIM AGAIN!!
THE FIGHTERS ARE NOW IN THE RING_ BOTH HIDEOUS HAROLD AND POPEYE LOOK TO BE IN TOP CONDITION!
THE FIGHT IS ABOUT TO BEGIN!
THERE'S THE BELL FOR THE FIRST ROUND OF WHAT PROMISES TO BE A VICIOUS CONTEST OF FISTICUFF SKILL!
BONG!
DON'T YOU DARE HIT HIM, POPEYE!
HIDEOUS HAROLD THROWS THE FIRST PUNCH - A MEAN RIGHT!
AN AMAZING THING IS HAPPENING, FOLKS. THIS ROUND IS TWO MINUTES OLD AND POPEYE HASN'T LIFTED HIS FISTS FROM HIS SIDE YET!!
ISN'T IT WONDERFUL_ POPEYE ISN'T FIGHTING. HE REALY LOVES ME!!
THIS IS MURDER!! POPEYE JUST ISN'T THROWING A PUNCH!
THIS IS THE HARDEST FIGHT I HAS EVER FOUGHT_I HOPES OLIVE APPRECIATES WHAT I YAM DOIN'!
WHY DON'T YOU FALL DOWN?

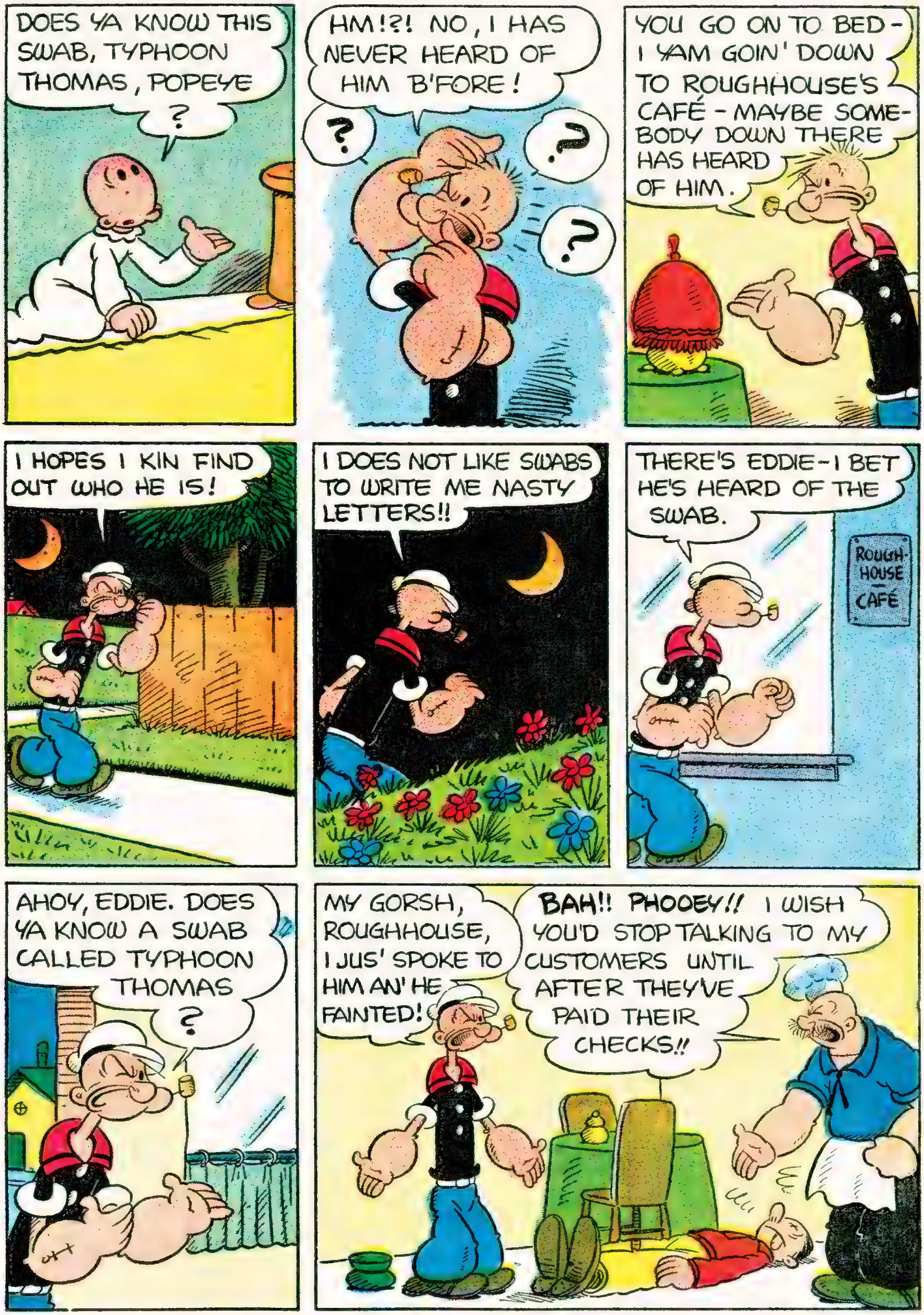
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THIS IS HORRIBLE!! POPEYE IS TAKING ONE PUNCH AFTER ANOTHER! I CAN'T UNDER-STAND HOW HE STANDS UP!!
SPLAT
SPLAT! CRASH!! POP! POP!
THIS IS THE FOURTH ROUND AND POPEYE STILL HASN'T THROWN A PUNCH!!
MY SAILOR BOY IS KEEPING HIS PROMISE!!
THE CROWD IS BEGINNING TO BOO POPEYE! THEY WANT TO SEE HIM FIGHT!
JUST LISTEN TO THE CROWD, FOLKS-- BOO!! BOO!! SISSY!! WHYNCHA FIGHT? BOO! BOO! BOO!
!
BOOOOOO!! SISSY!! BOOOO!! BOO! BOO! BOO!
THIS IS THE MOST EMBARRASSIN' MOMENT OF ME LIFE!!
BOOOOO
BOOOO
BOOO
BOOO
BOO
BOO
BOO
BOO
BOP

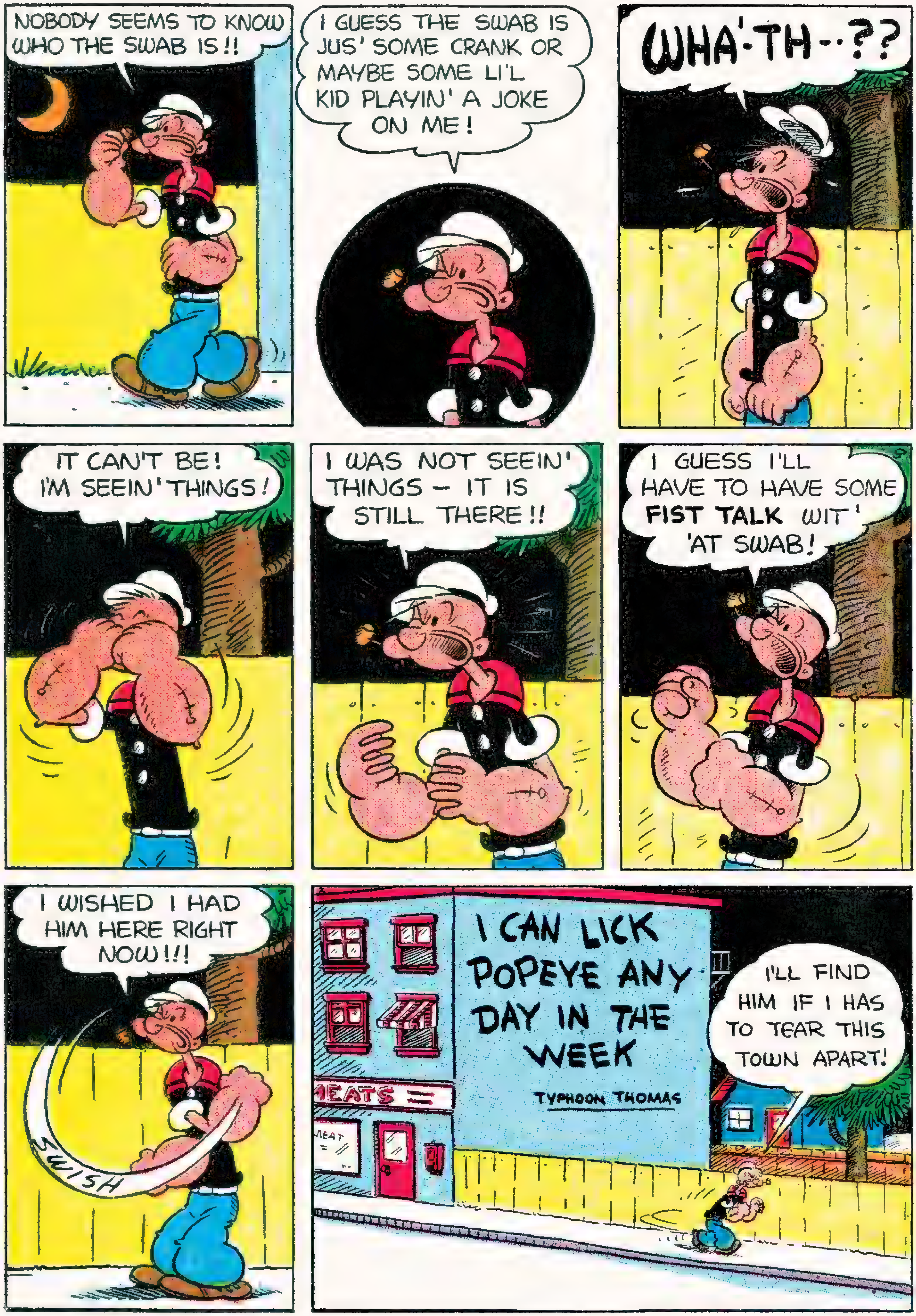


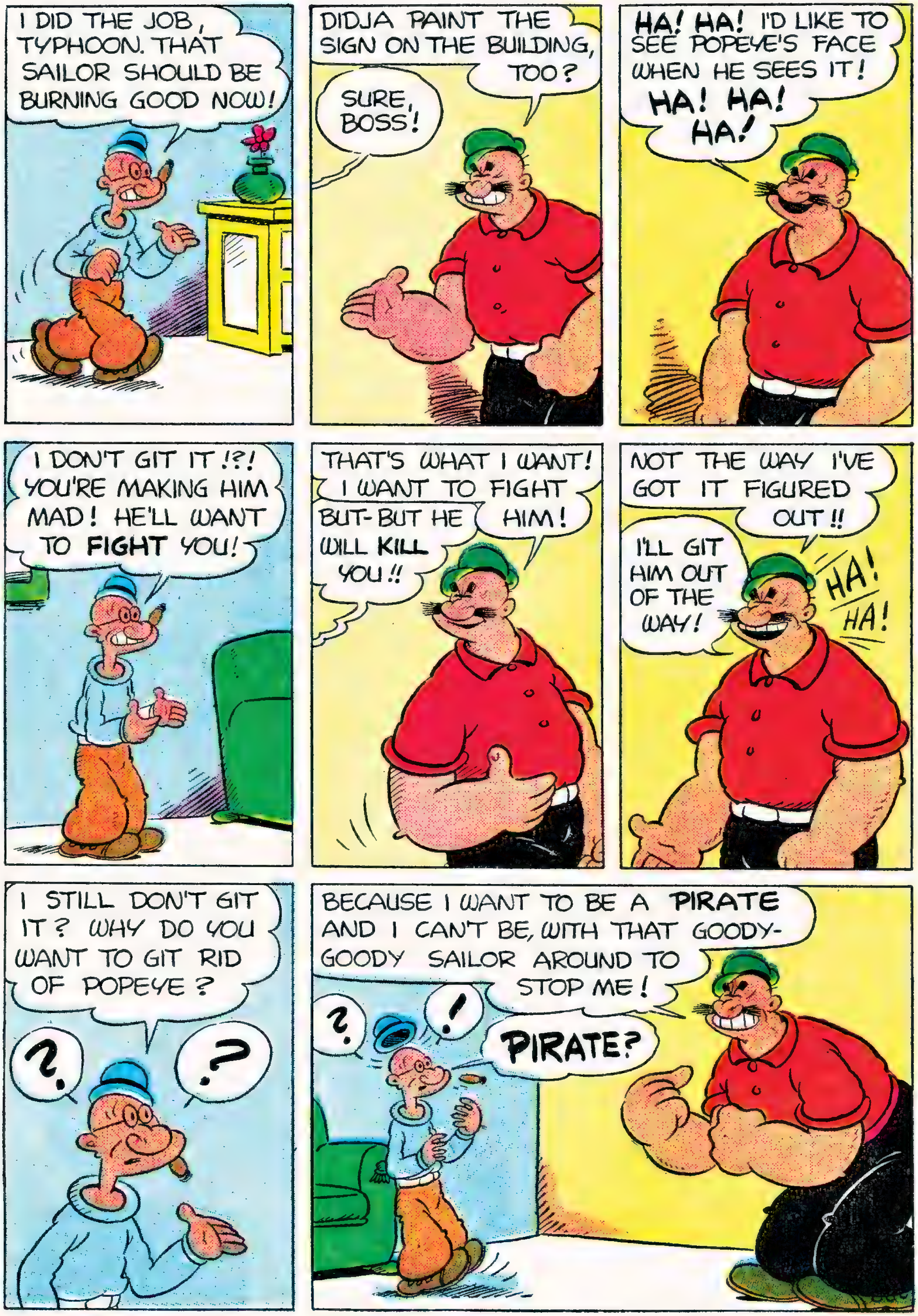
LET ME THROUGH!
I'VE GOT TO SPEAK TO POPEYE!
HIT HIM, POPEYE!! SMASH HIM GOOD!!
BLOW ME DOWN!! YA MEANS IT IS OKAY? I WILL ONLY HIT HIM ONCE, OLIVE!
? ?
CRASH
WHAT A BLOW, FOLKS! POPEYE WITH HIS FIRST AND ONLY PUNCH OF THIS FIGHT HAS KNOCKED HIDEOUS HAROLD RIGHT THROUGH THE ARENA ROOF!
MY GORSH! I SHOULD NEVER LET ALL ME TEMPER GO AT ONCE! I HOPES HE LANDS ON SUMPIN' SOFT!
-AND THEN I DECIDED IT WOULD BE BETTER TO BE SEEN ON THE STREET WITH A FIGHTER THAN A SISSY!
ARF! ARF! OLIVE, I YAM SOMETIMES GLAD 'AT YA IS SO FRICKLE!!
$10,000
THE END
BUD SAGENDORF

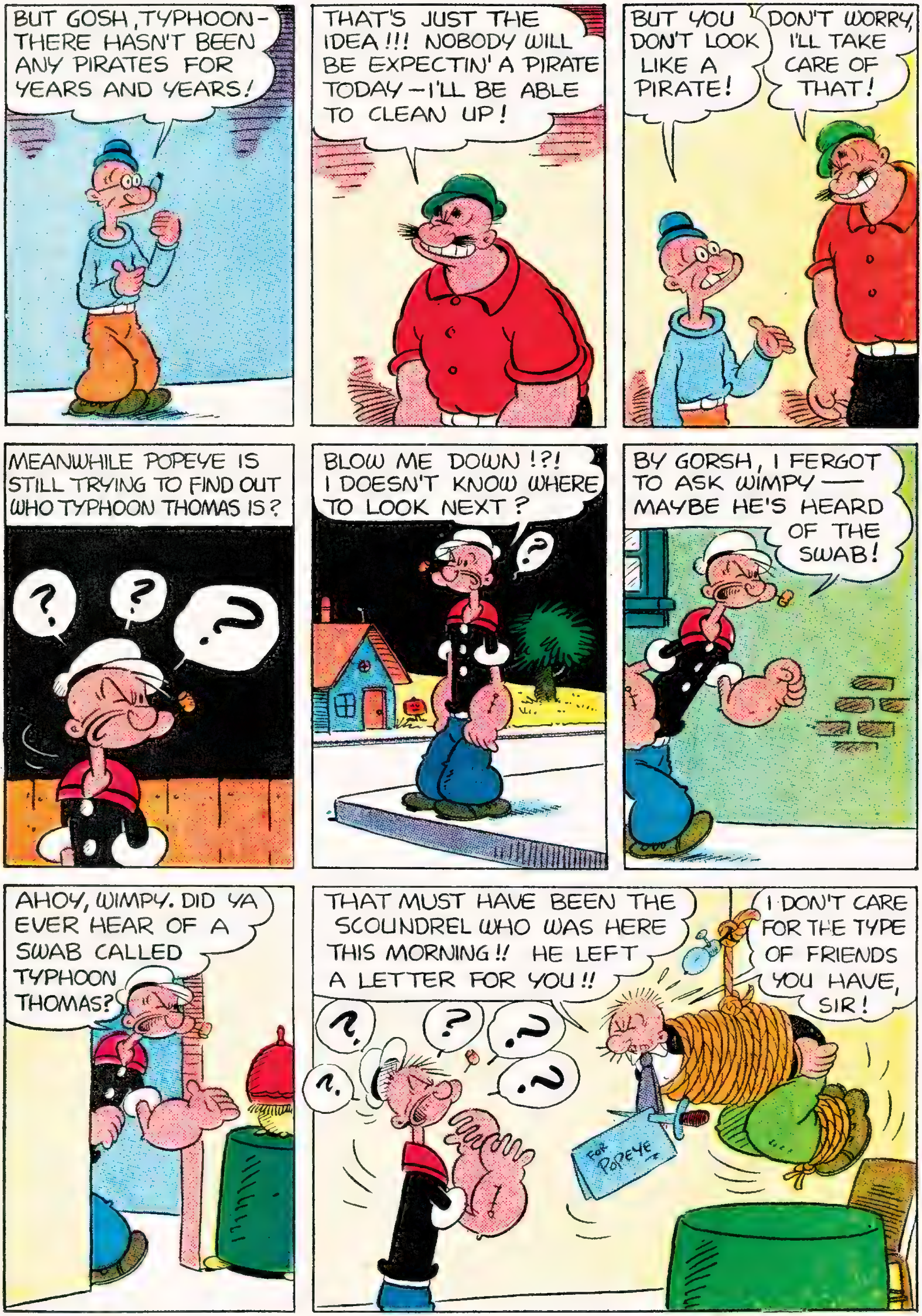

THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS
"PIRATE!"
OR
"THE FIST MUS' BE MIGHTIER 'AN THE SWORD!"
OR
"THE SEVEN SEAS AIN'T BIG ENOUGH TO HOLD BOTH OF US!"
BY BUD SAGENDORF
STARRING!!
POPEYE
SWEE'PEA
WIMPY
TYPHOON THOMAS
BAM!
?
POPEYE!! POPEYE!! THERE WAS JUS' A BIG BANG ON THE FRONT DOOR!!
? ?
BLOW ME DOWN!?! YA ISN'T A-SCARED OF A KNOCK ON'A DOOR, IS YA? GO OPING IT!! IT'S PROBABLY SOME COMPANY!
OKAY, POPEYE!
IT DIDN'T SOUN' LIKE A KNOCK TO ME! I HOPE IT'S NOT A GHOSK!
GULP!!

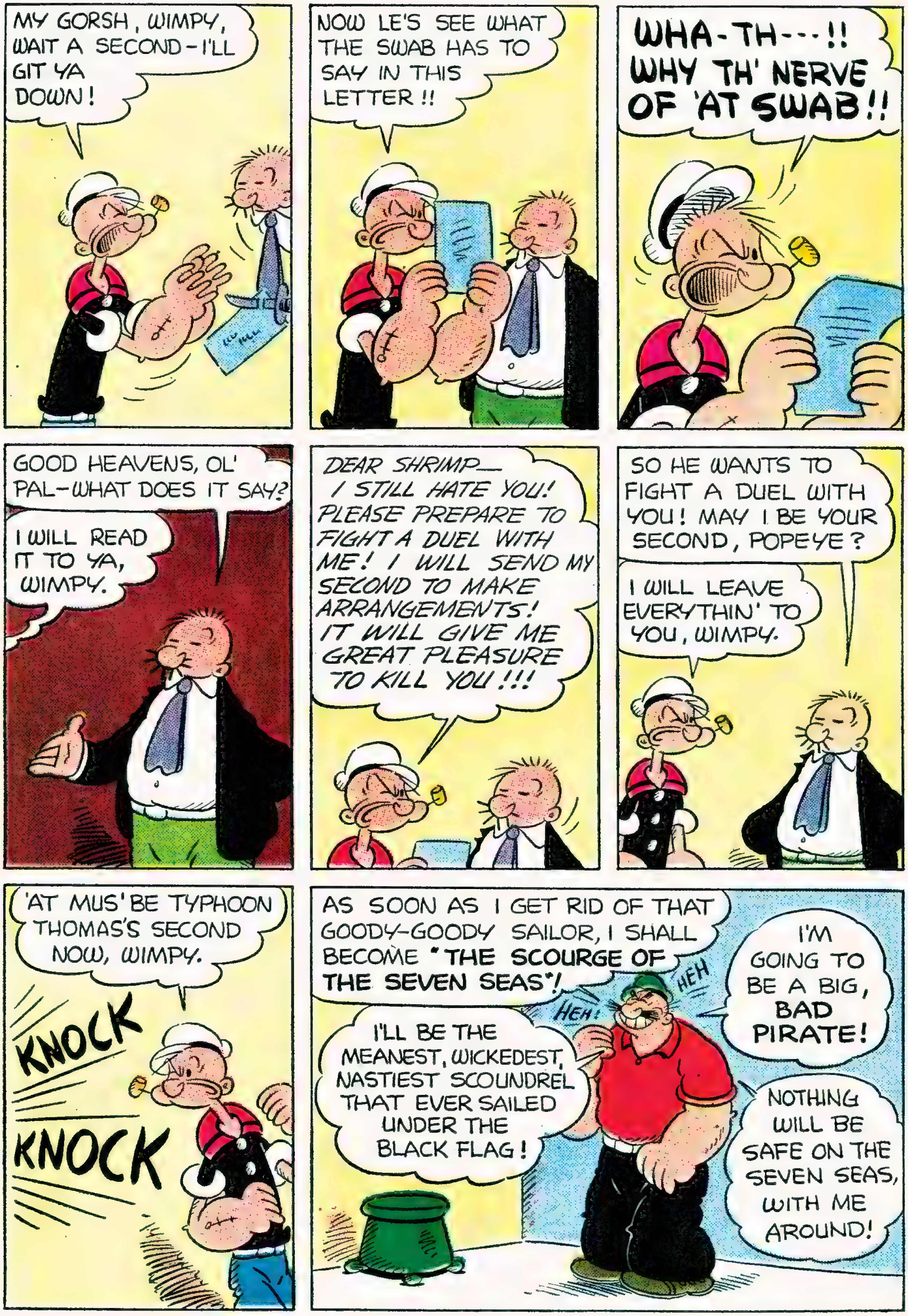

AHOY, SWEE'PEA, WHO WAS IT?
WON'ER WHY HE DON'T ANSWER?
WHY DON'T YA ANSWER ME, SWEE'PEA?
WHA'TH--??
WHATCHA SLEEPIN' IN FRONT OF 'AT OPING DOOR FER?
WAKE UP, YA SILLY LI'L KID. DOES YA WANTA GIT PNUMOANY?
I WAS NOT SLEEPIN'!!! I WAS HAVIN' A FAINT!!
?
WHY?
?
TAKE A LOOK AT THAT!!
MAIL AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT?
LE'S SEE WHAT IT SEZ— WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!
MY GORSH, POPEYE, WHAT DOES IT SAY ?
IT SEZ — "POPEYE, I DO NOT LIKE YOU – I HATE YOU!! YOU'RE A GOODY-GOODY GUY!! IT'S TIME YOU FOUND OUT THAT CRIME DOES PAY!!"
IT'S SIGNED TYPHOON THOMAS!
HE DON'T SOUND LIKE A VERY NICE SWAB!

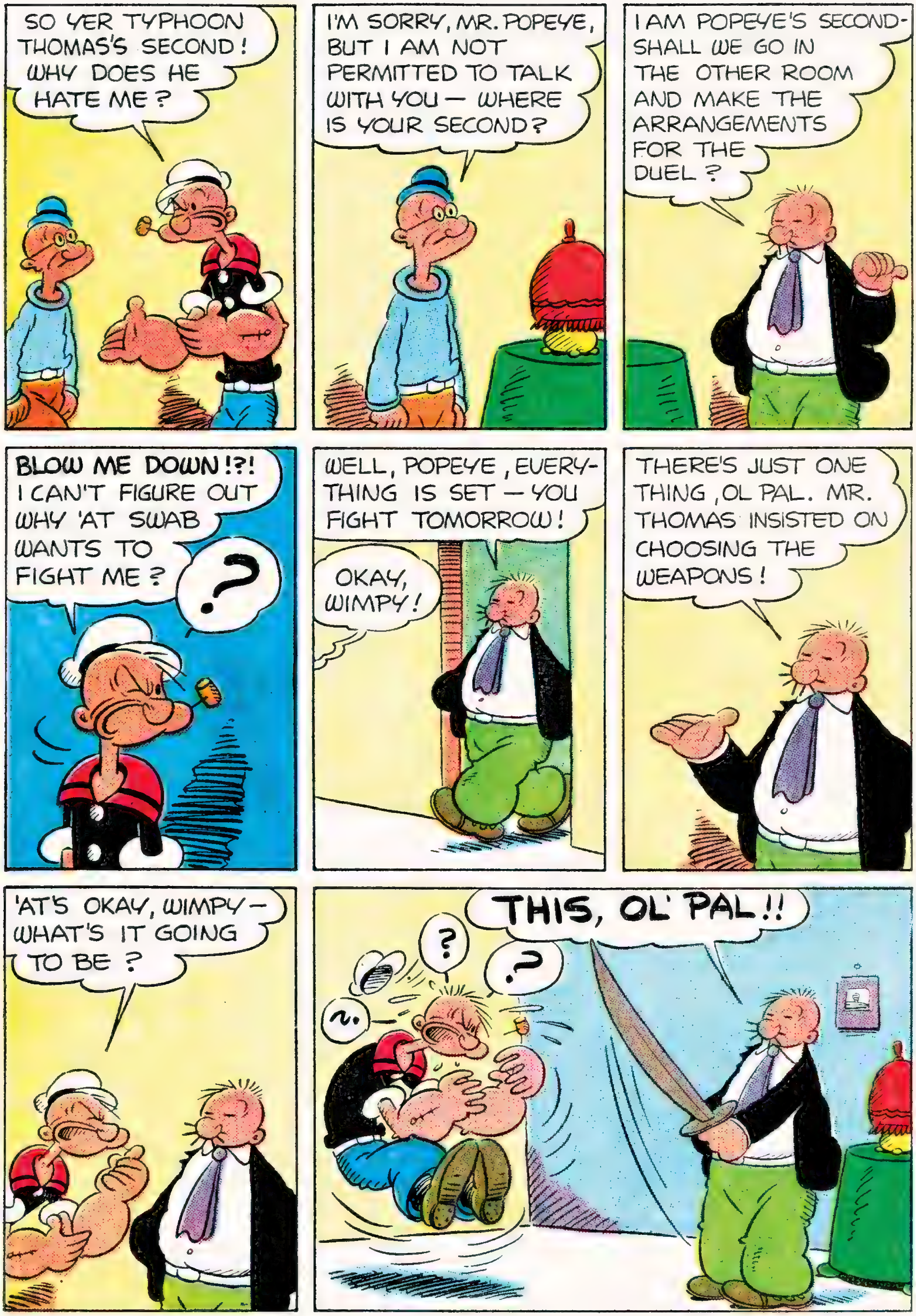

DOES YA KNOW THIS SWAB, TYPHOON THOMAS, POPEYE ?
HM!?! NO, I HAS NEVER HEARD OF HIM B'FORE!
?
?
?
YOU GO ON TO BED - I YAM GOIN' DOWN TO ROUGHHOUSE'S CAFÉ - MAYBE SOMEBODY DOWN THERE HAS HEARD OF HIM.
I HOPES I KIN FIND OUT WHO HE IS!
I DOES NOT LIKE SWABS TO WRITE ME NASTY LETTERS!!
THERE'S EDDIE-I BET HE'S HEARD OF THE SWAB.
ROUGH-HOUSE CAFÉ
AHOY, EDDIE. DOES YA KNOW A SWAB CALLED TYPHOON THOMAS ?
MY GORSH, ROUGHHOUSE, I JUS' SPOKE TO HIM AN' HE FAINTED!
BAH!! PHOOEY!! I WISH YOU'D STOP TALKING TO MY CUSTOMERS UNTIL AFTER THEY'VE PAID THEIR CHECKS!!

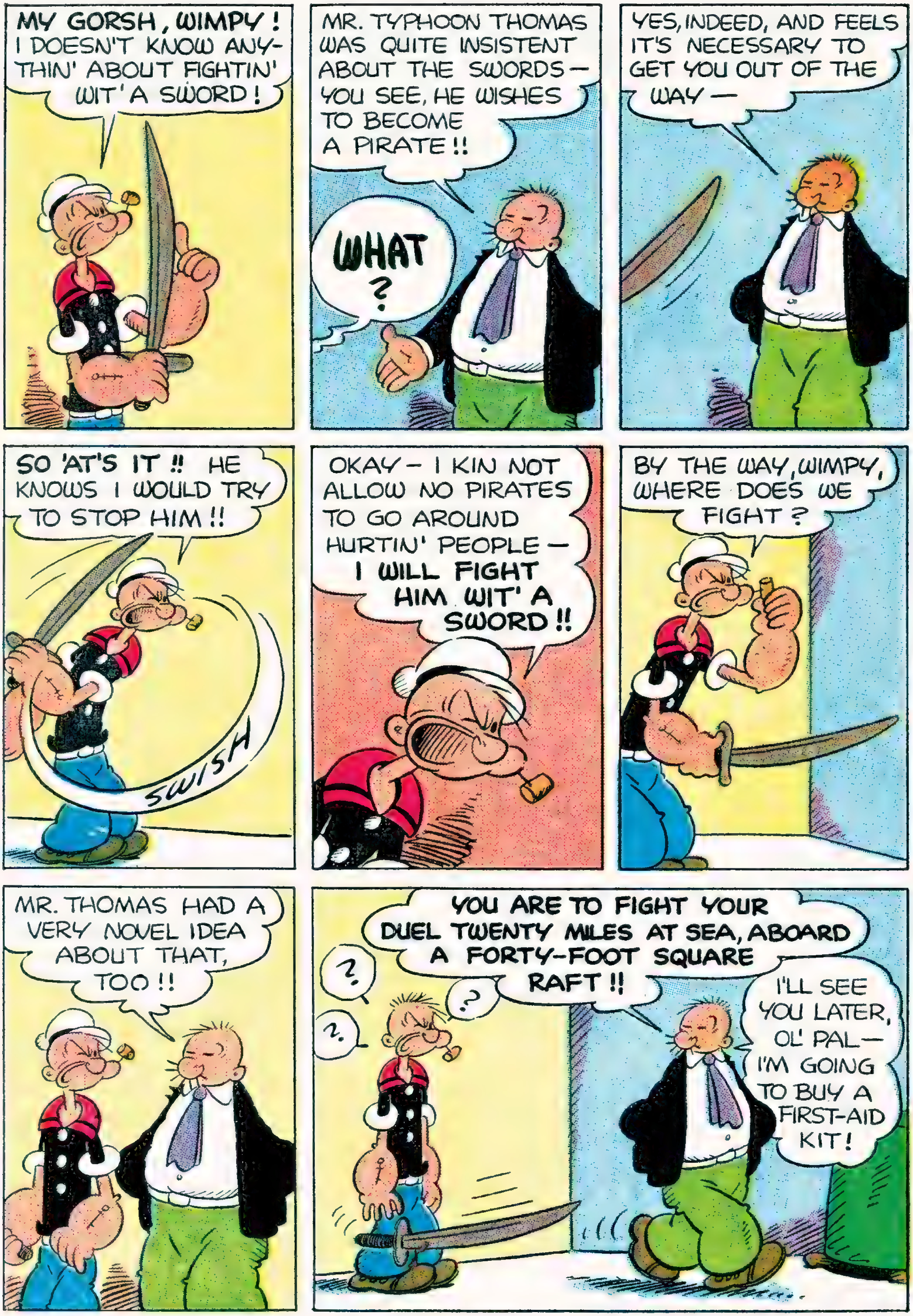

NOBODY SEEMS TO KNOW WHO THE SWAB IS !!
I GUESS THE SWAB IS JUS' SOME CRANK OR MAYBE SOME LI'L KID PLAYIN' A JOKE ON ME!
WHA'-TH--??
IT CAN'T BE! I'M SEEIN' THINGS!
I WAS NOT SEEIN' THINGS – IT IS STILL THERE!!
I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO HAVE SOME FIST TALK WIT' 'AT SWAB!
I WISHED I HAD HIM HERE RIGHT NOW!!!
SWISH
I CAN LICK POPEYE ANY DAY IN THE WEEK
TYPHOON THOMAS
MEATS
I'LL FIND HIM IF I HAS TO TEAR THIS TOWN APART!


I DID THE JOB, TYPHOON. THAT SAILOR SHOULD BE BURNING GOOD NOW!
DIDJA PAINT THE SIGN ON THE BUILDING, TOO?
SURE, BOSS!
HA! HA! I'D LIKE TO SEE POPEYE'S FACE WHEN HE SEES IT! HA! HA! HA!
I DON'T GIT IT !?! YOU'RE MAKING HIM MAD! HE'LL WANT TO FIGHT YOU!
THAT'S WHAT I WANT! I WANT TO FIGHT HIM!
BUT-BUT HE WILL KILL YOU!!
NOT THE WAY I'VE GOT IT FIGURED OUT!!
I'LL GIT HIM OUT OF THE WAY!
HA! HA!
I STILL DON'T GIT IT? WHY DO YOU WANT TO GIT RID OF POPEYE?
?
?
BECAUSE I WANT TO BE A PIRATE AND I CAN'T BE, WITH THAT GOODY-GOODY SAILOR AROUND TO STOP ME!
?
!
PIRATE?

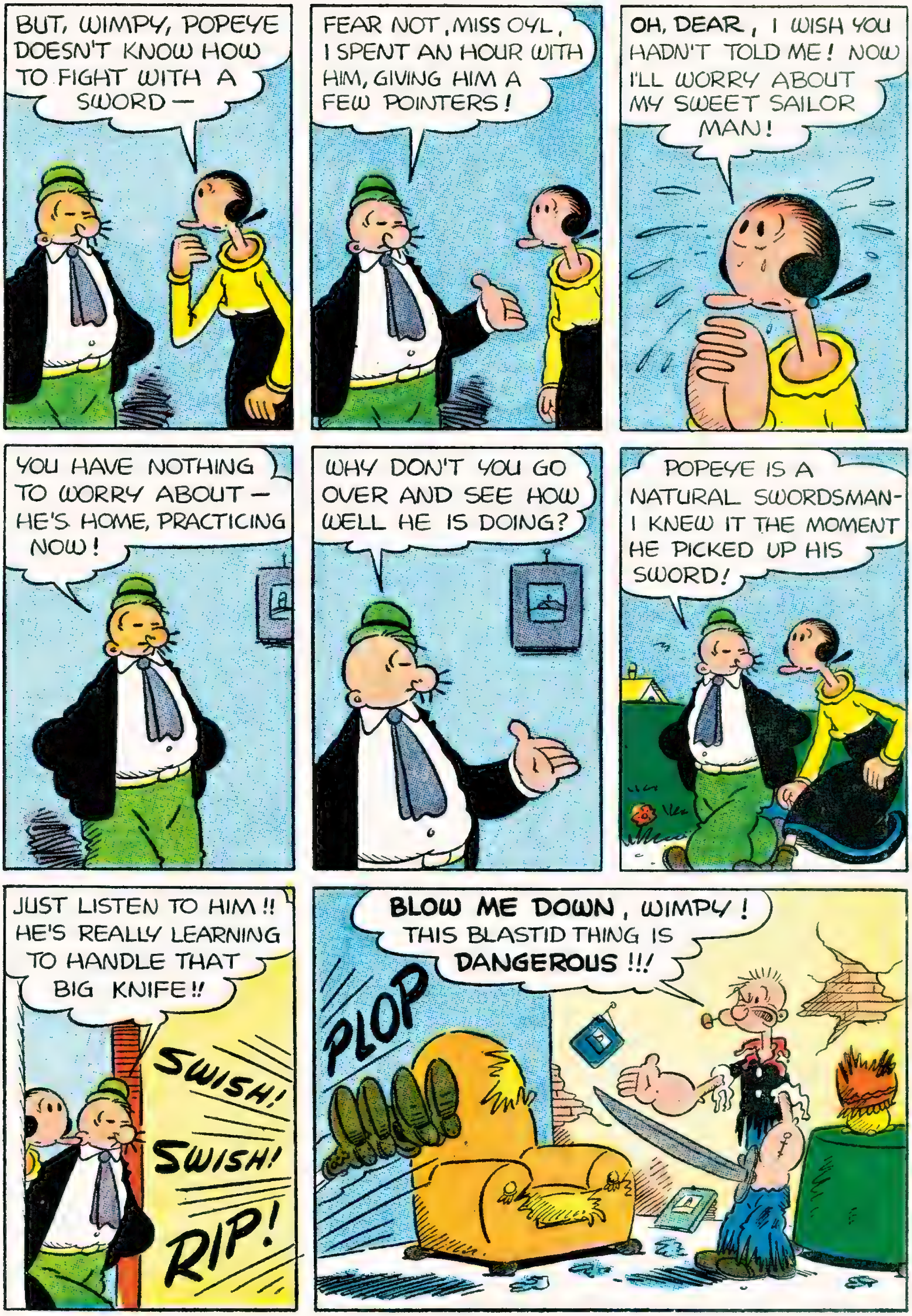

BUT GOSH, TYPHOON— THERE HASN'T BEEN ANY PIRATES FOR YEARS AND YEARS!
THAT'S JUST THE IDEA!!! NOBODY WILL BE EXPECTIN' A PIRATE TODAY—I'LL BE ABLE TO CLEAN UP!
BUT YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE A PIRATE!
DON'T WORRY, I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT!
MEANWHILE POPEYE IS STILL TRYING TO FIND OUT WHO TYPHOON THOMAS IS?
BLOW ME DOWN!?! I DOESN'T KNOW WHERE TO LOOK NEXT?
BY GORSH, I FERGOT TO ASK WIMPY— MAYBE HE'S HEARD OF THE SWAB!
AHOY, WIMPY. DID YA EVER HEAR OF A SWAB CALLED TYPHOON THOMAS?
THAT MUST HAVE BEEN THE SCOUNDREL WHO WAS HERE THIS MORNING!! HE LEFT A LETTER FOR YOU!!
I DON'T CARE FOR THE TYPE OF FRIENDS YOU HAVE, SIR!
FOR POPEYE

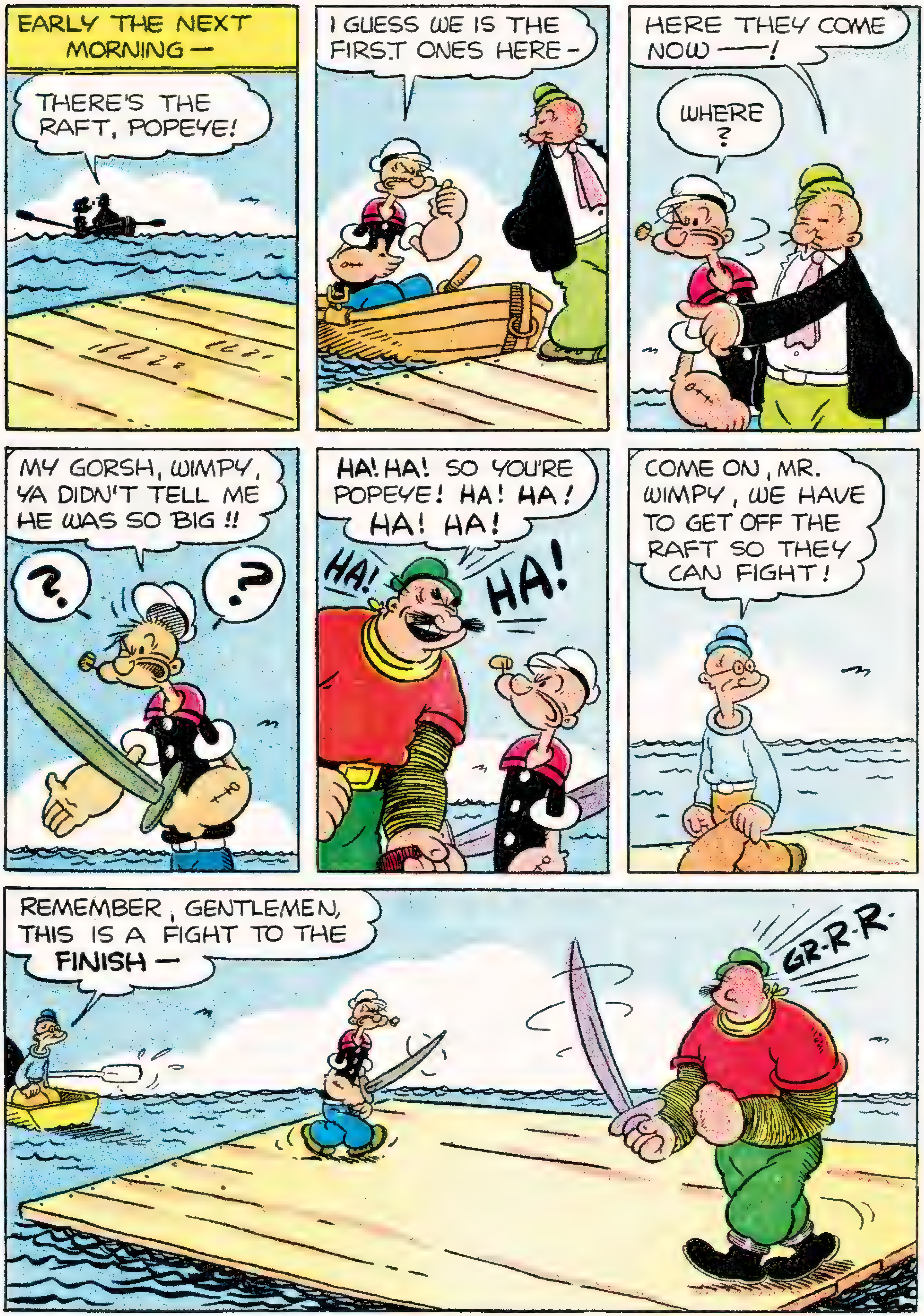

MY GORSH, WIMPY, WAIT A SECOND—I'LL GIT YA DOWN!
NOW LE'S SEE WHAT THE SWAB HAS TO SAY IN THIS LETTER!!
WHA-TH---!! WHY TH' NERVE OF 'AT SWAB!!
GOOD HEAVENS, OL' PAL—WHAT DOES IT SAY?
I WILL READ IT TO YA, WIMPY.
DEAR SHRIMP— I STILL HATE YOU! PLEASE PREPARE TO FIGHT A DUEL WITH ME! I WILL SEND MY SECOND TO MAKE ARRANGEMENTS! IT WILL GIVE ME GREAT PLEASURE TO KILL YOU!!!
SO HE WANTS TO FIGHT A DUEL WITH YOU! MAY I BE YOUR SECOND, POPEYE?
I WILL LEAVE EVERYTHIN' TO YOU, WIMPY.
'AT MUS' BE TYPHOON THOMAS'S SECOND NOW, WIMPY.
KNOCK
KNOCK
AS SOON AS I GET RID OF THAT GOODY-GOODY SAILOR, I SHALL BECOME "THE SCOURGE OF THE SEVEN SEAS"!
HEH! HEH
I'M GOING TO BE A BIG, BAD PIRATE!
I'LL BE THE MEANEST, WICKEDEST, NASTIEST SCOUNDREL THAT EVER SAILED UNDER THE BLACK FLAG!
NOTHING WILL BE SAFE ON THE SEVEN SEAS, WITH ME AROUND!


SO YER TYPHOON THOMAS'S SECOND! WHY DOES HE HATE ME?
I'M SORRY, MR. POPEYE, BUT I AM NOT PERMITTED TO TALK WITH YOU — WHERE IS YOUR SECOND?
I AM POPEYE'S SECOND- SHALL WE GO IN THE OTHER ROOM AND MAKE THE ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE DUEL?
BLOW ME DOWN!?! I CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHY 'AT SWAB WANTS TO FIGHT ME?
?
WELL, POPEYE, EVERYTHING IS SET — YOU FIGHT TOMORROW!
OKAY, WIMPY!
THERE'S JUST ONE THING, OL PAL. MR. THOMAS INSISTED ON CHOOSING THE WEAPONS!
'AT'S OKAY, WIMPY — WHAT'S IT GOING TO BE?
THIS, OL' PAL!!
?
?

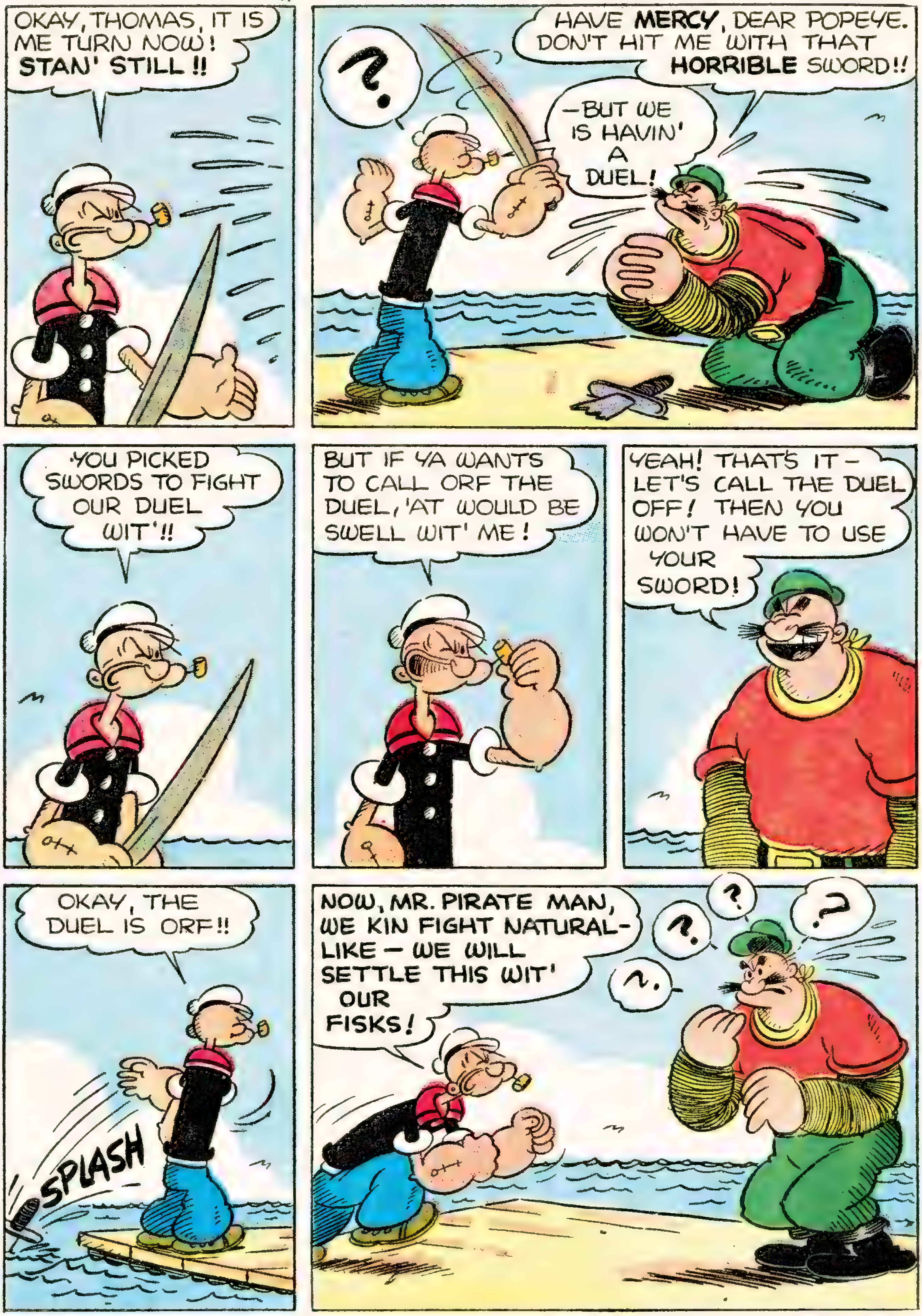

MY GORSH, WIMPY! I DOESN'T KNOW ANY-THIN' ABOUT FIGHTIN' WIT' A SWORD!
MR. TYPHOON THOMAS WAS QUITE INSISTENT ABOUT THE SWORDS— YOU SEE, HE WISHES TO BECOME A PIRATE!!
WHAT ?
YES, INDEED, AND FEELS IT'S NECESSARY TO GET YOU OUT OF THE WAY—
SO 'AT'S IT!! HE KNOWS I WOULD TRY TO STOP HIM!!
SWISH
OKAY— I KIN NOT ALLOW NO PIRATES TO GO AROUND HURTIN' PEOPLE— I WILL FIGHT HIM WIT' A SWORD!!
BY THE WAY, WIMPY, WHERE DOES WE FIGHT?
MR. THOMAS HAD A VERY NOVEL IDEA ABOUT THAT, TOO!!
YOU ARE TO FIGHT YOUR DUEL TWENTY MILES AT SEA, ABOARD A FORTY-FOOT SQUARE RAFT!!
?
?
?
I'LL SEE YOU LATER, OL' PAL— I'M GOING TO BUY A FIRST-AID KIT!

EVERYTHING IS OKAY, TYPHOON — YOU FIGHT TOMORROW!
SWELL!! THE SOONER I GET RID OF POPEYE THE BETTER!!
I SHALL BECOME THE WORST PIRATE THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN!
GR-R-R
GR-R
BUT YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE A PIRATE!
BAH!! YOU WAIT RIGHT THERE AND I'LL SHOW YOU —
I HOPE HE KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING! I WOULDN'T WANT TO FIGHT POPEYE!!
THERE! NOW DO I LOOK LIKE A PIRATE?
?
SILENCE! YOU SCUM!! STOP YOUR LAUGHING OR I'LL RUN YOU THROUGH — OR MAKE YOU WALK THE PLANK!
HAW!
HAW!
HAW!


BUT, WIMPY, POPEYE DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO FIGHT WITH A SWORD —
FEAR NOT, MISS OYL, I SPENT AN HOUR WITH HIM, GIVING HIM A FEW POINTERS!
OH, DEAR, I WISH YOU HADN'T TOLD ME! NOW I'LL WORRY ABOUT MY SWEET SAILOR MAN!
YOU HAVE NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT — HE'S HOME, PRACTICING NOW!
WHY DON'T YOU GO OVER AND SEE HOW WELL HE IS DOING?
POPEYE IS A NATURAL SWORDSMAN - I KNEW IT THE MOMENT HE PICKED UP HIS SWORD!
JUST LISTEN TO HIM!! HE'S REALLY LEARNING TO HANDLE THAT BIG KNIFE!!
SWISH!
SWISH!
RIP!
BLOW ME DOWN, WIMPY! THIS BLASTID THING IS DANGEROUS!!!
PLOP

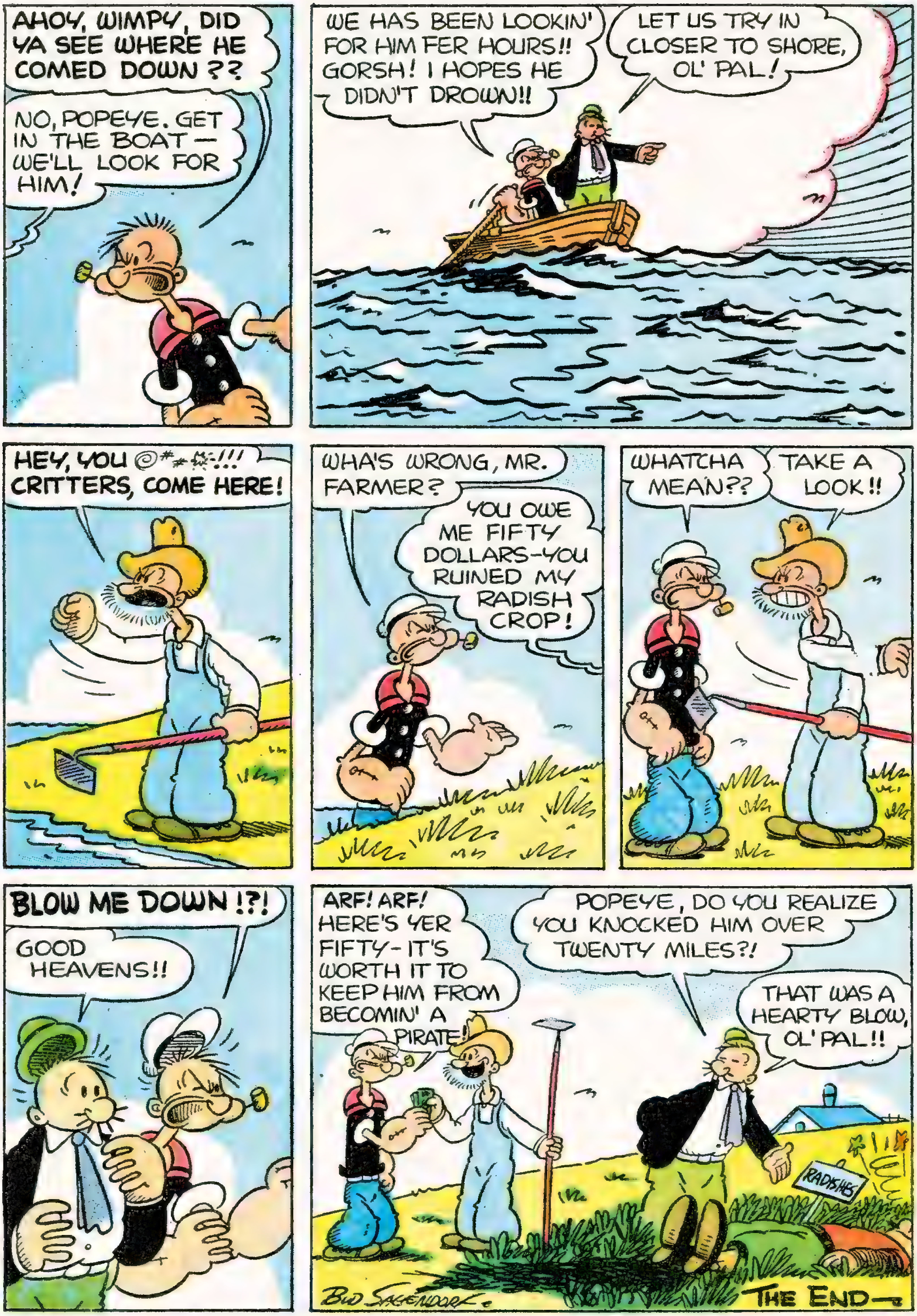

EARLY THE NEXT MORNING —
THERE'S THE RAFT, POPEYE!
I GUESS WE IS THE FIRST ONES HERE -
HERE THEY COME NOW —!
WHERE ?
MY GORSH, WIMPY, YA DIDN'T TELL ME HE WAS SO BIG !!
?
?
HA! HA! SO YOU'RE POPEYE! HA! HA! HA! HA!
HA!
HA!
COME ON, MR. WIMPY, WE HAVE TO GET OFF THE RAFT SO THEY CAN FIGHT!
REMEMBER, GENTLEMEN, THIS IS A FIGHT TO THE FINISH —
GR-R-R

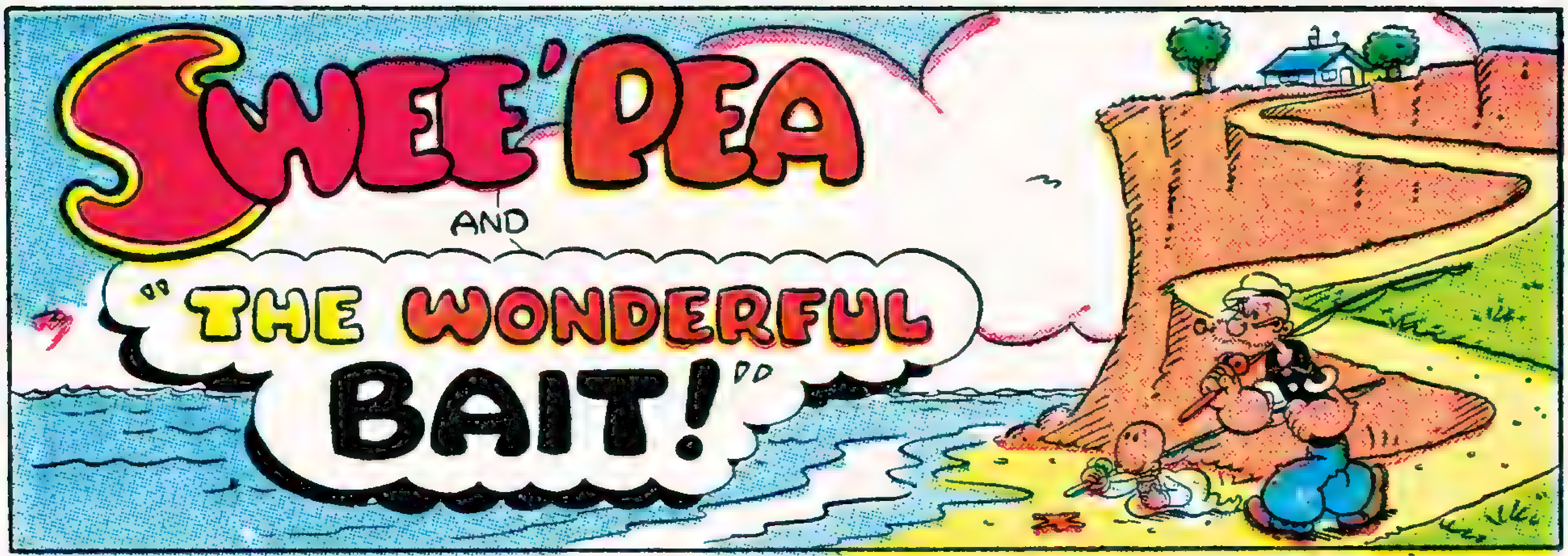
HA! HA! GOOD-BYE SHORTY!
HERE IT COMES!
IS IT OKAY IF I DUCKS ?
BAH!
SWISH
ARF! ARF! YA ISN'T VERY GOOD, IS YA?! YA MISSED AGAIN!
SWISH
WHEEEW!!! WE'RE NOT GETTIN' ANY-PLACE!
I'VE GOT AN IDEA!! YOU HOLD STILL AND LET ME HIT YOU. THEN I'LL DO THE SAME FOR YOU!
HA! HA!
'AT'S OKAY BY ME — GO AHEAD!
OKAY, STUPID, HOLD STILL—
TSK! TSK! I YAM SORRY ME NECK BUSTID YER SWORD!
CRACK!
?



OKAY, THOMAS, IT IS ME TURN NOW! STAN' STILL!!
HAVE MERCY, DEAR POPEYE. DON'T HIT ME WITH THAT HORRIBLE SWORD!!
?
—BUT WE IS HAVIN' A DUEL!
YOU PICKED SWORDS TO FIGHT OUR DUEL WIT'!!
BUT IF YA WANTS TO CALL ORF THE DUEL, 'AT WOULD BE SWELL WIT' ME!
YEAH! THAT'S IT— LET'S CALL THE DUEL OFF! THEN YOU WON'T HAVE TO USE YOUR SWORD!
OKAY, THE DUEL IS ORF!!
SPLASH
NOW, MR. PIRATE MAN, WE KIN FIGHT NATURAL-LIKE — WE WILL SETTLE THIS WIT' OUR FISKS!
?
?
?
?

NOBODY HAS THE RIGHT TO BE A PIRATE TODAY! .
?
AN' I YAM NOT GONNA LETCHA!
SPLAT
ARF! ARF! YA MISSED! YER NO BETTER WIT' YER FISKS THAN YA IS WIT' A SWORD!!
SWISH!
BAM!
HA! HA! I GOT YA THAT TIME, SHORTY!
ARF! ARF! 'AT WAS A GOOD ONE!
NOW I WILL SHOW YA ME DUCK-STOOP, DOUBLE-TWISKER SOCK!!!
?
?
?
CRASH!


AHOY, WIMPY, DID YA SEE WHERE HE COMED DOWN ??
NO, POPEYE. GET IN THE BOAT — WE'LL LOOK FOR HIM!
WE HAS BEEN LOOKIN' FOR HIM FER HOURS!! GORSH! I HOPES HE DIDN'T DROWN!!
LET US TRY IN CLOSER TO SHORE, OL' PAL!
HEY, YOU @*#☼!!! CRITTERS, COME HERE!
WHA'S WRONG, MR. FARMER?
YOU OWE ME FIFTY DOLLARS-YOU RUINED MY RADISH CROP!
WHATCHA MEAN??
TAKE A LOOK!!
BLOW ME DOWN !?!
GOOD HEAVENS!!
ARF! ARF! HERE'S YER FIFTY-IT'S WORTH IT TO KEEP HIM FROM BECOMIN' A PIRATE!
POPEYE, DO YOU REALIZE YOU KNOCKED HIM OVER TWENTY MILES?!
THAT WAS A HEARTY BLOW, OL' PAL!!
RADISHES
BUD SAGENDORF
THE END



"Ahoy, Pappy!" little Swee'pea called as the old gent came out of the house and sat in his favorite rocking chair. "Le's you and me go fishin' "

"I yam tired," groaned Pappy as he leaned back in the chair and closed his eyes. "I feels like sittin' here fer the rest of the day."

Swee'pea crawled up onto the porch where Pappy was. Scowling up at him, he said, "Popeye will be home tonight from his voyage and we had better have some fish fer him to eat."

"PHOOEY! FISH!" exploded Pappy. "I does not like fish. B'sides fish is nothin' to give a seaman his first night ashore. We will have a roast beef fer dinner tonight."

"And jus' where is we goin' to git the money fer roast beef?" asked Swee'pea. "B'fore Popeye went away he left us plenty of money to eat wit' but they is none left now."

A few minutes later the two of them, carrying fishing poles, were making their way down the path in back of Popeye's house.

"What has ya got in that can?" asked Pappy, as he spotted the old tomato can Swee'pea was carrying. "Ya acts like it was full of diamonds er sumpin'."

"It is me special bait," smiled Swee'pea. "I made it meself."

"ARF! ARF!" laughed the old man. "You young swabs is always thinkin' 'at ya has a better bait than anyone else."

"This is a good bait and I know it will work," said Swee'pea, half to himself, as though he were trying to convince himself of the worthiness of it. He had made it the night before and wasn't too sure how it would work out.

"Bah!" shouted Pappy and burst into laughter. "I will tell ya what I will do. If you catches more fish than I does, I will do all the dishes fer the next two weeks and if ya doesn't, you will have to do them."

"It's a deal," snapped back Swee'pea and then shuddered as he thought of what it would mean if he lost. Popeye had been gone six weeks and all of the dishes they had used since he had gone were still in the sink. Pappy wasn't much of a housekeeper when Popeye was away and Swee'pea was sure that he had those dishes in the sink in mind when he suggested the contest. The loser would have to do them along with the next two weeks' work.

It was decided when they got to the pier that they would each take a rowboat by themselves. That way there would be no chance of their catches getting mixed up. Pappy was the first to reach the kelp beds outside of Popeye's small harbor and by the time Swee'pea got there, the bewhiskered gent had caught two fair-sized fish.

"Ahoy, Swee'pea," Pappy shouted, as the little boy dropped his anchor over the boat, "does ya give up? Look at the beauties I has already caught."

Swee'pea ignored the boasting old man and went right to work baiting up his hooks and getting ready to fish. He dropped his line over and let the sinker down to the bottom. In the meantime Pappy had hooked another fish and he was laughing with glee at the way he

was out-distancing his small companion.

For several minutes Swee'pea fished in silence. His line hung limp in the water. He was beginning to think that he had made a big mistake in trying to make a better bait, when all of a sudden there was a sharp yank on his line and then another and yet another. He began pulling up his line as fast as he could. It was quite a job as the yanking kept getting harder. Finally with a strong heave, he pulled not one, but six fish out of the water and into his boat. He was using six hooks and there was a fish on each of them.

Pappy who had watched the whole procedure, had stopped laughing and was watching, with mouth wide open, as Swee'pea baited up and started to drop his line over for the second time. Before the line had a chance to touch the water there were hundreds of fish jumping out of the sea, fighting to reach the baited hooks.

"Yipe!" shouted Pappy and pointed towards the open sea.

Swee'pea stopped what he was doing and turned to see what Pappy was pointing at. With a yelp he dropped his pole and grabbing the oars began to row as fast as he could for shore.

"It is a tidal wave," yelled Pappy, as he rowed past Swee'pea. "We will have to make the beach before it gets here."

The two desperate fisherman rowed as fast as they could. They both knew they were lost if they didn't beat the huge wave. They could hear its mighty roar coming closer and closer. It was going to be a close race.

Pappy was the first to reach the shore and he made a dash for the path leading up the side of the cliff. Swee'pea was fast behind him and neither stopped running to look behind until they reached the safety of high ground.

With a groan, Pappy flung himself to the ground to regain his breath. Swee'pea, panting so hard he could hardly walk, turned to take a look at the swirling water below them.

"BLOW ME DOWN!" excitedly shouted the little fellow and grabbed Pappy's arm and yanked him up onto his knees. "That was no tidal wave. IT WAS FISH! Look at them, there is millings of 'em."

Indeed there were millions of them. The bay was solid with fish of all sizes and colors. There were so many of them that there was no water to be seen anywhere.

"I has never seen anything like it," puzzled Pappy. "What in the world could have made them all rush in here?"

Swee'pea began to jump up and down pointing to the base of the cliff, where the fish were flopping in and out of the water as if they were trying to climb up onto the land.

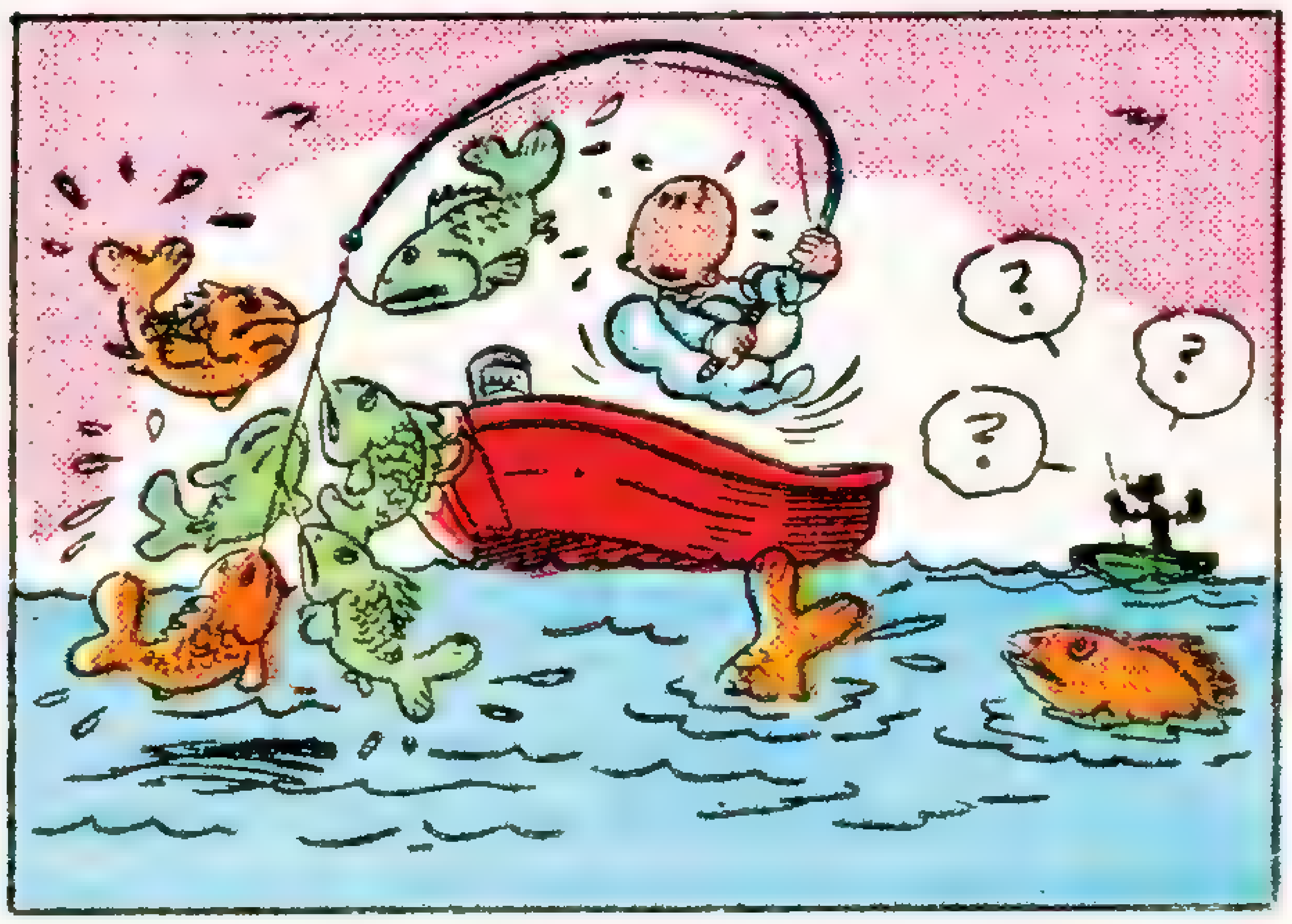
"It is me bait. Look, they is trying to git to it."

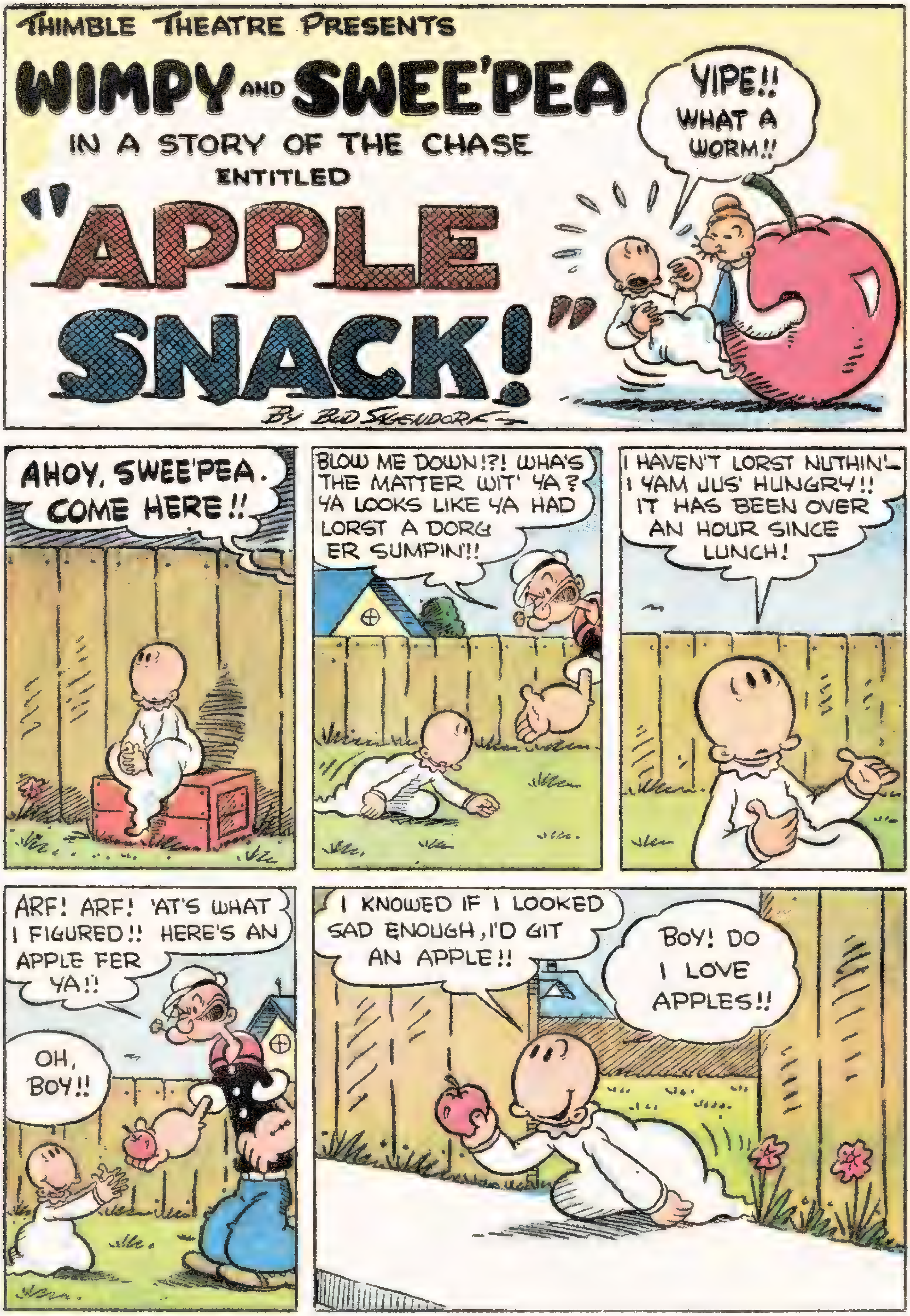
The young man was right. When he had jumped out of the boat, he had knocked the can of bait flying and it had landed at the base of the cliff. The fish were trying desperately to reach it across the dry sand. They flipped and flopped and slithered and squirmed towards the wonderful bait Swee'pea had made.

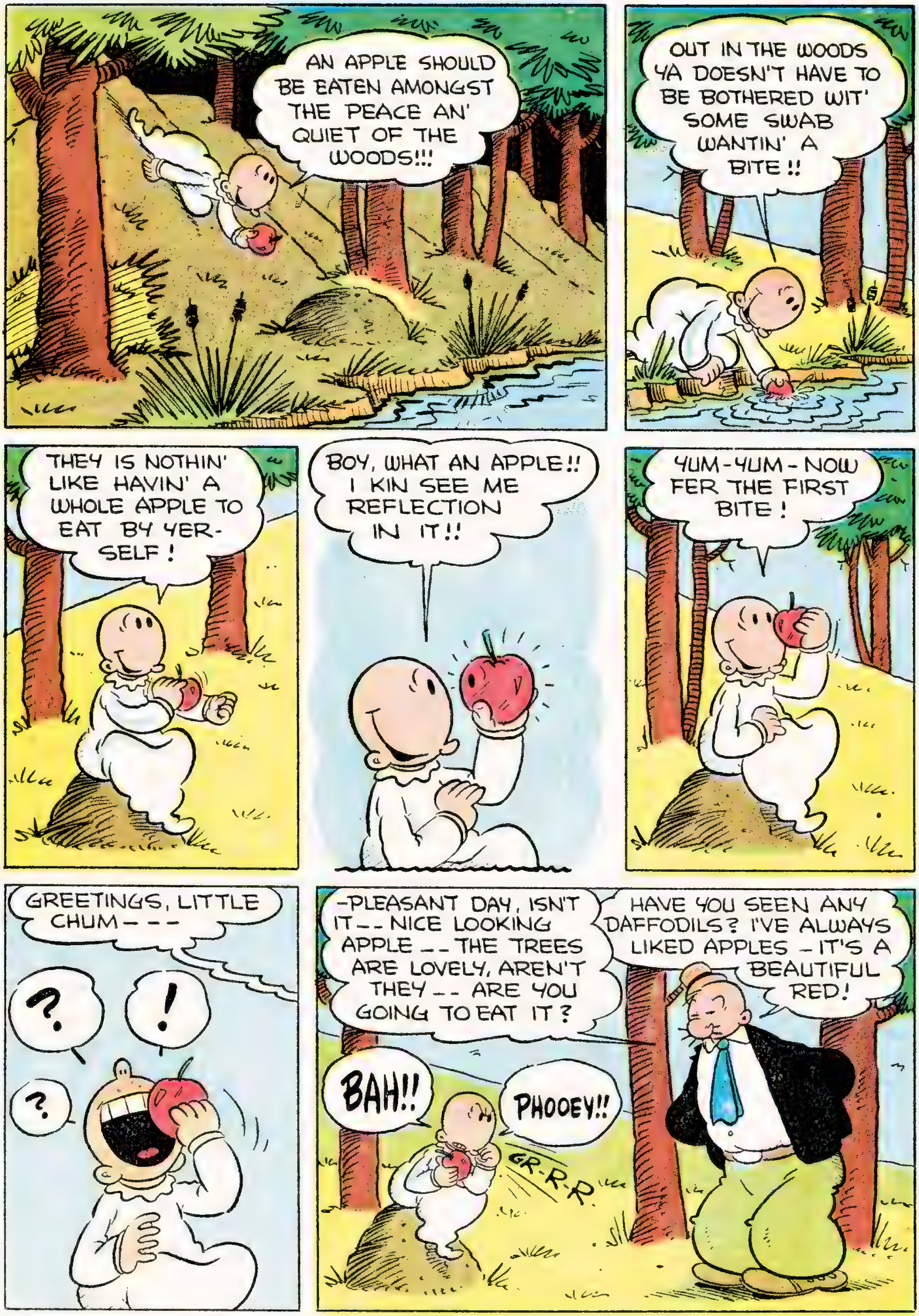
"They must have smelled it fer miles," said Pappy in amazement as he watched the scene below. "My gorsh, what did ya put in that bait?"

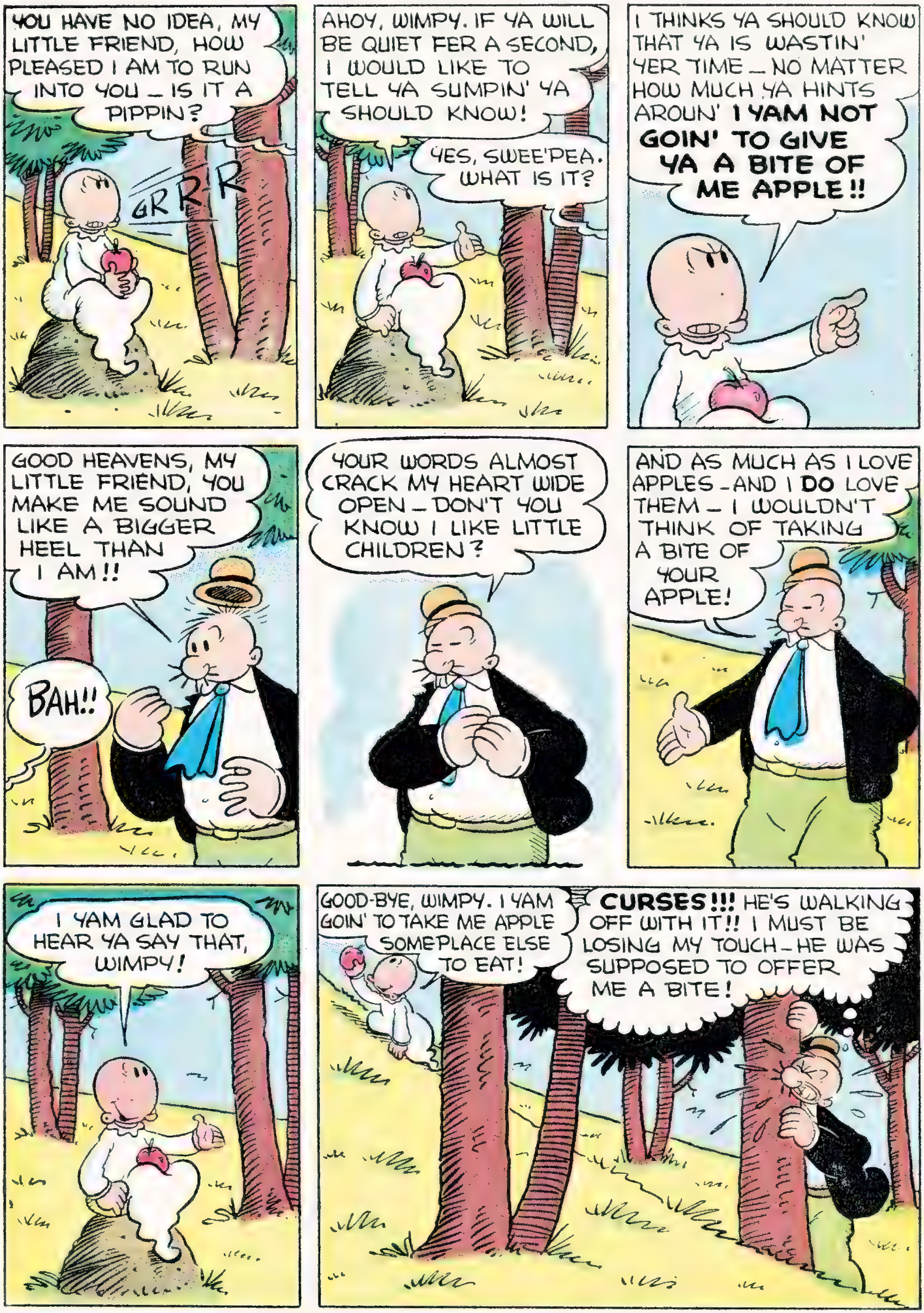
"I jus' mixed a little spinach wit' anchovy paste and caviar," answered the little boy. "I didn't think it would be that good."

"Well," Pappy admitted, "it is. Ya could catch every fish in the ocean wit' 'at bait. And I will do the dishes fer the next two weeks!"




THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS
WIMPY AND SWEE'PEA
IN A STORY OF THE CHASE
ENTITLED
"APPLE SNACK!"
YIPE!! WHAT A WORM!!
BY BUD SAGENDORF
AHOY, SWEE'PEA. COME HERE!!
BLOW ME DOWN!?! WHA'S THE MATTER WIT' YA? YA LOOKS LIKE YA HAD LORST A DORG ER SUMPIN'!!
I HAVEN'T LORST NUTHIN'— I YAM JUS' HUNGRY!! IT HAS BEEN OVER AN HOUR SINCE LUNCH!
ARF! ARF! 'AT'S WHAT I FIGURED!! HERE'S AN APPLE FER YA!!
OH, BOY!!
I KNOWED IF I LOOKED SAD ENOUGH, I'D GIT AN APPLE!!
BOY! DO I LOVE APPLES!!

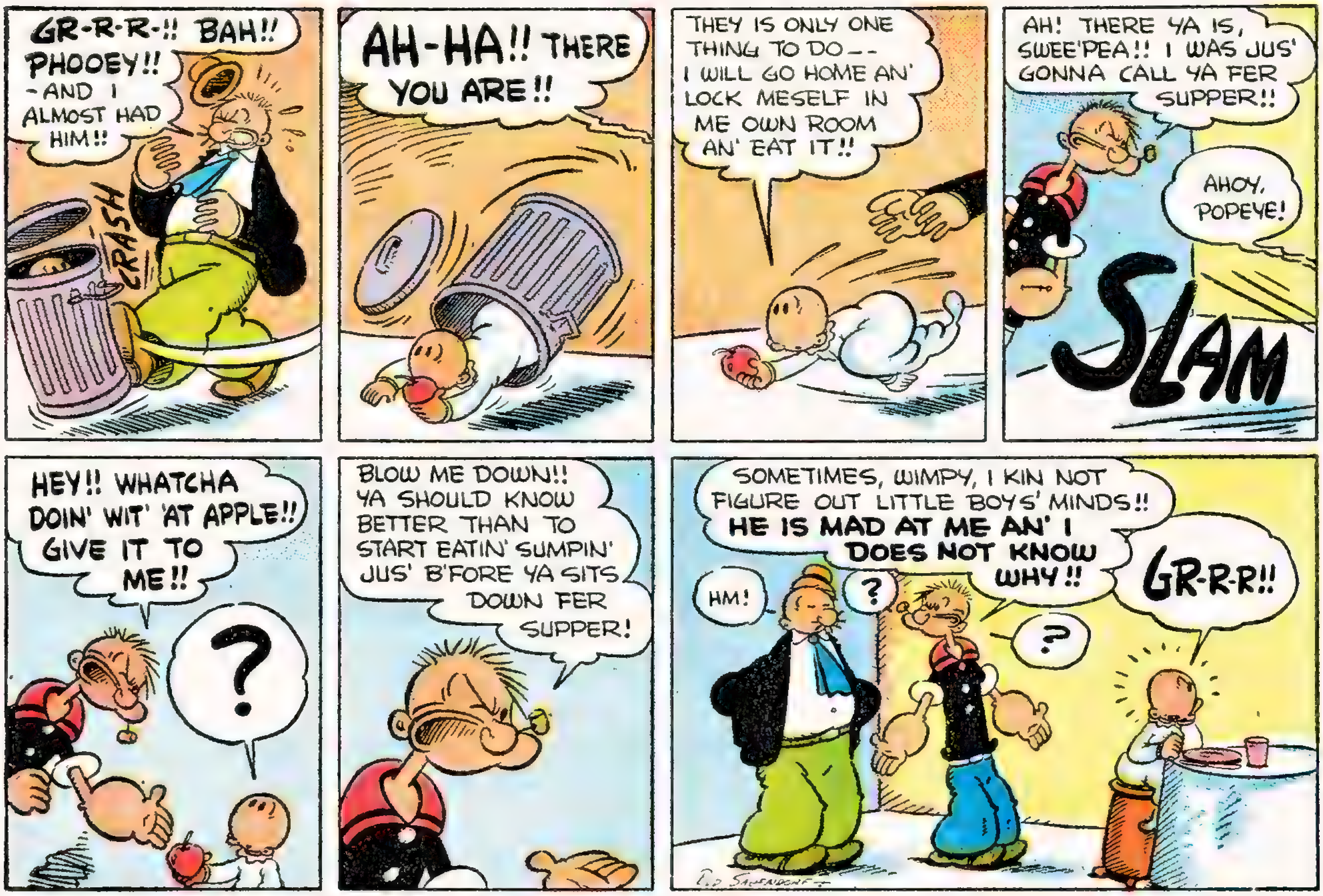

AN APPLE SHOULD BE EATEN AMONGST THE PEACE AN' QUIET OF THE WOODS!!!
OUT IN THE WOODS YA DOESN'T HAVE TO BE BOTHERED WIT' SOME SWAB WANTIN' A BITE!!
THEY IS NOTHIN' LIKE HAVIN' A WHOLE APPLE TO EAT BY YER-SELF!
BOY, WHAT AN APPLE!! I KIN SEE ME REFLECTION IN IT!!
YUM-YUM-NOW FER THE FIRST BITE!
GREETINGS, LITTLE CHUM---
?
!
?
-PLEASANT DAY, ISN'T IT--NICE LOOKING APPLE--THE TREES ARE LOVELY, AREN'T THEY--ARE YOU GOING TO EAT IT?
HAVE YOU SEEN ANY DAFFODILS? I'VE ALWAYS LIKED APPLES-IT'S A BEAUTIFUL RED!
BAH!!
PHOOEY!!
GR-R-R

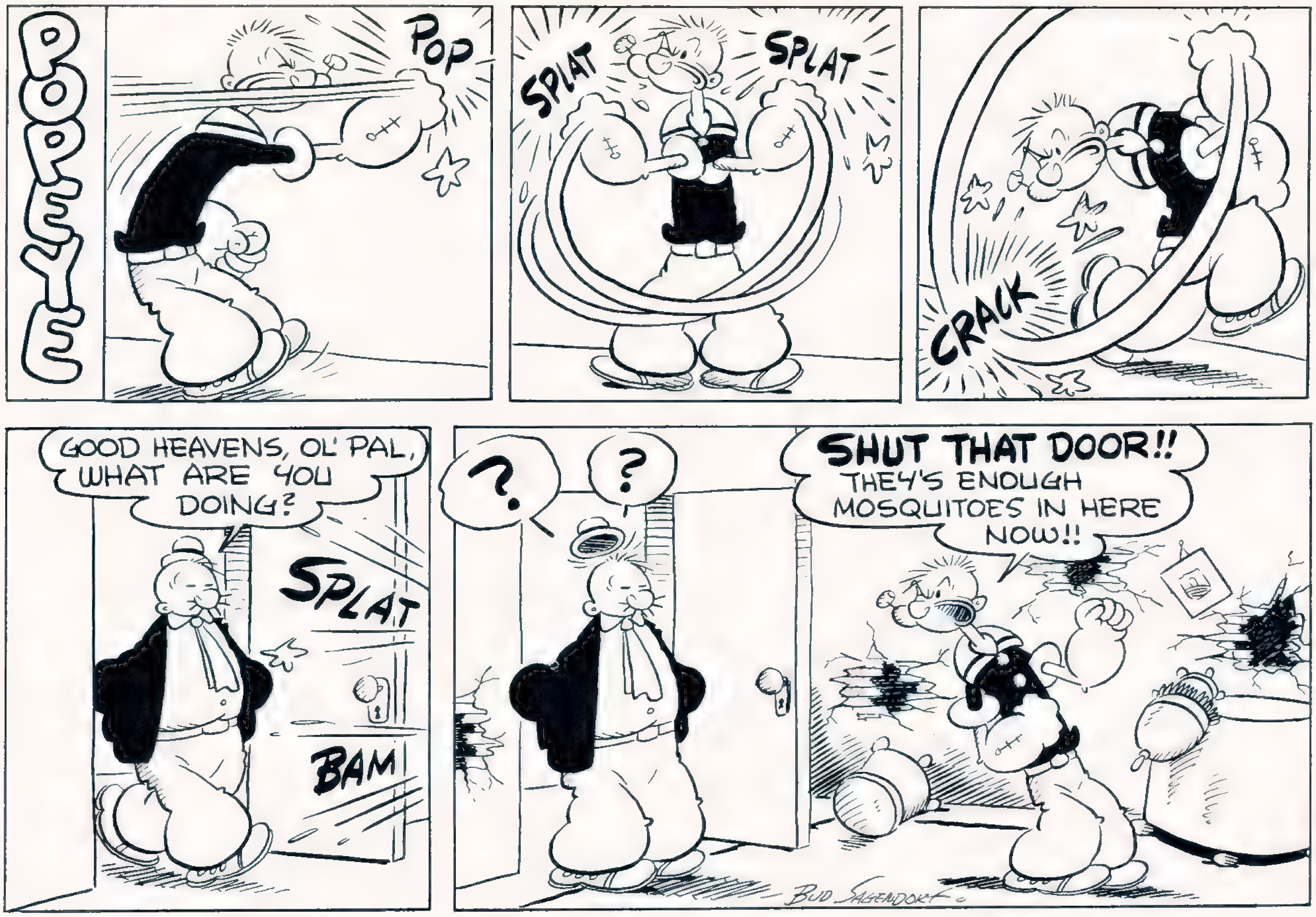


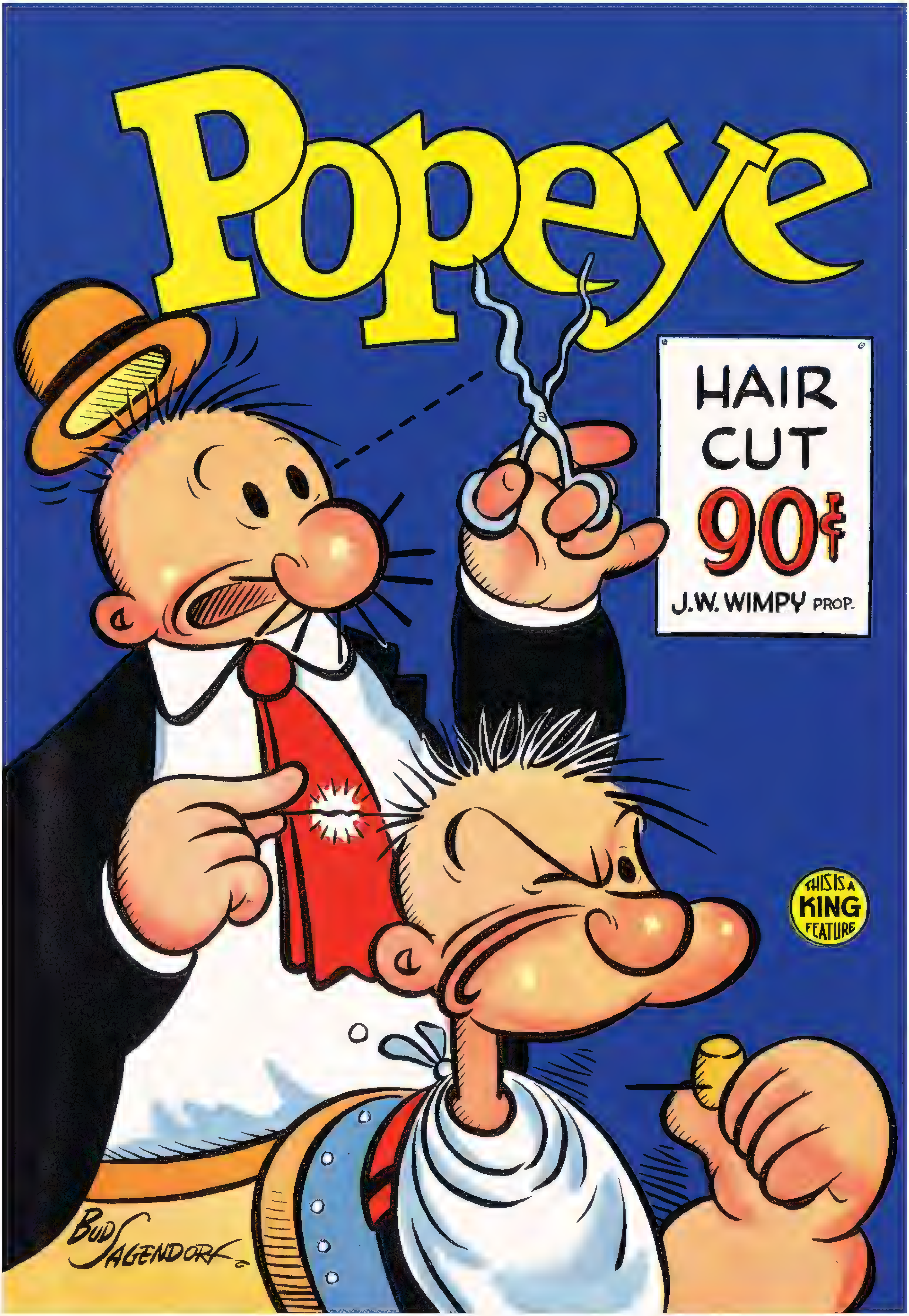
YOU HAVE NO IDEA, MY LITTLE FRIEND, HOW PLEASED I AM TO RUN INTO YOU – IS IT A PIPPIN?
GRR-R
AHOY, WIMPY. IF YA WILL BE QUIET FER A SECOND, I WOULD LIKE TO TELL YA SUMPIN' YA SHOULD KNOW!
YES, SWEE'PEA. WHAT IS IT?
I THINKS YA SHOULD KNOW THAT YA IS WASTIN' YER TIME – NO MATTER HOW MUCH YA HINTS AROUN' **I YAM NOT GOIN' TO GIVE YA A BITE OF ME APPLE!!**
GOOD HEAVENS, MY LITTLE FRIEND, YOU MAKE ME SOUND LIKE A BIGGER HEEL THAN I AM!!
BAH!!
YOUR WORDS ALMOST CRACK MY HEART WIDE OPEN – DON'T YOU KNOW I LIKE LITTLE CHILDREN?
AND AS MUCH AS I LOVE APPLES – AND I **DO** LOVE THEM – I WOULDN'T THINK OF TAKING A BITE OF YOUR APPLE!
I YAM GLAD TO HEAR YA SAY THAT, WIMPY!
GOOD-BYE, WIMPY. I YAM GOIN' TO TAKE ME APPLE SOMEPLACE ELSE TO EAT!
CURSES!!! HE'S WALKING OFF WITH IT!! I MUST BE LOSING MY TOUCH – HE WAS SUPPOSED TO OFFER ME A BITE!

DOGGONE IT! 'AT WIMPY IS A PEST--HINTIN' AROUN' FER A BITE OF ME APPLE!!
I HAS MADE UP ME MIND 'AT NOBODY BUT ME IS EATIN' THIS APPLE!!
I YAM GOING TO GIT AS FAR AWAY FROM WIMPY AS I KIN!!
I YAM CLEAR ACROSS TOWN FROM THAT MOOCHER!
HOT DORG!! HERE IS A SAFE PLACE TO EAT ME APPLE!!
AH!! AT LAST I KIN TAKE ME FIRST BITE IN PEACE!!
?
AWK!
IMAGINE MEETING YOU HERE, OL' PAL?
?
?

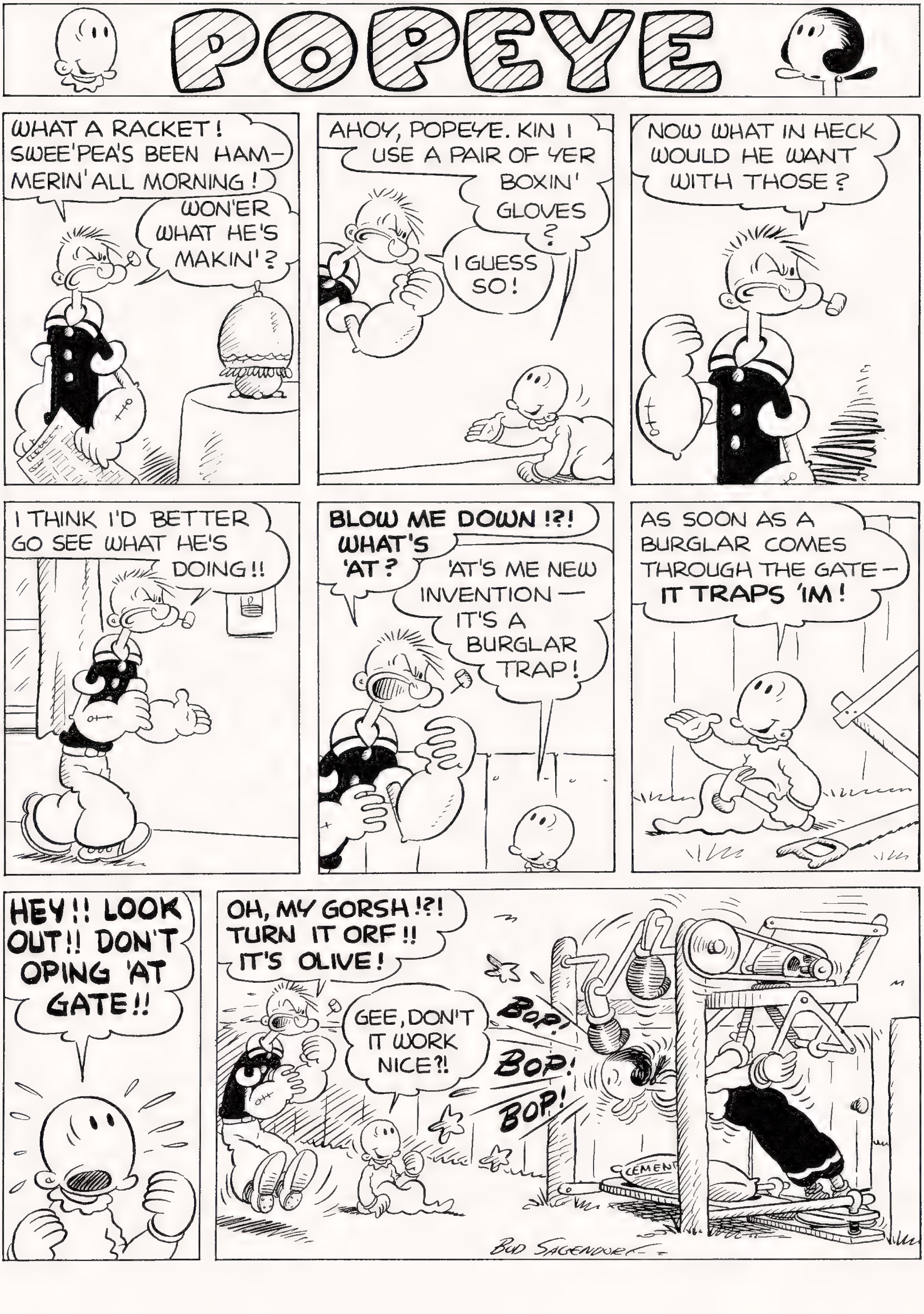
SWISH
CURSES!! THE LITTLE RASCAL RAN OUT THE OTHER END!!
HE IS NOT GOING TO GIT A BITE OF ME APPLE!!
HE SHALL NOT GET AWAY!! MY MOOCHING REPUTATION IS AT STAKE!!
NOW I'VE GOT YOU!!!
WHA-- TH--? NOW WHERE DID HE GO?
?
?


GR-R-R-!! BAH!! PHOOEY!! -AND I ALMOST HAD HIM!!
CRASH
AH-HA!! THERE YOU ARE!!
THEY IS ONLY ONE THING TO DO-- I WILL GO HOME AN' LOCK MESELF IN ME OWN ROOM AN' EAT IT!!
AH! THERE YA IS, SWEE'PEA!! I WAS JUS' GONNA CALL YA FER SUPPER!!
AHOY, POPEYE!
SLAM
HEY!! WHATCHA DOIN' WIT' 'AT APPLE!! GIVE IT TO ME!!
?
BLOW ME DOWN!! YA SHOULD KNOW BETTER THAN TO START EATIN' SUMPIN' JUS' B'FORE YA SITS DOWN FER SUPPER!
SOMETIMES, WIMPY, I KIN NOT FIGURE OUT LITTLE BOYS' MINDS!! HE IS MAD AT ME AN' I DOES NOT KNOW WHY!!
HM!
?
?
GR-R-R!!

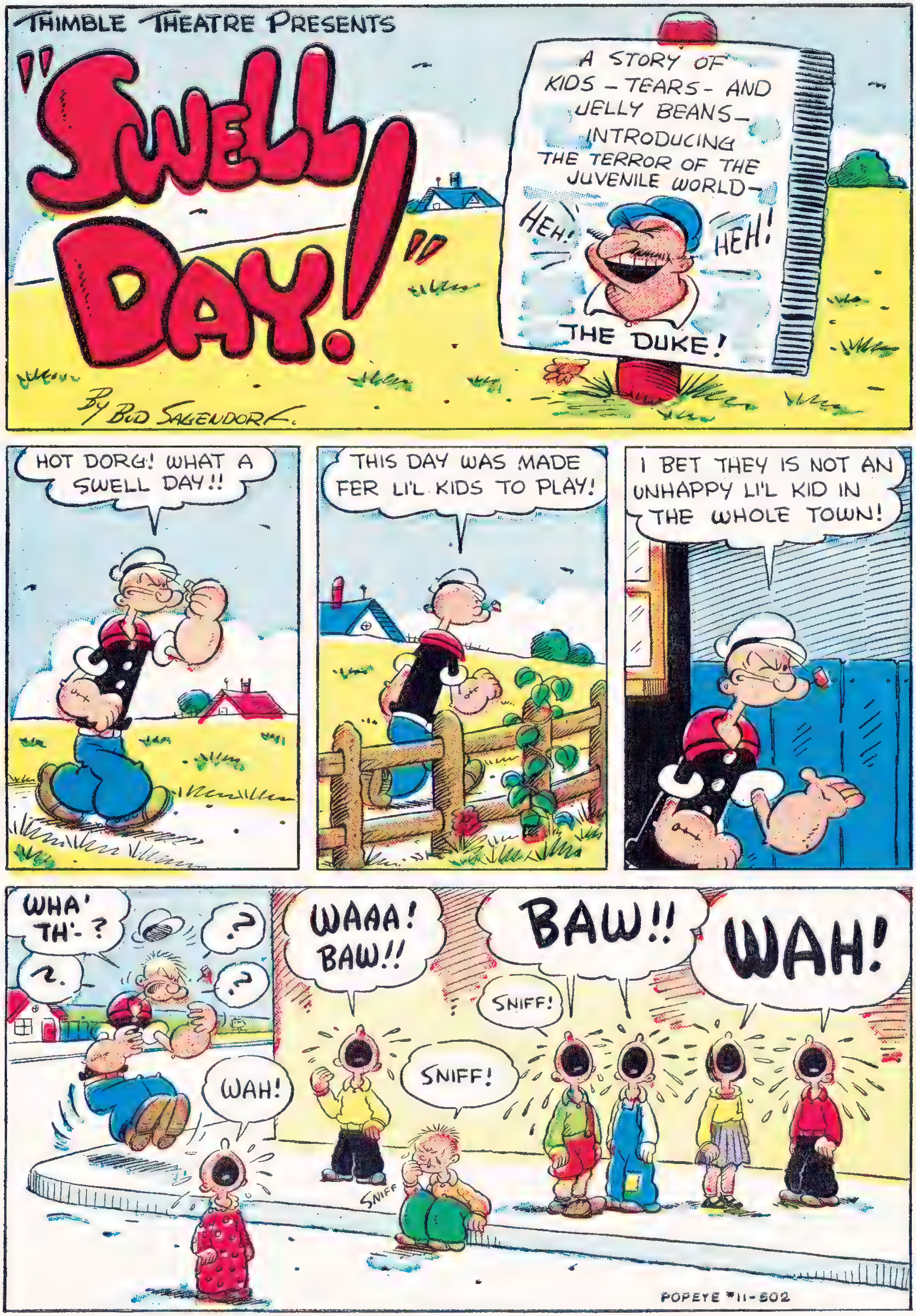

POPEYE
POP
SPLAT
SPLAT
CRACK
GOOD HEAVENS, OL' PAL, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
SPLAT
BAM
?
?
SHUT THAT DOOR!! THEY'S ENOUGH MOSQUITOES IN HERE NOW!!
BUD SAGENDORF

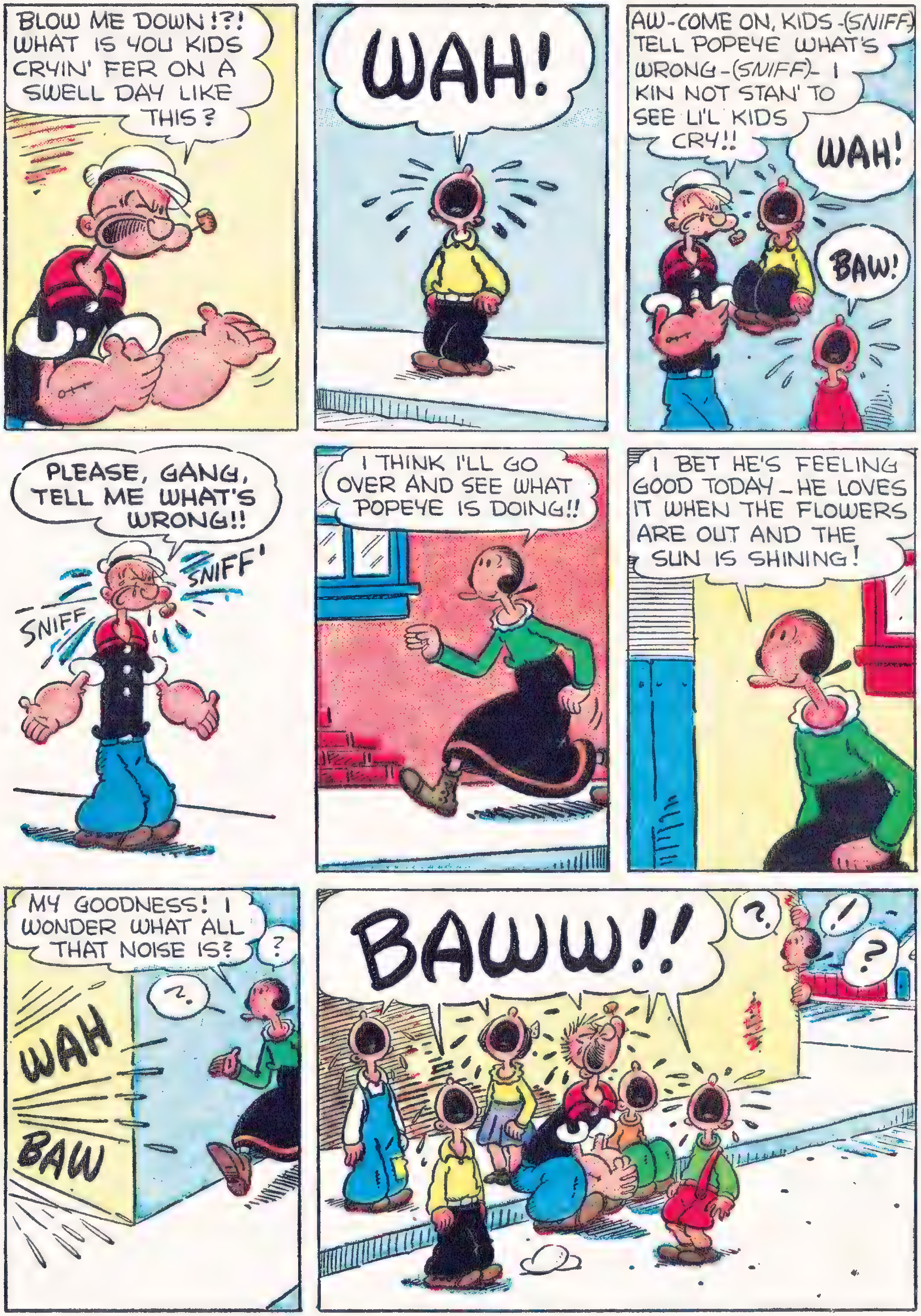


Popeye #11, February-March 1950

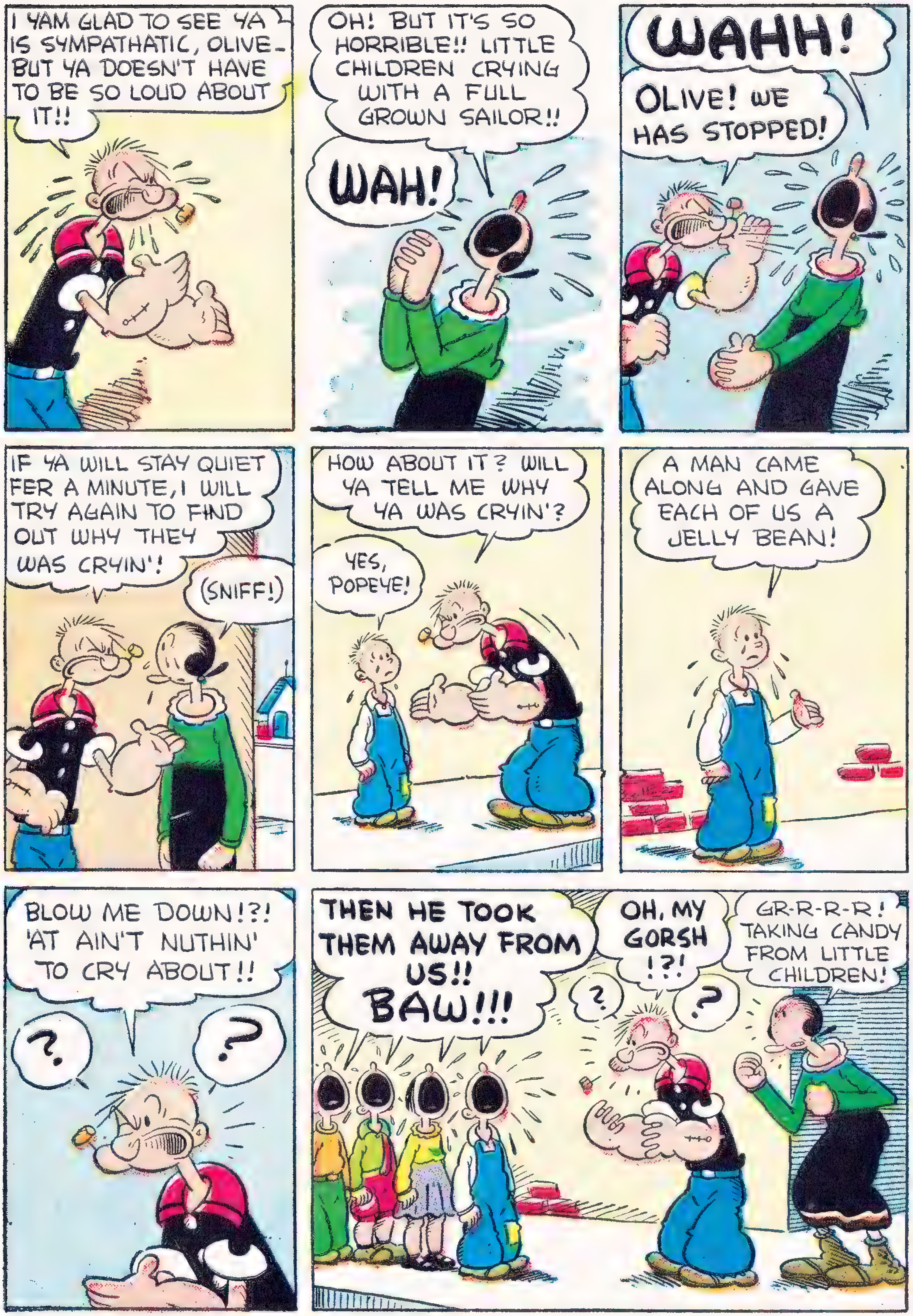


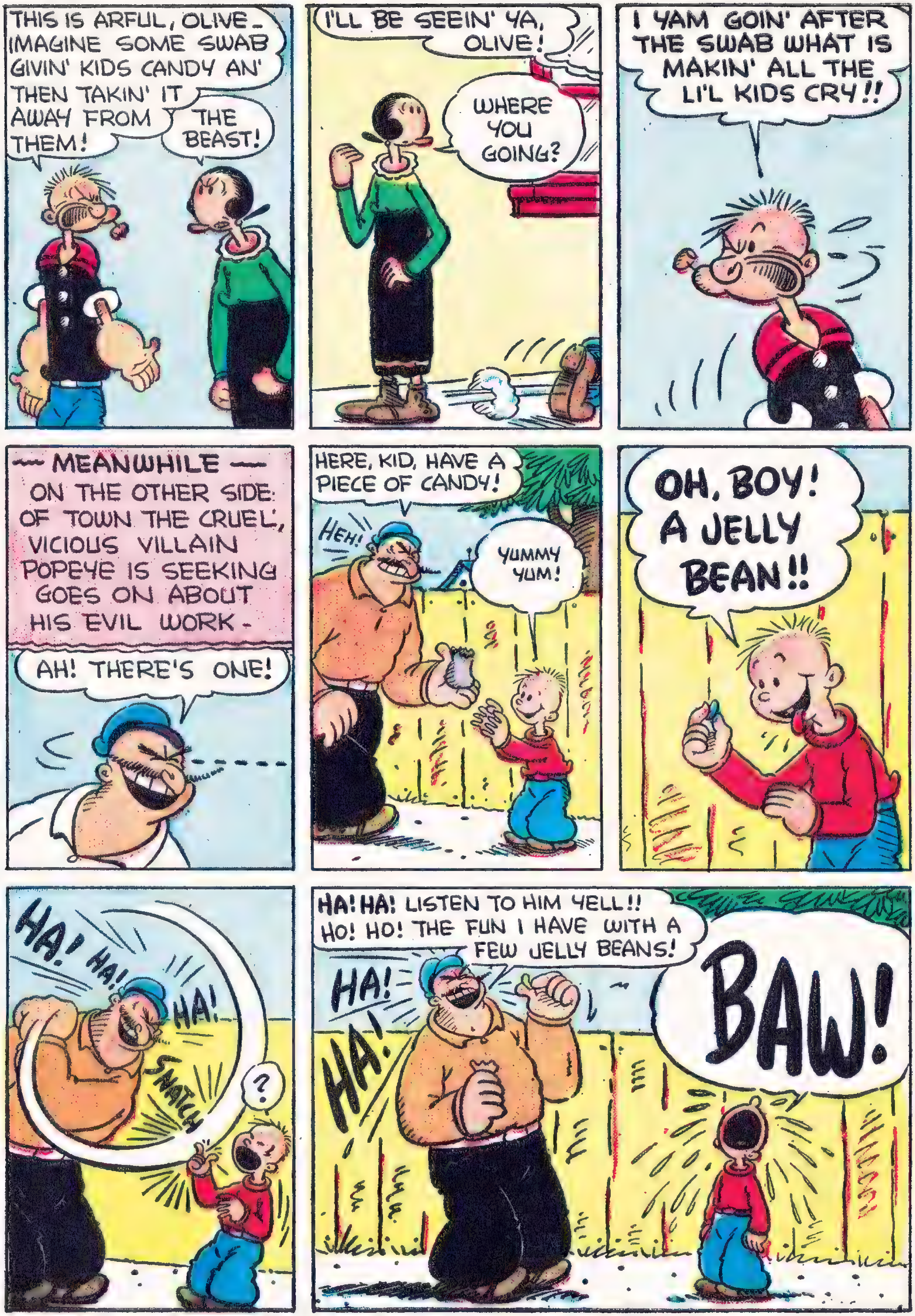
POPEYE
WHAT A RACKET! SWEE'PEA'S BEEN HAMMERIN' ALL MORNING!
WON'ER WHAT HE'S MAKIN'?
AHOY, POPEYE. KIN I USE A PAIR OF YER BOXIN' GLOVES?
I GUESS SO!
NOW WHAT IN HECK WOULD HE WANT WITH THOSE?
I THINK I'D BETTER GO SEE WHAT HE'S DOING!!
BLOW ME DOWN!?! WHAT'S 'AT?
'AT'S ME NEW INVENTION — IT'S A BURGLAR TRAP!
AS SOON AS A BURGLAR COMES THROUGH THE GATE — IT TRAPS 'IM!
HEY!! LOOK OUT!! DON'T OPING 'AT GATE!!
OH, MY GORSH!?! TURN IT ORF!! IT'S OLIVE!
GEE, DON'T IT WORK NICE?!
BOP!
BOP!
BOP!
CEMENT
BUD SAGENDORF


THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS
"SWELL DAY!"
A STORY OF KIDS — TEARS — AND JELLY BEANS — INTRODUCING THE TERROR OF THE JUVENILE WORLD —
HEH! HEH!
THE DUKE!
BY BUD SAGENDORF.
HOT DORG! WHAT A SWELL DAY!!
THIS DAY WAS MADE FER LI'L KIDS TO PLAY!
I BET THEY IS NOT AN UNHAPPY LI'L KID IN THE WHOLE TOWN!
WHA' TH'- ?
?
?
?
WAH!
WAAA! BAW!!
SNIFF!
SNIFF
BAW!!
SNIFF!
WAH!
POPEYE #11-502

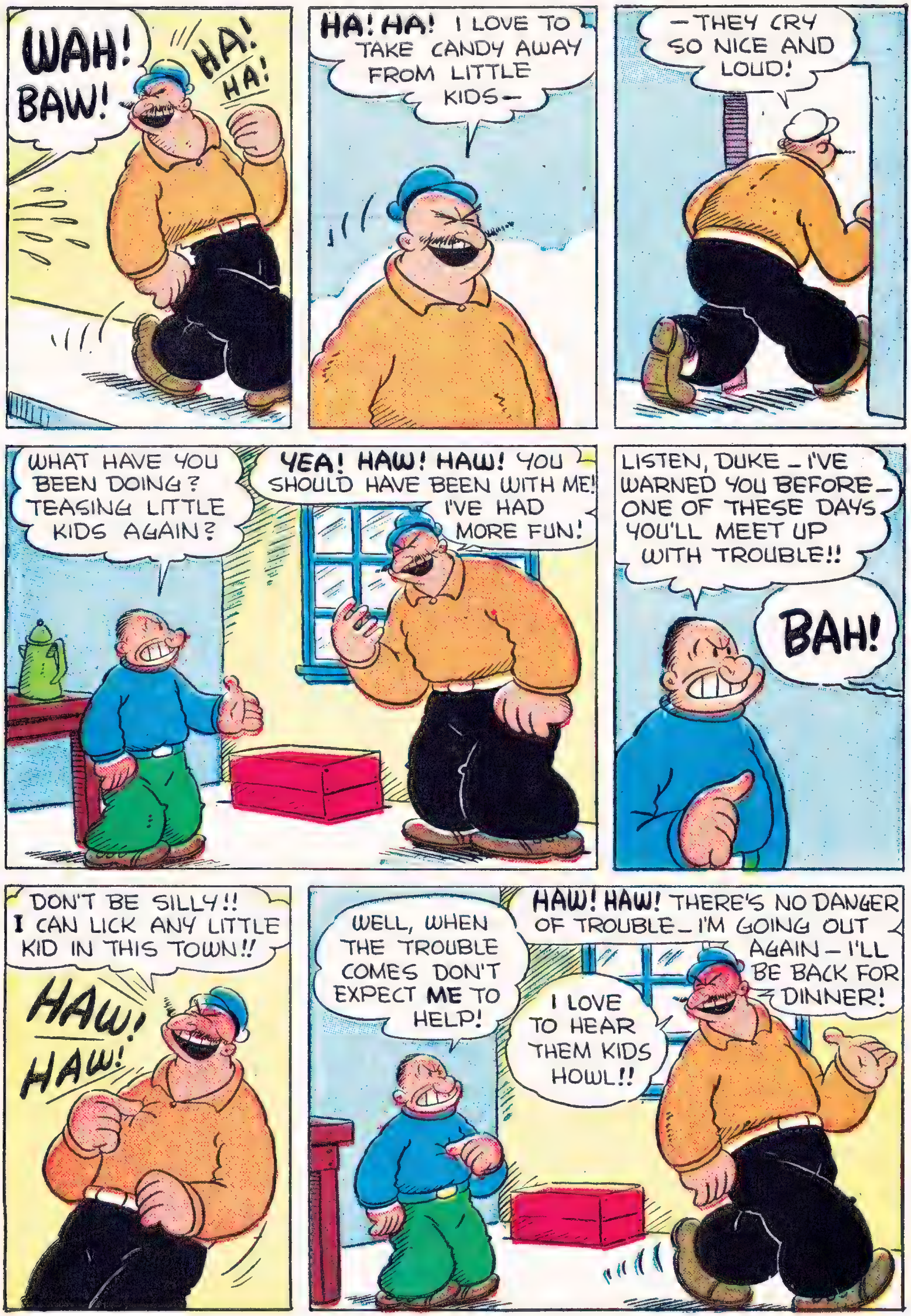

BLOW ME DOWN!?! WHAT IS YOU KIDS CRYIN' FER ON A SWELL DAY LIKE THIS?
WAH!
AW-COME ON, KIDS-(SNIFF)-TELL POPEYE WHAT'S WRONG-(SNIFF)- I KIN NOT STAN' TO SEE LI'L KIDS CRY!!
WAH!
BAW!
PLEASE, GANG, TELL ME WHAT'S WRONG!!
SNIFF
SNIFF
I THINK I'LL GO OVER AND SEE WHAT POPEYE IS DOING!!
I BET HE'S FEELING GOOD TODAY-HE LOVES IT WHEN THE FLOWERS ARE OUT AND THE SUN IS SHINING!
MY GOODNESS! I WONDER WHAT ALL THAT NOISE IS?
?
?
WAH
BAW
BAWW!!
?
!
?

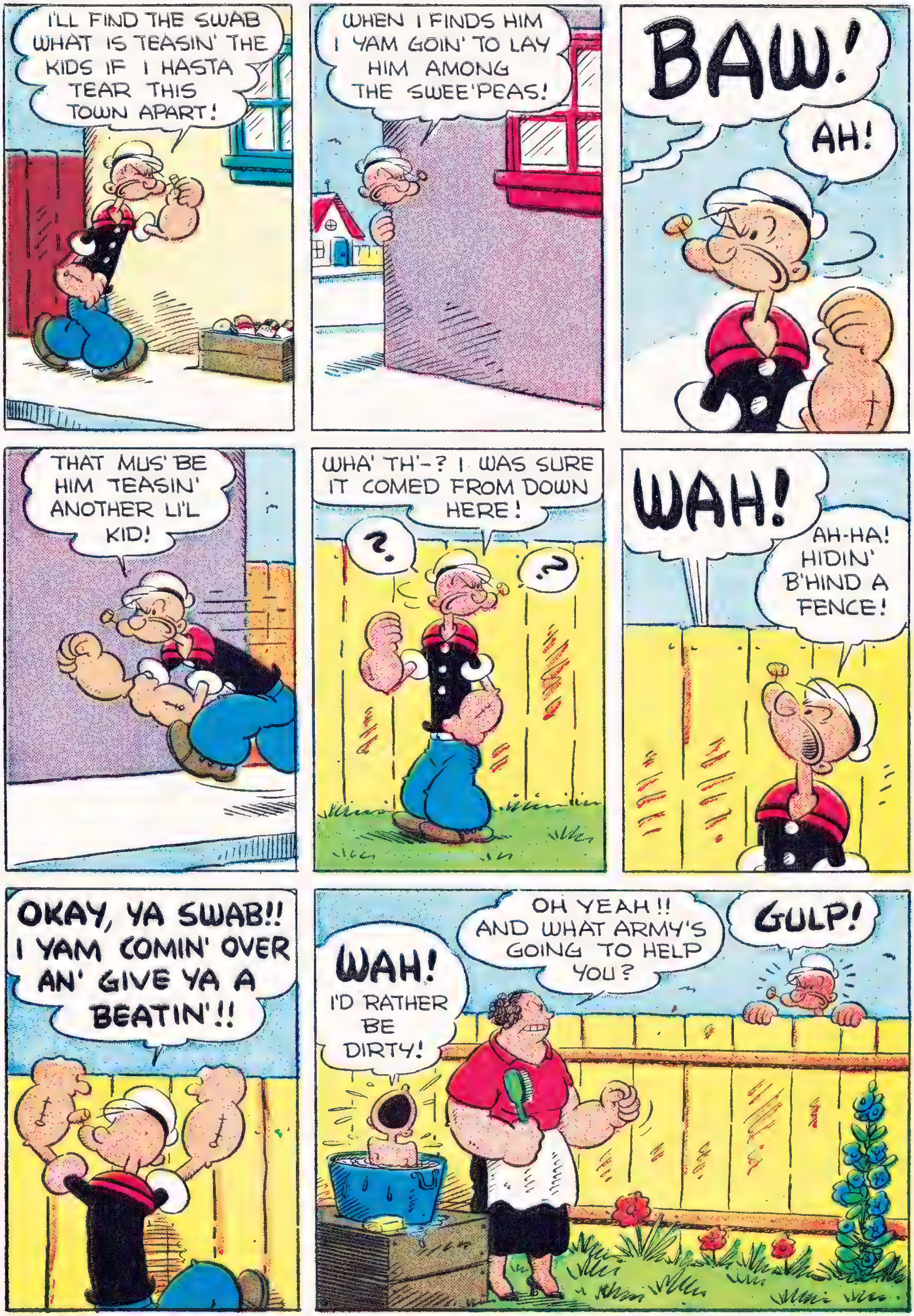
POPEYE!?! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
CAN'TCHA SEE WHAT I YAM DOIN'? I YAM CRYIN'!
WAA!
BUT-BUT-WHY ARE YOU CRYING?
IT'S NOT LIKE YOU!
(SNIFF-) I YAM CRYIN' B'CAUSE THESE KIDS IS CRYIN'— I KIN NOT STAN' TO SEE HAPPY LI'L KIDS CRY!
?
WHAT ARE THE POOR LITTLE DEARS CRYING ABOUT?
I DOESN'T KNOW WHAT THEY IS CRYIN' ABOUT!
YOU DON'T KNOW ?
(SNIFF!)
NO—BUT JUS' LISTING TO 'EM—AIN'T IT SAD? IT MAKES ME BLASTID HEART BLEED—(SNIFF!)
(SNIFF!)
(SNIFF!)
WAAAA!!!
?
?
?
?
?
?
?

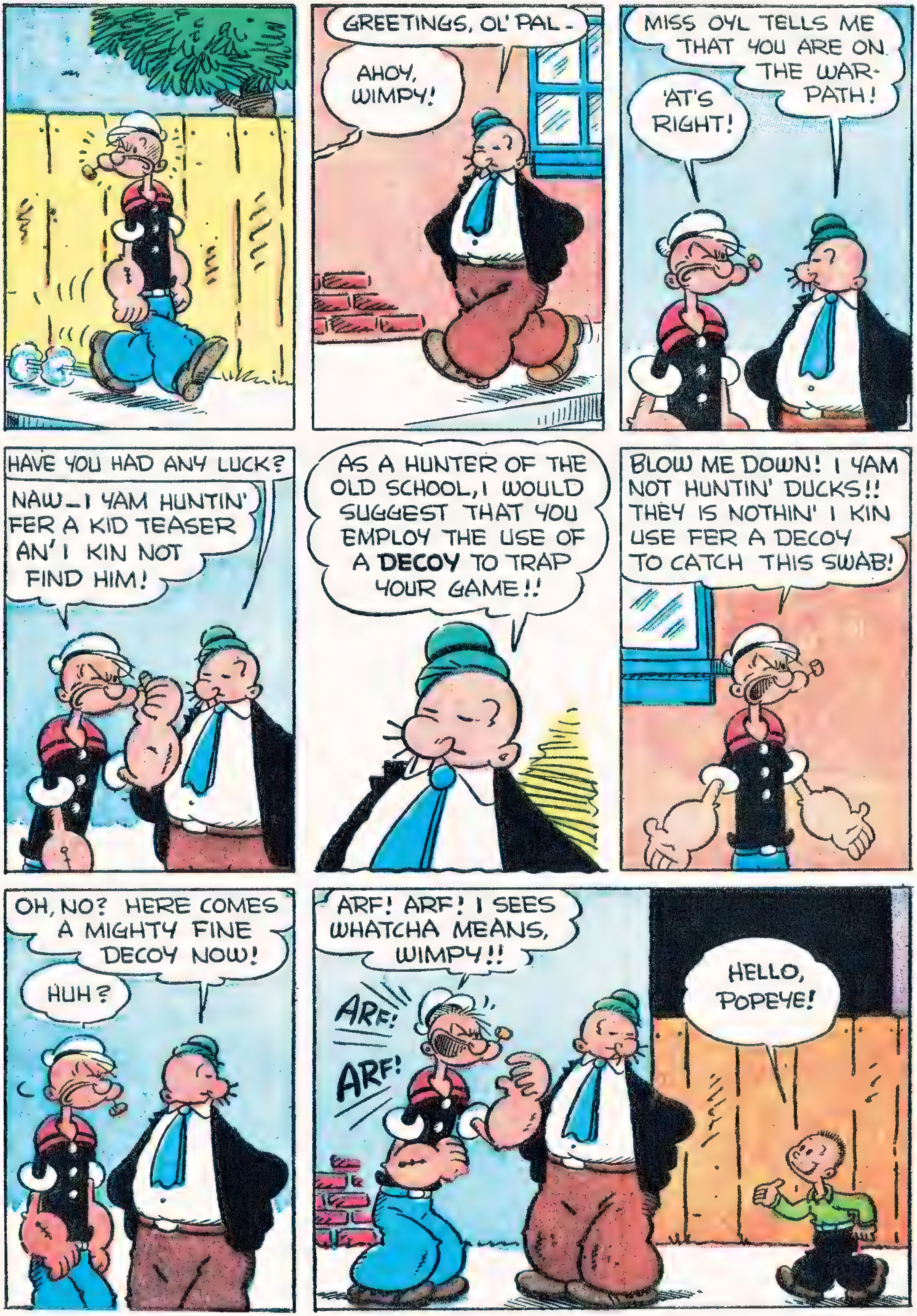

I YAM GLAD TO SEE YA IS SYMPATHATIC, OLIVE– BUT YA DOESN'T HAVE TO BE SO LOUD ABOUT IT!!
OH! BUT IT'S SO HORRIBLE!! LITTLE CHILDREN CRYING WITH A FULL GROWN SAILOR!!
WAH!
WAHH!
OLIVE! WE HAS STOPPED!
IF YA WILL STAY QUIET FER A MINUTE, I WILL TRY AGAIN TO FIND OUT WHY THEY WAS CRYIN'!
(SNIFF!)
HOW ABOUT IT? WILL YA TELL ME WHY YA WAS CRYIN'?
YES, POPEYE!
A MAN CAME ALONG AND GAVE EACH OF US A JELLY BEAN!
BLOW ME DOWN!?! 'AT AIN'T NUTHIN' TO CRY ABOUT!!
?
?
THEN HE TOOK THEM AWAY FROM US!!
BAW!!!
OH, MY GORSH !?!
?
?
GR-R-R-R! TAKING CANDY FROM LITTLE CHILDREN!

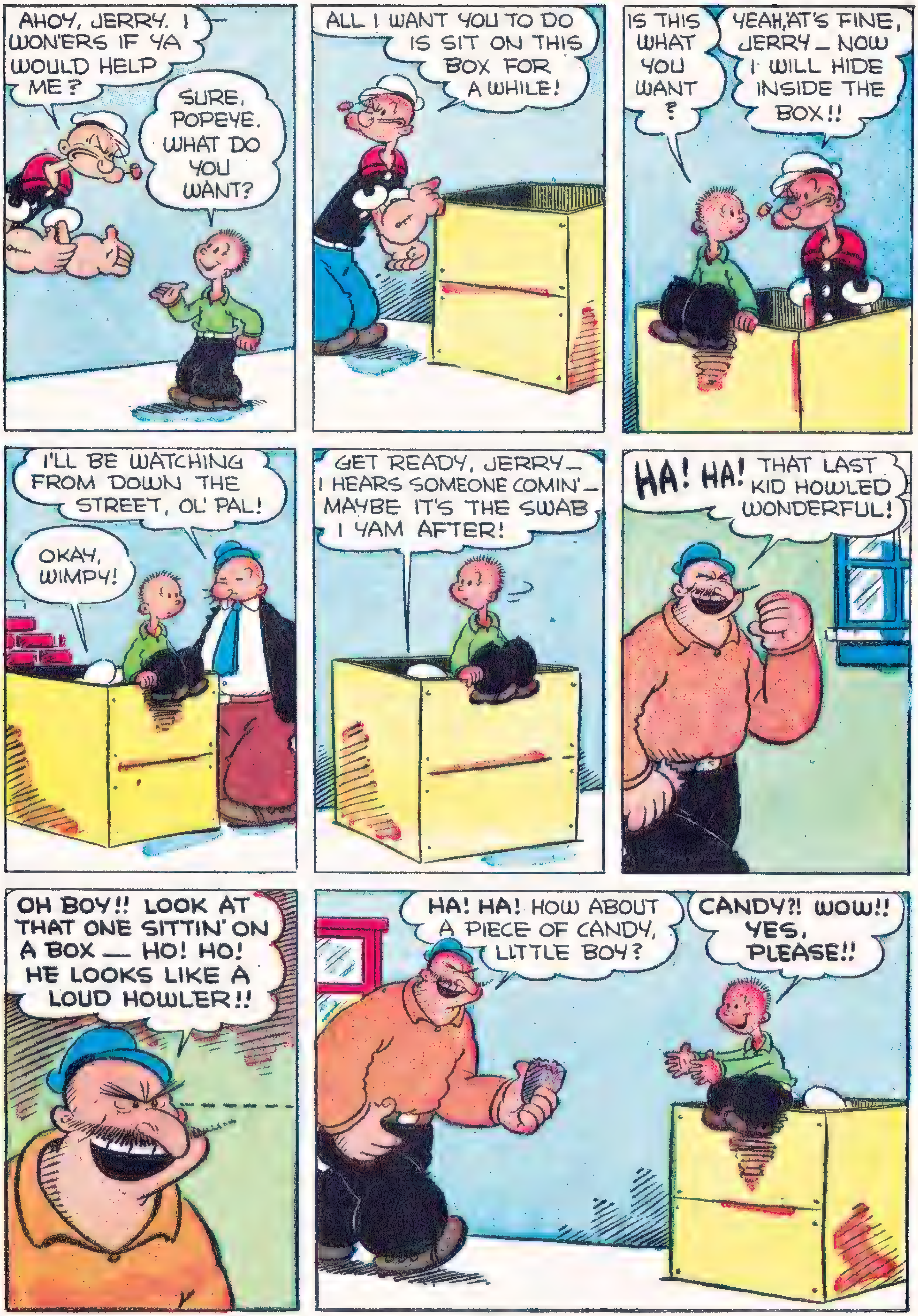


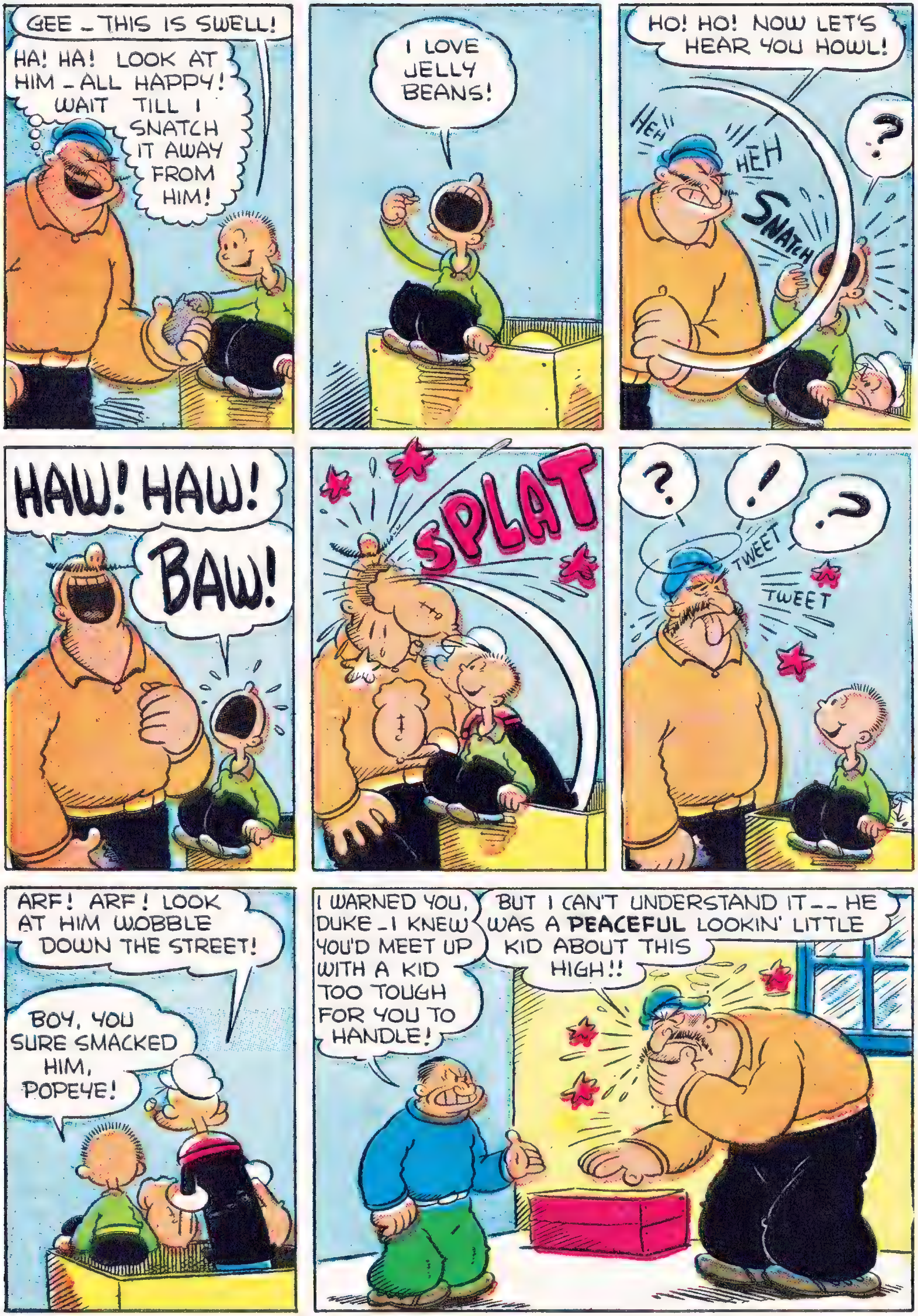
THIS IS ARFUL, OLIVE _ IMAGINE SOME SWAB GIVIN' KIDS CANDY AN' THEN TAKIN' IT AWAY FROM THEM!
THE BEAST!
I'LL BE SEEIN' YA, OLIVE!
WHERE YOU GOING?
I YAM GOIN' AFTER THE SWAB WHAT IS MAKIN' ALL THE LI'L KIDS CRY!!
— MEANWHILE — ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN THE CRUEL, VICIOUS VILLAIN POPEYE IS SEEKING GOES ON ABOUT HIS EVIL WORK -
AH! THERE'S ONE!
HERE, KID, HAVE A PIECE OF CANDY!
HEH!
YUMMY YUM!
OH, BOY! A JELLY BEAN!!
HA! HA! HA!
SNATCH
?
HA! HA! LISTEN TO HIM YELL!! HO! HO! THE FUN I HAVE WITH A FEW JELLY BEANS!
HA! HA!
BAW!

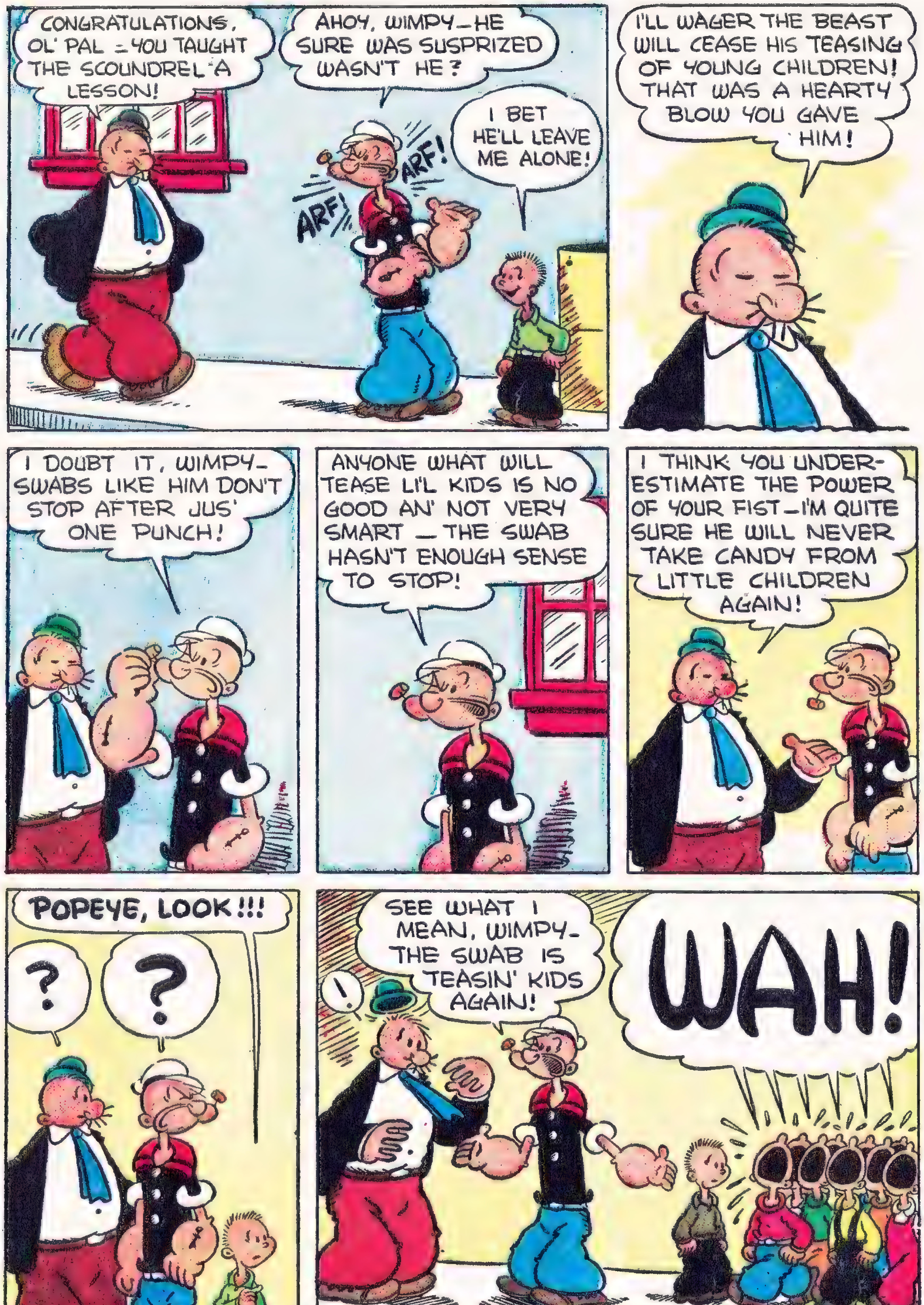

WAH! BAW!
HA! HA!
HA! HA! I LOVE TO TAKE CANDY AWAY FROM LITTLE KIDS—
—THEY CRY SO NICE AND LOUD!
WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING? TEASING LITTLE KIDS AGAIN?
YEA! HAW! HAW! YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN WITH ME! I'VE HAD MORE FUN!
LISTEN, DUKE — I'VE WARNED YOU BEFORE — ONE OF THESE DAYS YOU'LL MEET UP WITH TROUBLE!!
BAH!
DON'T BE SILLY!! I CAN LICK ANY LITTLE KID IN THIS TOWN!!
HAW! HAW!
WELL, WHEN THE TROUBLE COMES DON'T EXPECT **ME** TO HELP!
HAW! HAW! THERE'S NO DANGER OF TROUBLE — I'M GOING OUT AGAIN — I'LL BE BACK FOR DINNER!
I LOVE TO HEAR THEM KIDS HOWL!!


I'LL FIND THE SWAB WHAT IS TEASIN' THE KIDS IF I HASTA TEAR THIS TOWN APART!
WHEN I FINDS HIM I YAM GOIN' TO LAY HIM AMONG THE SWEE'PEAS!
BAW!
AH!
THAT MUS' BE HIM TEASIN' ANOTHER LI'L KID!
WHA' TH'-? I WAS SURE IT COMED FROM DOWN HERE!
?
?
WAH!
AH-HA! HIDIN' B'HIND A FENCE!
OKAY, YA SWAB!! I YAM COMIN' OVER AN' GIVE YA A BEATIN'!!
WAH! I'D RATHER BE DIRTY!
OH YEAH!! AND WHAT ARMY'S GOING TO HELP YOU?
GULP!


GREETINGS, OL' PAL-
AHOY, WIMPY!
MISS OYL TELLS ME THAT YOU ARE ON THE WAR-PATH!
'AT'S RIGHT!
HAVE YOU HAD ANY LUCK?
NAW-I YAM HUNTIN' FER A KID TEASER AN' I KIN NOT FIND HIM!
AS A HUNTER OF THE OLD SCHOOL, I WOULD SUGGEST THAT YOU EMPLOY THE USE OF A DECOY TO TRAP YOUR GAME!!
BLOW ME DOWN! I YAM NOT HUNTIN' DUCKS!! THEY IS NOTHIN' I KIN USE FER A DECOY TO CATCH THIS SWAB!
OH, NO? HERE COMES A MIGHTY FINE DECOY NOW!
HUH?
ARF! ARF! I SEES WHATCHA MEANS, WIMPY!!
ARF!
ARF!
HELLO, POPEYE!

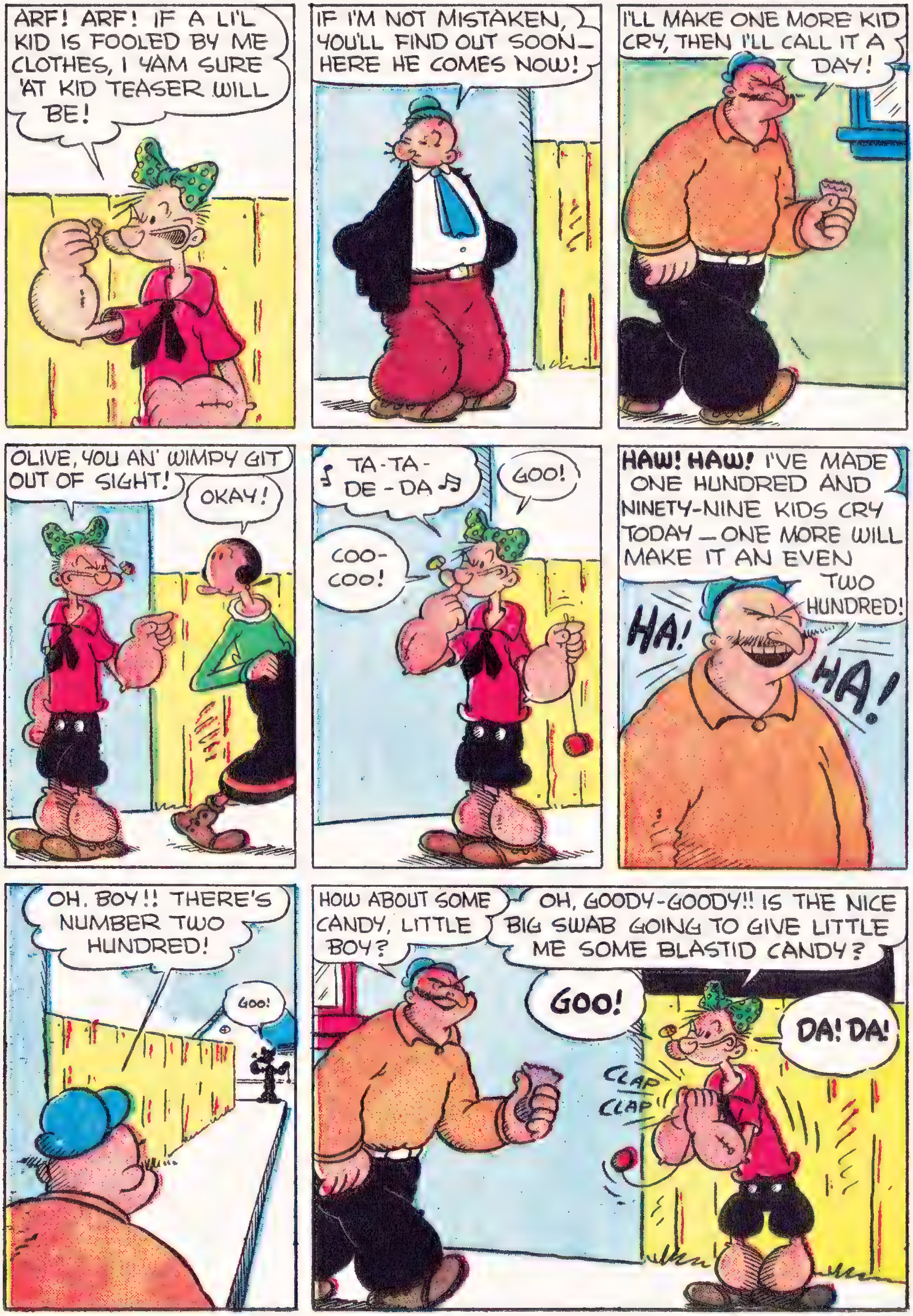

AHOY, JERRY. I WON'ERS IF YA WOULD HELP ME?
SURE, POPEYE. WHAT DO YOU WANT?
ALL I WANT YOU TO DO IS SIT ON THIS BOX FOR A WHILE!
IS THIS WHAT YOU WANT?
YEAH,AT'S FINE, JERRY — NOW I WILL HIDE INSIDE THE BOX!!
I'LL BE WATCHING FROM DOWN THE STREET, OL' PAL!
OKAY, WIMPY!
GET READY, JERRY — I HEARS SOMEONE COMIN' — MAYBE IT'S THE SWAB I YAM AFTER!
HA! HA! THAT LAST KID HOWLED WONDERFUL!
OH BOY!! LOOK AT THAT ONE SITTIN' ON A BOX — HO! HO! HE LOOKS LIKE A LOUD HOWLER!!
HA! HA! HOW ABOUT A PIECE OF CANDY, LITTLE BOY?
CANDY?! WOW!! YES, PLEASE!!


GEE - THIS IS SWELL!
HA! HA! LOOK AT HIM - ALL HAPPY! WAIT TILL I SNATCH IT AWAY FROM HIM!
I LOVE JELLY BEANS!
HO! HO! NOW LET'S HEAR YOU HOWL!
HEH
HEH
SNATCH
?
HAW! HAW!
BAW!
SPLAT
?
!
?
TWEET
TWEET
ARF! ARF! LOOK AT HIM WOBBLE DOWN THE STREET!
BOY, YOU SURE SMACKED HIM, POPEYE!
I WARNED YOU, DUKE - I KNEW YOU'D MEET UP WITH A KID TOO TOUGH FOR YOU TO HANDLE!
BUT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT -- HE WAS A **PEACEFUL** LOOKIN' LITTLE KID ABOUT THIS HIGH!!

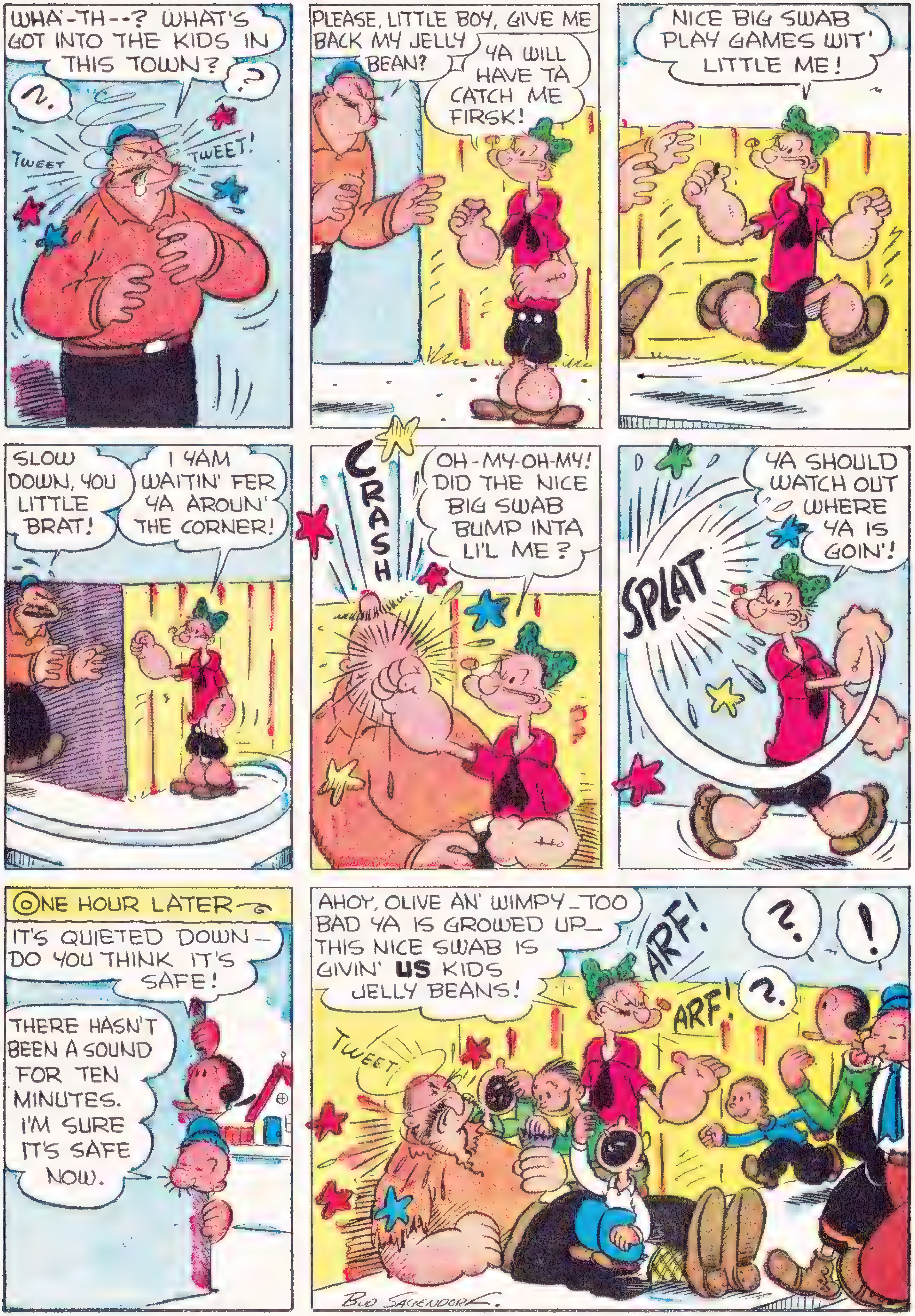

CONGRATULATIONS, OL' PAL — YOU TAUGHT THE SCOUNDREL A LESSON!
AHOY, WIMPY — HE SURE WAS SUSPRIZED WASN'T HE?
ARF! ARF!
I BET HE'LL LEAVE ME ALONE!
I'LL WAGER THE BEAST WILL CEASE HIS TEASING OF YOUNG CHILDREN! THAT WAS A HEARTY BLOW YOU GAVE HIM!
I DOUBT IT, WIMPY — SWABS LIKE HIM DON'T STOP AFTER JUS' ONE PUNCH!
ANYONE WHAT WILL TEASE LI'L KIDS IS NO GOOD AN' NOT VERY SMART — THE SWAB HASN'T ENOUGH SENSE TO STOP!
I THINK YOU UNDER-ESTIMATE THE POWER OF YOUR FIST — I'M QUITE SURE HE WILL NEVER TAKE CANDY FROM LITTLE CHILDREN AGAIN!
POPEYE, LOOK!!!
?
?
!
SEE WHAT I MEAN, WIMPY — THE SWAB IS TEASIN' KIDS AGAIN!
WAH!

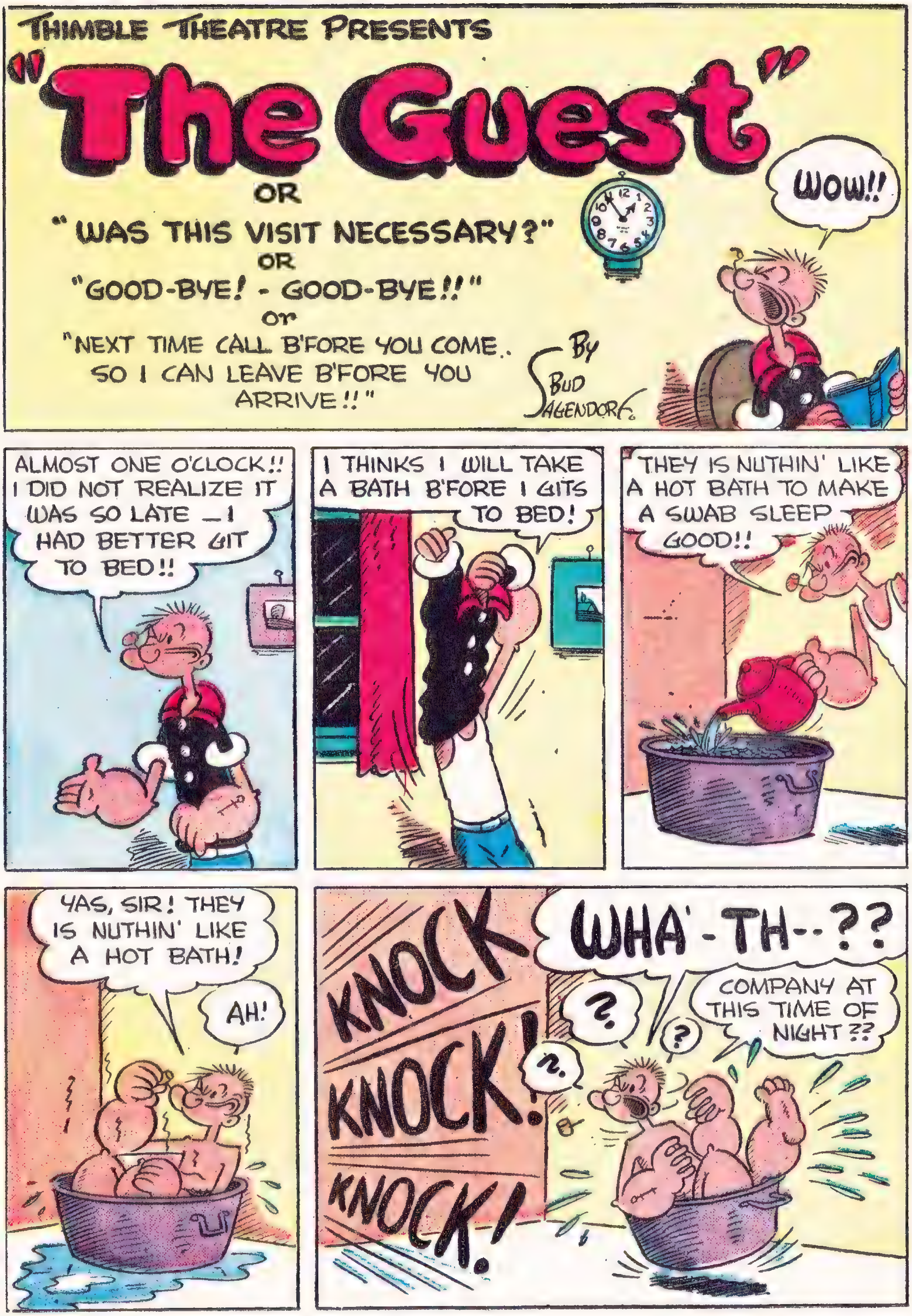
IT WILL TAKE MORE THAN ONE PUNCH TO STOP HIM!
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
WAIT THERE! I HAS AN IDEA–BUT I HASTA GO HOME FIRST!
ROOMS
HELLO, WIMPY. HAVE YOU SEEN POPEYE?
HE'S FIGURED OUT A WAY TO STOP THE KID TEASER–HE WENT HOME TO PREPARE FOR IT!!
DID HE GO HOME TO GET A GUN?
I DON'T KNOW–ALL HE SAID WAS TO WAIT HERE!
HERE COMES SOMEONE NOW–MAYBE IT'S POPEYE–NO! GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT IS IT?
AM I SEEING THINGS??
EEEK!!
DA! DA!
GOO!
GOO!
HA! HA!

POPEYE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THAT GETUP?
?
?
GOING TO A PARTY, OL' PAL?
I YAM A LITTLE BOY KID! GOO! GOO!
JUS' WAIT TILL THAT KID TEASER GIVES ME A PIECE OF CANDY AND THEN TRIES TO TAKE IT AWAY FROM ME-
I WILL GIVE HIM A SUSPRIZE!
GOO!
YOU DON'T REALLY THINK THAT OUTFIT WOULD FOOL ANYONE?
SURE!
I YAM JUS' A LI'L BOY KID—GOO!
ARF! ARF! THE SWAB WILL BE FOOLED!
MISS OYL IS ABSOLUTELY RIGHT, POPEYE _ YOUR COSTUME WOULD FOOL NO ONE!
HA! HA! YOU'RE JUST MAKING YOURSELF LOOK SILLY!
YES, INDEED- YOU'LL NEVER PASS AS A LITTLE BOY!
?
?
?
HEY, KID, WANNA PLAY BALL? WE NEED A SECOND BASE-MAN!
ARF!

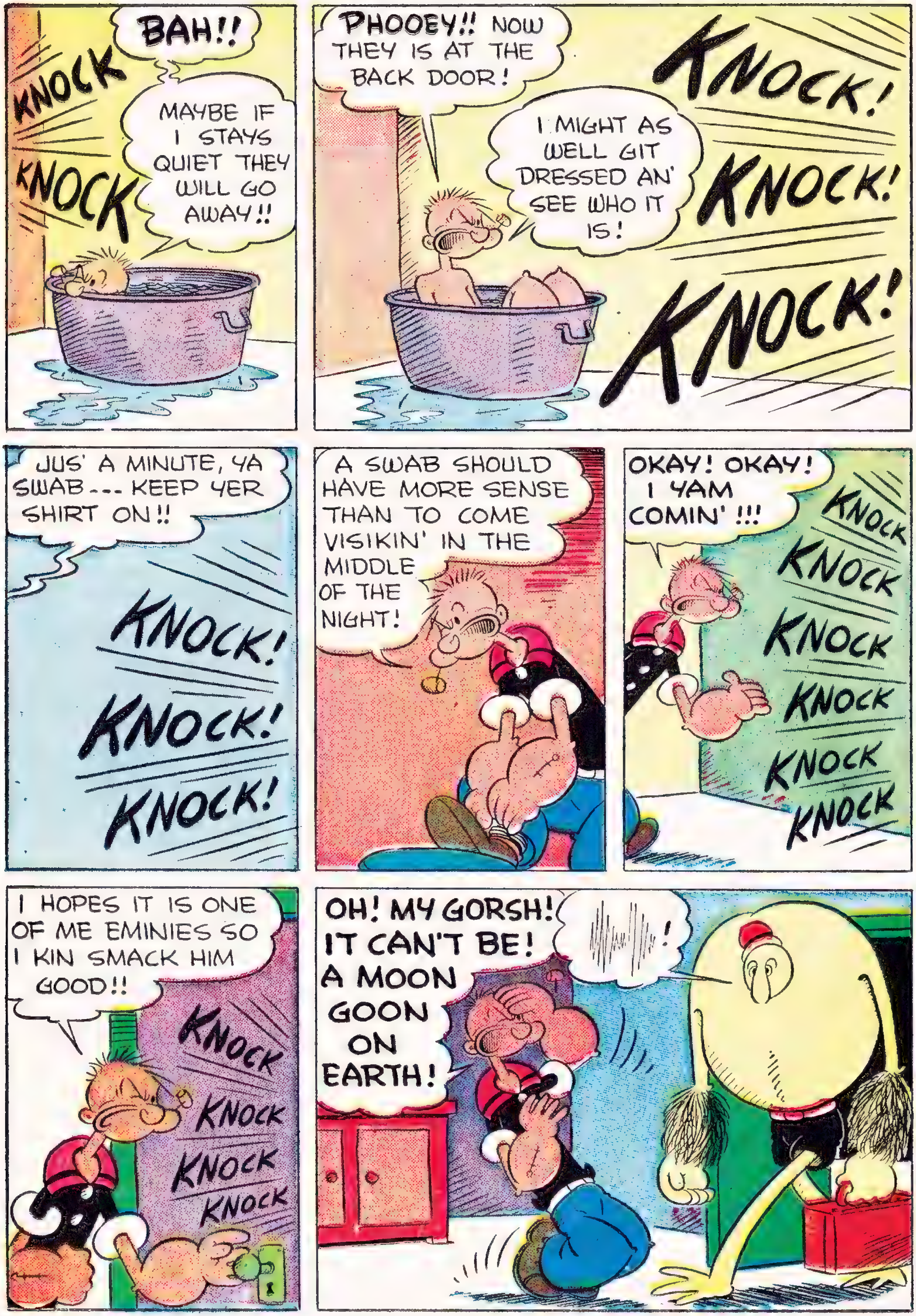

ARF! ARF! IF A LI'L KID IS FOOLED BY ME CLOTHES, I YAM SURE 'AT KID TEASER WILL BE!
IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN, YOU'LL FIND OUT SOON— HERE HE COMES NOW!
I'LL MAKE ONE MORE KID CRY, THEN I'LL CALL IT A DAY!
OLIVE, YOU AN' WIMPY GIT OUT OF SIGHT!
OKAY!
TA-TA-DE-DA
GOO!
COO-COO!
HAW! HAW! I'VE MADE ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY-NINE KIDS CRY TODAY — ONE MORE WILL MAKE IT AN EVEN TWO HUNDRED!
HA! HA!
OH, BOY!! THERE'S NUMBER TWO HUNDRED!
GOO!
HOW ABOUT SOME CANDY, LITTLE BOY?
OH, GOODY-GOODY!! IS THE NICE BIG SWAB GOING TO GIVE LITTLE ME SOME BLASTID CANDY?
GOO!
DA! DA!
CLAP CLAP

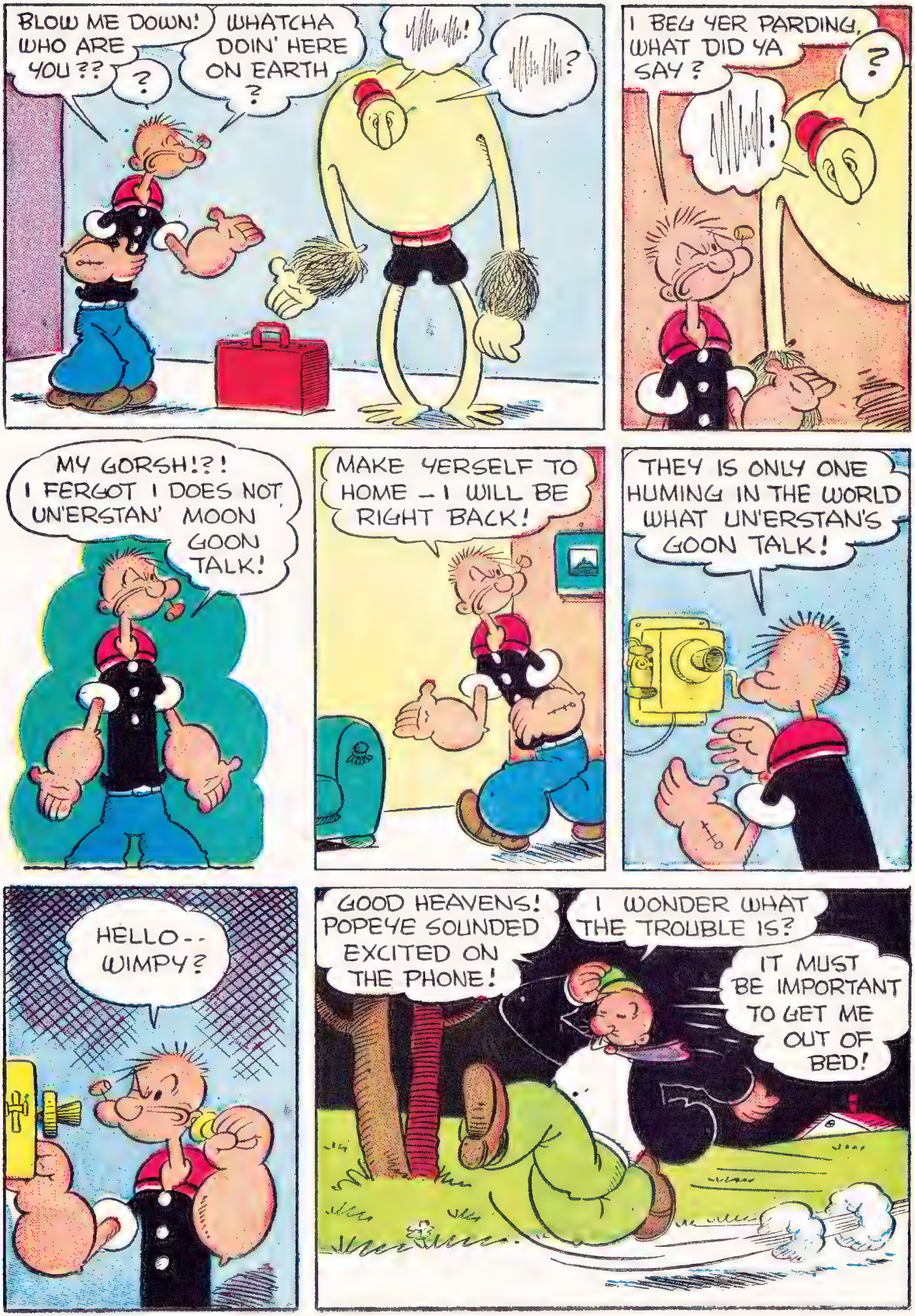
GO AHEAD, KID, HELP YOURSELF!
HAW!
HM? DA! DA! I THINKS I'LL HAVE A BLACK ONE!
THANK YOU, MISTER NICE SWAB – LITTLE ME LIKES JELLY BEANS!!
DA!
NOW I'LL TAKE IT AWAY FROM HIM AND-HA! HA!- LISTEN TO HIM CRY!!
GOO!
DA! DA!
TSK! TSK!
SWISH!!
GOO!! DA! DA! BIG SWAB SHOULDN'T TAKE CANDY FROM A LI'L BOY KID!
GR-R
GIVE ME BACK THAT CANDY, AND CRY!!!
GRR
DA! DA! NOW THE NICE BIG SWAB WANTS TO PLAY GAMES!
SPLAT
GOO! TAG! Y'RE IT!!

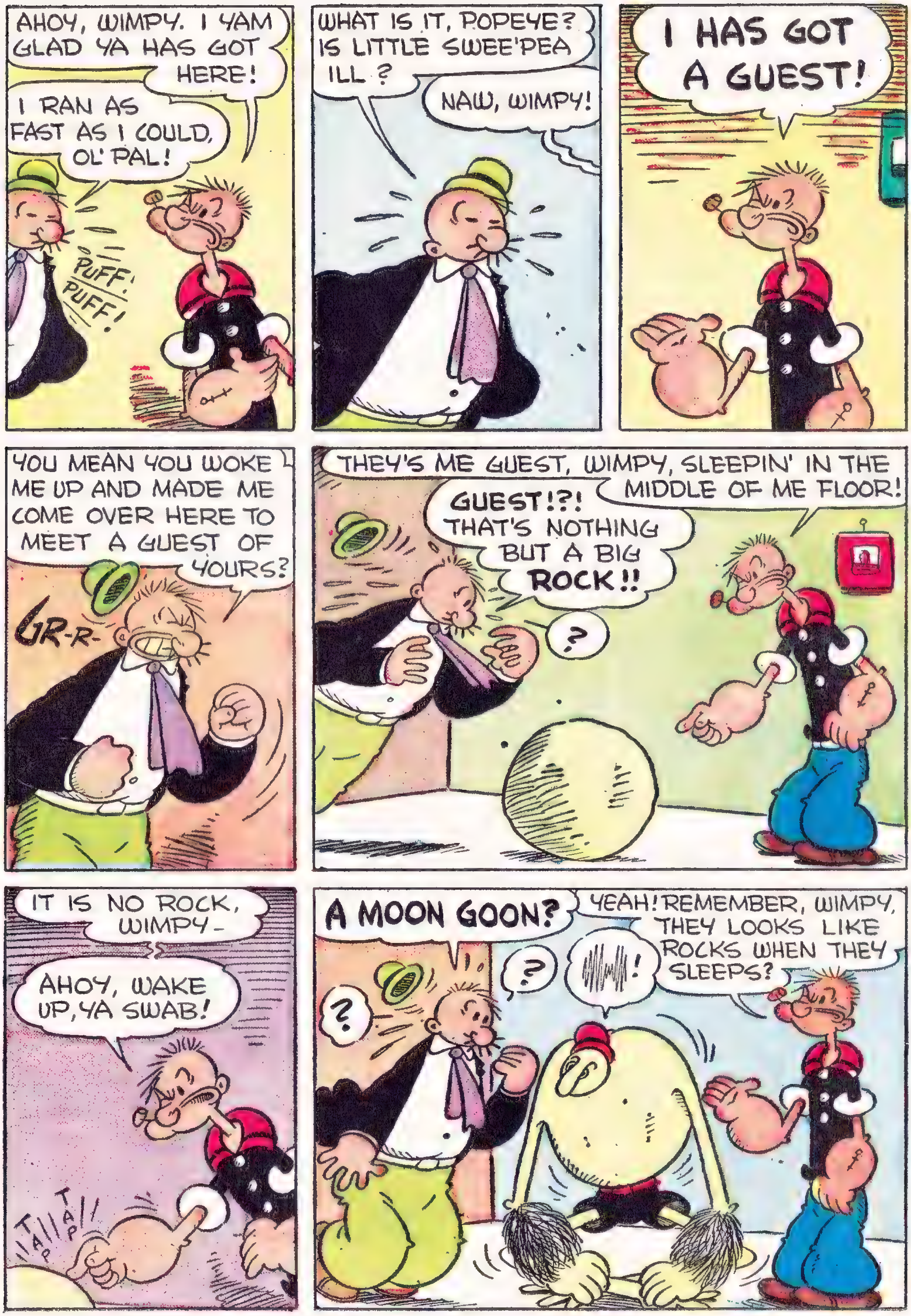

WHA'-TH--? WHAT'S GOT INTO THE KIDS IN THIS TOWN?
?
?
TWEET
TWEET!
PLEASE, LITTLE BOY, GIVE ME BACK MY JELLY BEAN?
YA WILL HAVE TA CATCH ME FIRSK!
NICE BIG SWAB PLAY GAMES WIT' LITTLE ME!
SLOW DOWN, YOU LITTLE BRAT!
I YAM WAITIN' FER YA AROUN' THE CORNER!
CRASH
OH-MY-OH-MY! DID THE NICE BIG SWAB BUMP INTA LI'L ME?
YA SHOULD WATCH OUT WHERE YA IS GOIN'!
SPLAT
ONE HOUR LATER
IT'S QUIETED DOWN — DO YOU THINK IT'S SAFE!
THERE HASN'T BEEN A SOUND FOR TEN MINUTES. I'M SURE IT'S SAFE NOW.
AHOY, OLIVE AN' WIMPY — TOO BAD YA IS GROWED UP — THIS NICE SWAB IS GIVIN' US KIDS JELLY BEANS!
ARF!
ARF!
?
!
?
TWEET
BUD SAGENDORF

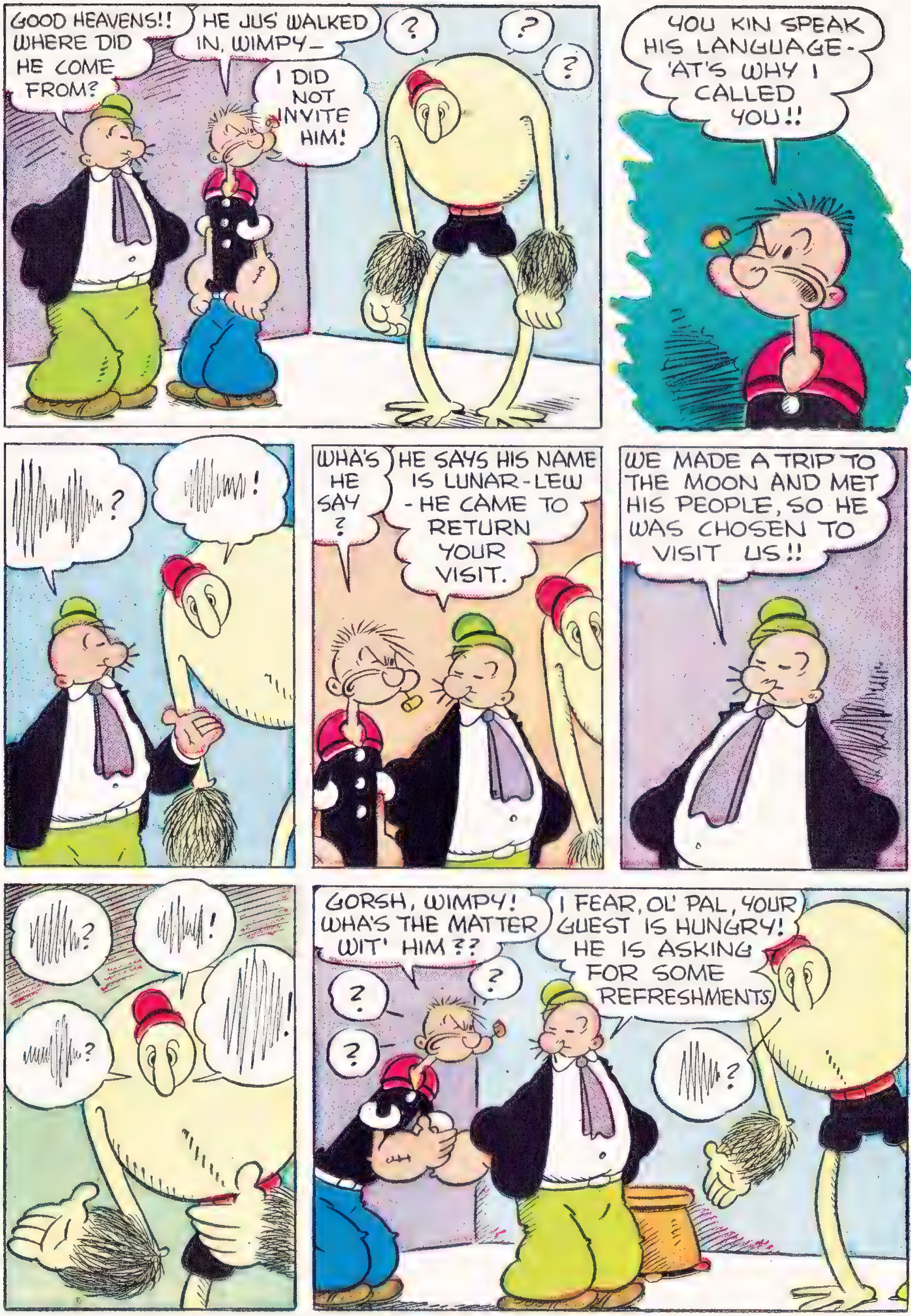


THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS
"The Guest"
OR
"WAS THIS VISIT NECESSARY?"
OR
"GOOD-BYE! - GOOD-BYE!!"
or
"NEXT TIME CALL B'FORE YOU COME.. SO I CAN LEAVE B'FORE YOU ARRIVE!!"
By BUD SAGENDORF
WOW!!
ALMOST ONE O'CLOCK!! I DID NOT REALIZE IT WAS SO LATE — I HAD BETTER GIT TO BED!!
I THINKS I WILL TAKE A BATH B'FORE I GITS TO BED!
THEY IS NUTHIN' LIKE A HOT BATH TO MAKE A SWAB SLEEP GOOD!!
YAS, SIR! THEY IS NUTHIN' LIKE A HOT BATH!
AH!
KNOCK KNOCK! KNOCK!
WHA'-TH--??
?
?
?
COMPANY AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT??


BAH!!
KNOCK
KNOCK
MAYBE IF I STAYS QUIET THEY WILL GO AWAY!!
PHOOEY!! NOW THEY IS AT THE BACK DOOR!
KNOCK!
I MIGHT AS WELL GIT DRESSED AN' SEE WHO IT IS!
KNOCK!
KNOCK!
JUS' A MINUTE, YA SWAB--- KEEP YER SHIRT ON!!
KNOCK!
KNOCK!
KNOCK!
A SWAB SHOULD HAVE MORE SENSE THAN TO COME VISIKIN' IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT!
OKAY! OKAY! I YAM COMIN'!!!
KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK
I HOPES IT IS ONE OF ME EMINIES SO I KIN SMACK HIM GOOD!!
KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK
OH! MY GORSH! IT CAN'T BE! A MOON GOON ON EARTH!
!

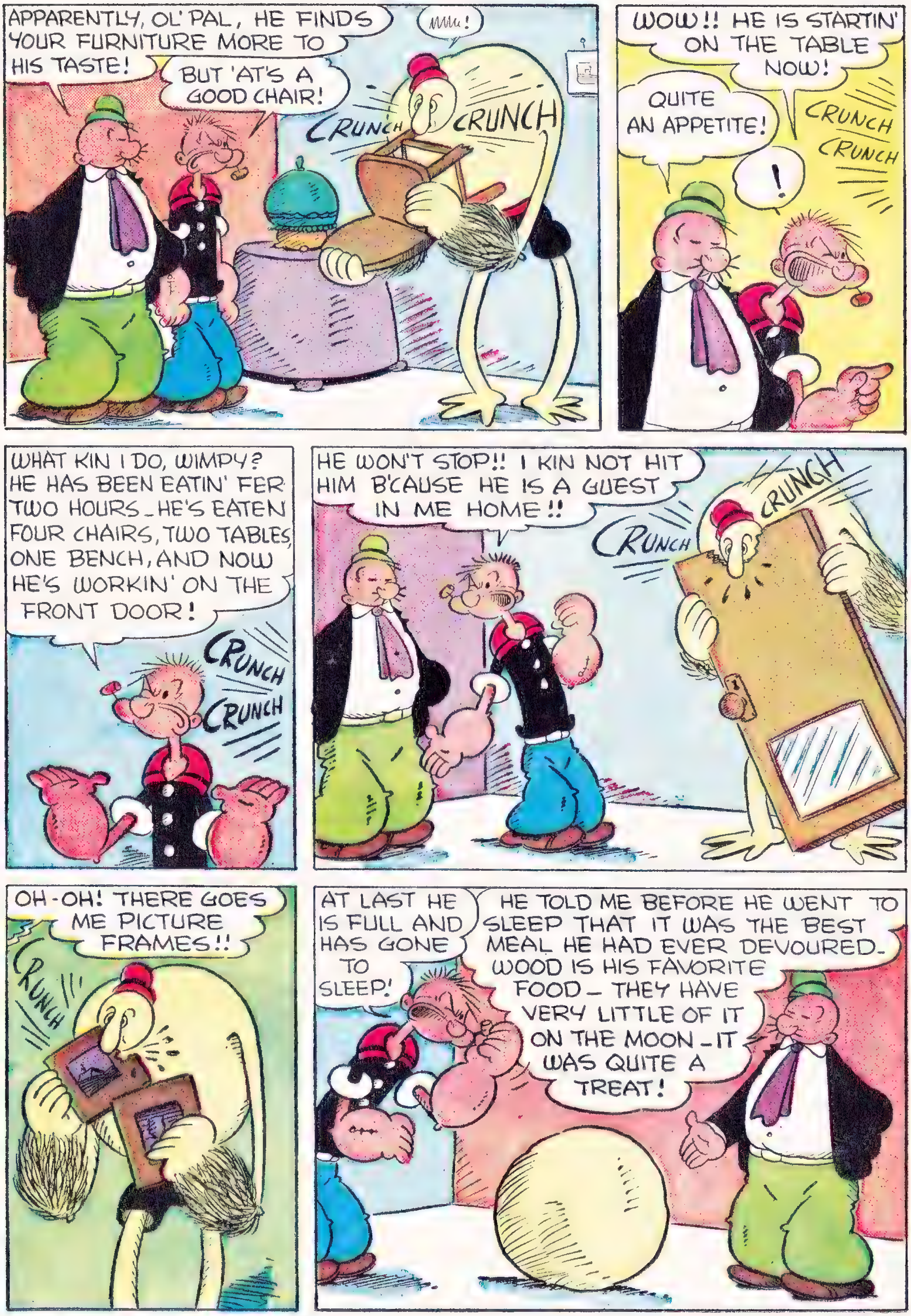

BLOW ME DOWN! WHO ARE YOU??
?
WHATCHA DOIN' HERE ON EARTH ?
!
?
I BEG YER PARDING, WHAT DID YA SAY?
?
!
MY GORSH!?! I FERGOT I DOES NOT UN'ERSTAN' MOON GOON TALK!
MAKE YERSELF TO HOME – I WILL BE RIGHT BACK!
THEY IS ONLY ONE HUMING IN THE WORLD WHAT UN'ERSTAN'S GOON TALK!
HELLO-- WIMPY?
GOOD HEAVENS! POPEYE SOUNDED EXCITED ON THE PHONE!
I WONDER WHAT THE TROUBLE IS?
IT MUST BE IMPORTANT TO GET ME OUT OF BED!

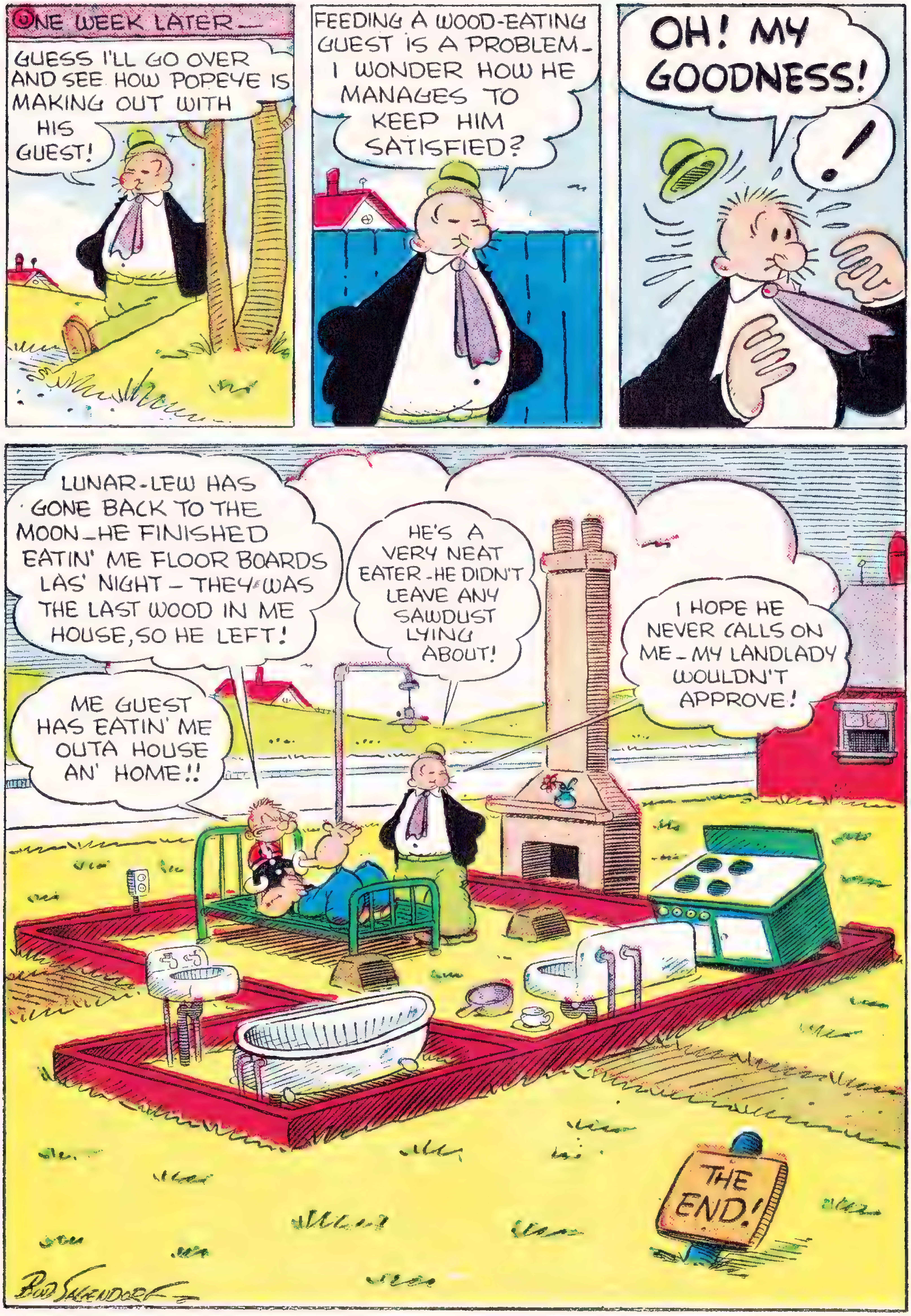

AHOY, WIMPY. I YAM GLAD YA HAS GOT HERE!
I RAN AS FAST AS I COULD, OL' PAL!
PUFF! PUFF!
WHAT IS IT, POPEYE? IS LITTLE SWEE'PEA ILL ?
NAW, WIMPY!
I HAS GOT A GUEST!
YOU MEAN YOU WOKE ME UP AND MADE ME COME OVER HERE TO MEET A GUEST OF YOURS?
GR-R-
THEY'S ME GUEST, WIMPY, SLEEPIN' IN THE MIDDLE OF ME FLOOR!
GUEST!?! THAT'S NOTHING BUT A BIG ROCK!!
?
IT IS NO ROCK, WIMPY—
AHOY, WAKE UP, YA SWAB!
TAP TAP
A MOON GOON?
YEAH! REMEMBER, WIMPY, THEY LOOKS LIKE ROCKS WHEN THEY SLEEPS?
?
?
!



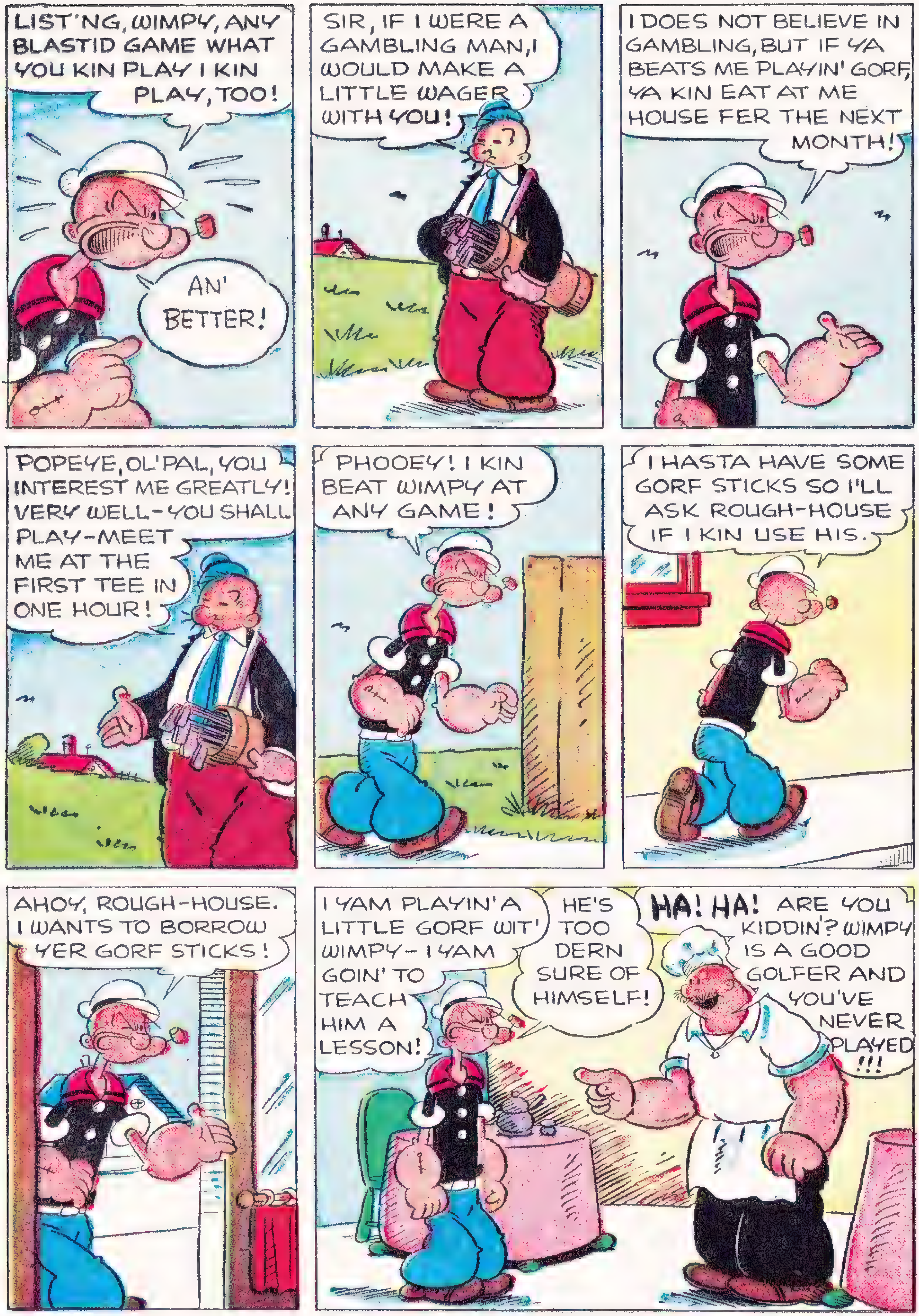
GOOD HEAVENS!! WHERE DID HE COME FROM?
HE JUS' WALKED IN, WIMPY—
I DID NOT INVITE HIM!
?
?
?
YOU KIN SPEAK HIS LANGUAGE-'AT'S WHY I CALLED YOU!!
?
!
WHA'S HE SAY ?
HE SAYS HIS NAME IS LUNAR-LEW - HE CAME TO RETURN YOUR VISIT.
WE MADE A TRIP TO THE MOON AND MET HIS PEOPLE, SO HE WAS CHOSEN TO VISIT US!!
?
!
?
!
GORSH, WIMPY! WHA'S THE MATTER WIT' HIM??
I FEAR, OL' PAL, YOUR GUEST IS HUNGRY! HE IS ASKING FOR SOME REFRESHMENTS.
?
?
?
?

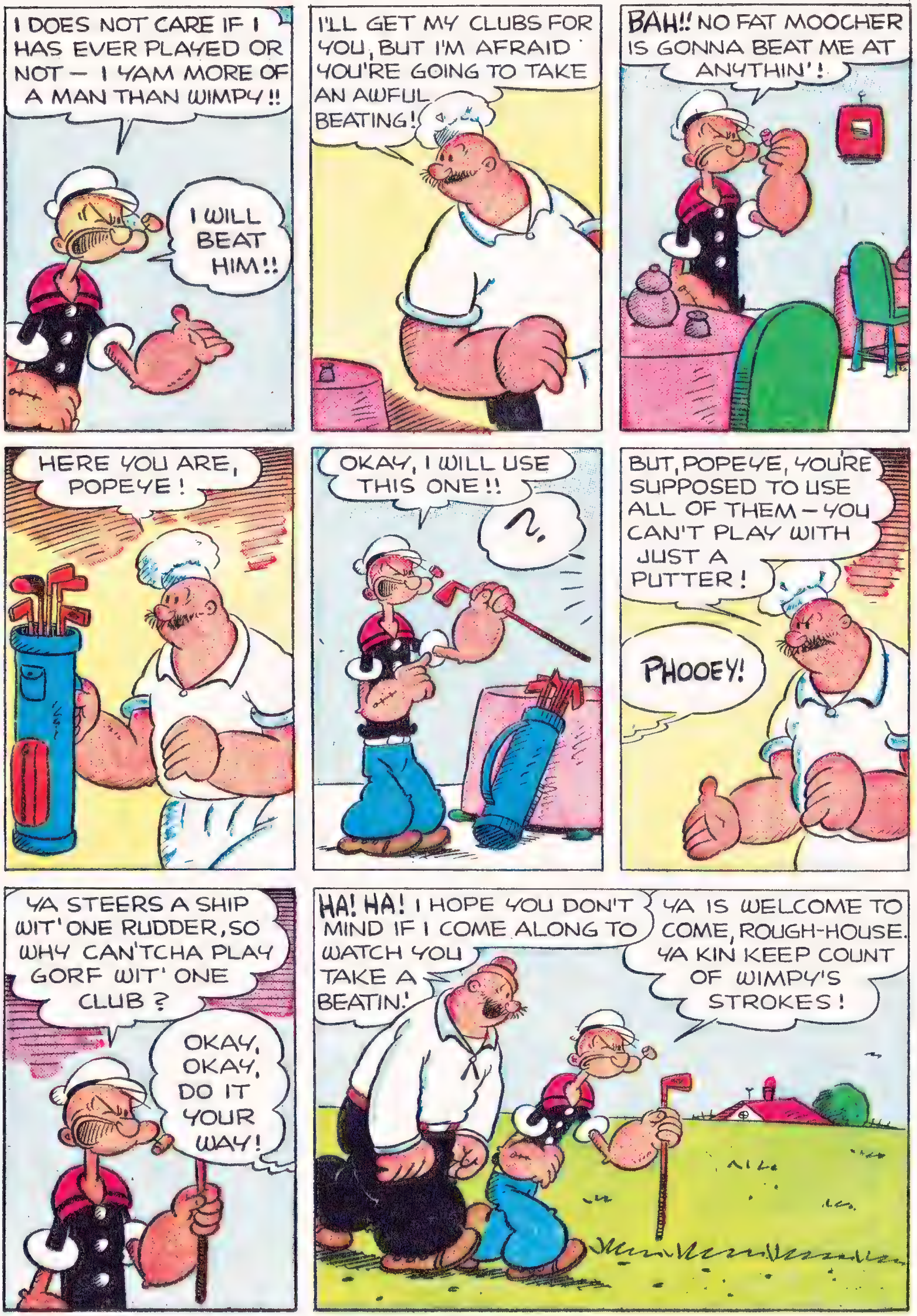
KEEP HIM ENTERTAINED, WIMPY. I WILL FIX HIM SUMPIN' TO EAT!
AHOY, LUNAR-LEW! HERE'S SOME SPINACH!
ARF! ARF! I BETCHA HE HAS NEVER HAD THE PLEASURE OF EATIN' SPINACH.
GO AHEAD EAT IT!
?
?
?
SNIFF?
SNIFF?
GULP
GULP
?
?
?
UGH!
!
PHOOEY
I DON'T THINK HE CARED FOR IT!
BAH!! I YAM DISGUSTIPATED! TELL HIM IF HE IS HUNGRY TO PICK OUT SUMPIN' HIM-SELF!
!
!
YIPE!?!
WIMPY, WHAT IS HE DOIN'?

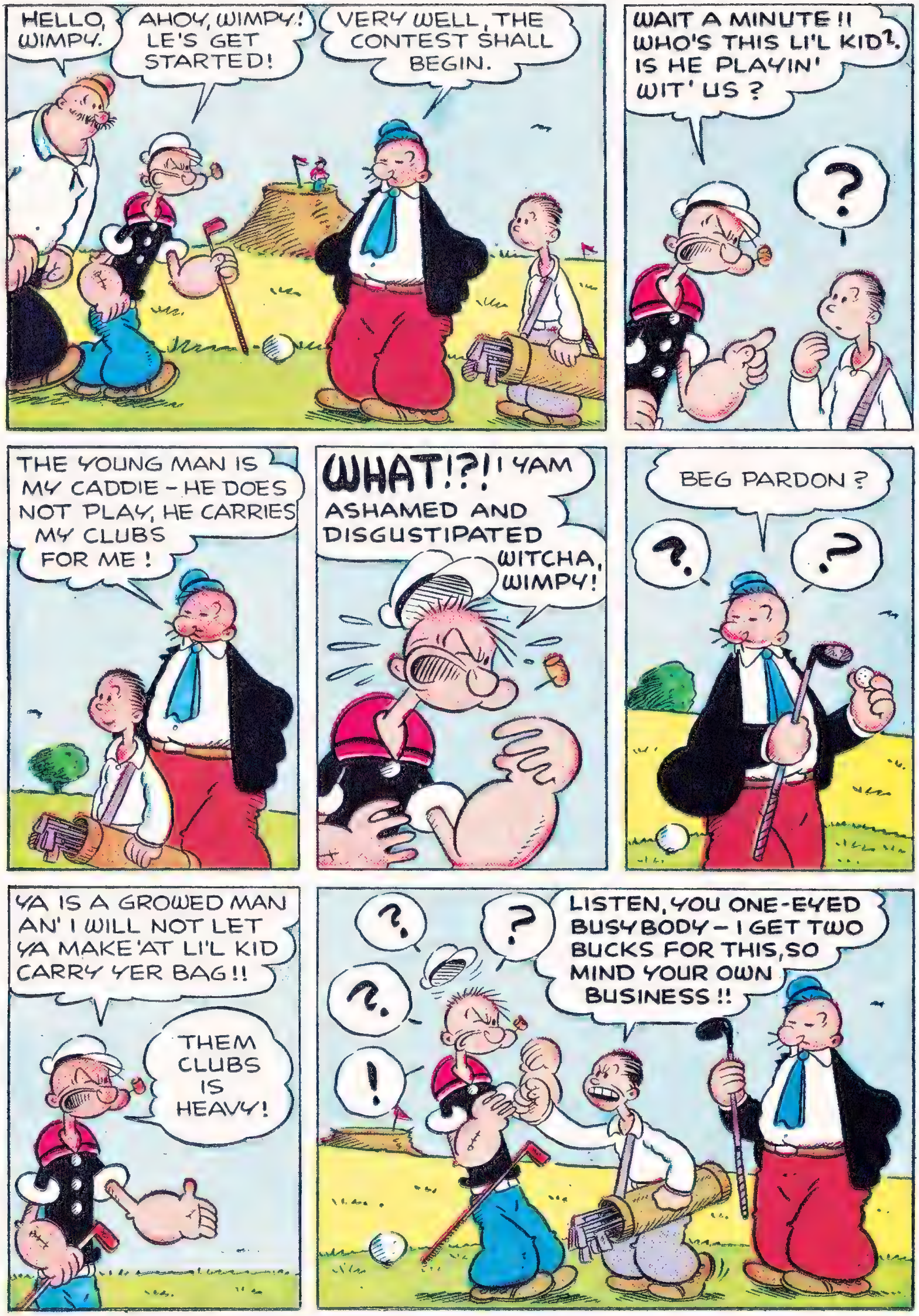

APPARENTLY, OL' PAL, HE FINDS YOUR FURNITURE MORE TO HIS TASTE!
BUT 'AT'S A GOOD CHAIR!
CRUNCH CRUNCH
WOW!! HE IS STARTIN' ON THE TABLE NOW!
QUITE AN APPETITE!
!
CRUNCH
CRUNCH
WHAT KIN I DO, WIMPY? HE HAS BEEN EATIN' FER TWO HOURS - HE'S EATEN FOUR CHAIRS, TWO TABLES, ONE BENCH, AND NOW HE'S WORKIN' ON THE FRONT DOOR!
CRUNCH
CRUNCH
HE WON'T STOP!! I KIN NOT HIT HIM B'CAUSE HE IS A GUEST IN ME HOME!!
CRUNCH
CRUNCH
OH-OH! THERE GOES ME PICTURE FRAMES!!
CRUNCH
AT LAST HE IS FULL AND HAS GONE TO SLEEP!
HE TOLD ME BEFORE HE WENT TO SLEEP THAT IT WAS THE BEST MEAL HE HAD EVER DEVOURED - WOOD IS HIS FAVORITE FOOD - THEY HAVE VERY LITTLE OF IT ON THE MOON - IT WAS QUITE A TREAT!

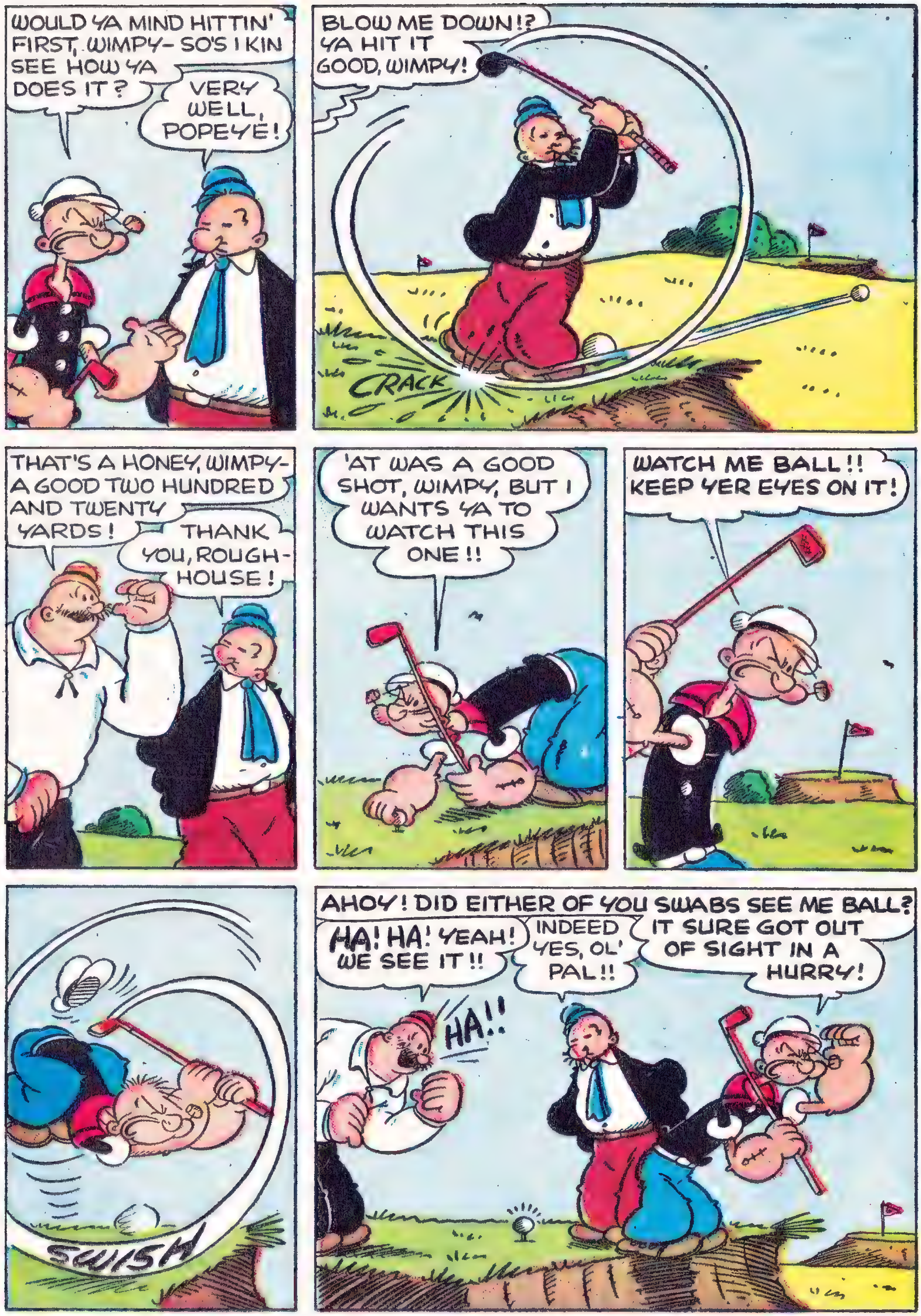

ONE WEEK LATER—
GUESS I'LL GO OVER AND SEE HOW POPEYE IS MAKING OUT WITH HIS GUEST!
FEEDING A WOOD-EATING GUEST IS A PROBLEM— I WONDER HOW HE MANAGES TO KEEP HIM SATISFIED?
OH! MY GOODNESS!
!
LUNAR-LEW HAS GONE BACK TO THE MOON—HE FINISHED EATIN' ME FLOOR BOARDS LAS' NIGHT—THEY WAS THE LAST WOOD IN ME HOUSE, SO HE LEFT!
HE'S A VERY NEAT EATER—HE DIDN'T LEAVE ANY SAWDUST LYING ABOUT!
I HOPE HE NEVER CALLS ON ME—MY LANDLADY WOULDN'T APPROVE!
ME GUEST HAS EATIN' ME OUTA HOUSE AN' HOME!!
THE END!
BUD SAGENDORF

THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS A SLICING, SLASHING, SPORT STORY ENTITLED—
"GOLF!"
OR
"I MISSED THE BALL BUT GOT THE CADDIE!"
FIRST TEE!
BY BUD SAGENDORF
STARRING
THAT POPPING, PUSHING PUTTER, POPEYE THE SAILOR
AND WOOD-WALLOPING WELLINGTON WIMPY!!
BLOW ME DOWN, HERE COMES WIMPY—I WON'ER WHERE HE IS GOIN' SO EARLY—
AHOY, WIMPY! WHAT GITS YOU UP SO EARLY?
GREETINGS, OL' PAL—
I AM OFF TO THE GOLF COURSE FOR A FAST EIGHTEEN!
GORF?
?
ARF! ARF! I HAS HEARD OF 'AT GAME—KIN I COME ALONG AND PLAY WITCHA?
GOLF IS A GAME OF GREAT SKILL, AND I FEAR MY SUPERIOR PLAYING WOULD EMBARRASS YOU!

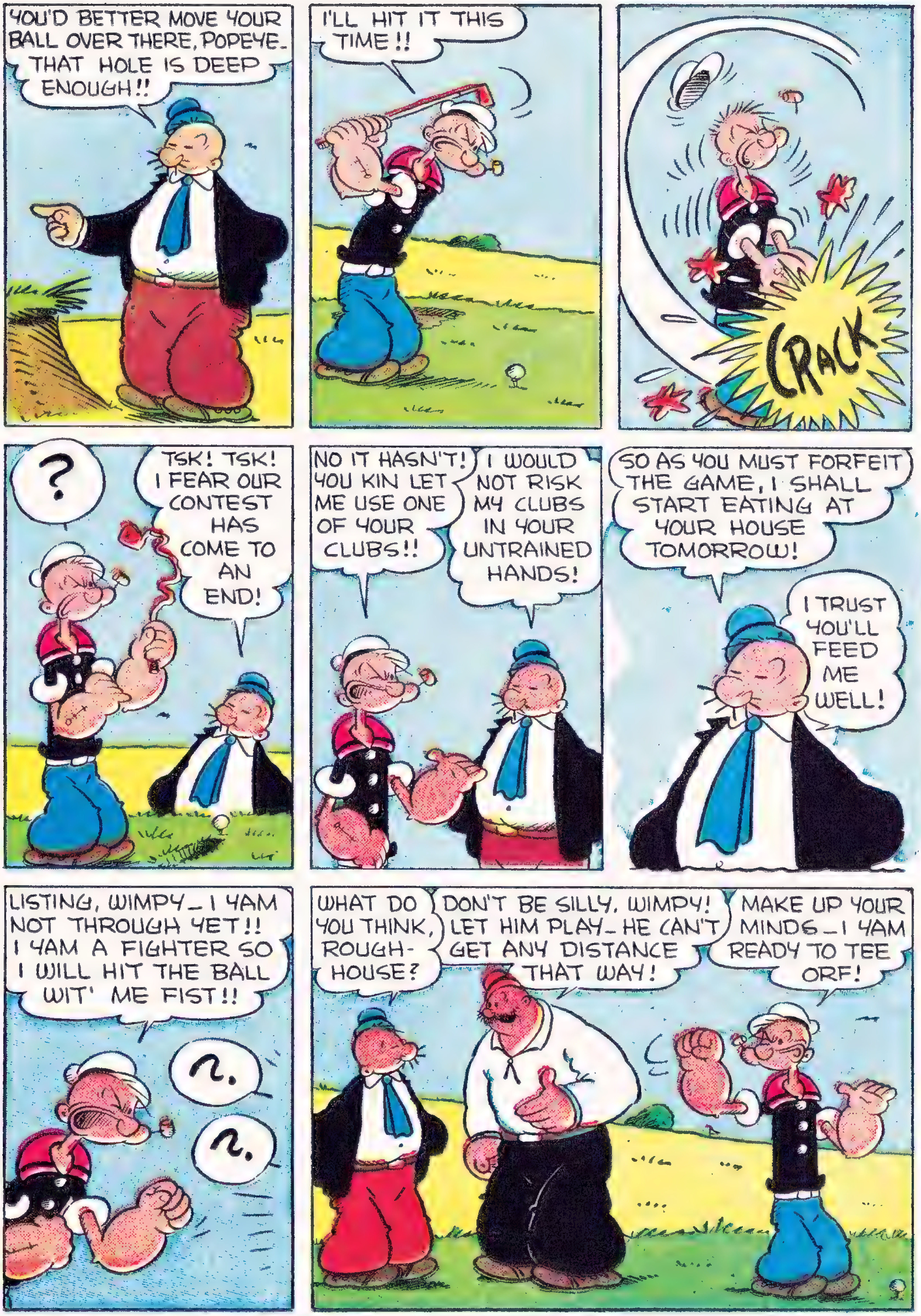

LIST'NG, WIMPY, ANY BLASTID GAME WHAT YOU KIN PLAY I KIN PLAY, TOO!
AN' BETTER!
SIR, IF I WERE A GAMBLING MAN, I WOULD MAKE A LITTLE WAGER WITH YOU!
I DOES NOT BELIEVE IN GAMBLING, BUT IF YA BEATS ME PLAYIN' GORF, YA KIN EAT AT ME HOUSE FER THE NEXT MONTH!
POPEYE, OL' PAL, YOU INTEREST ME GREATLY! VERY WELL—YOU SHALL PLAY—MEET ME AT THE FIRST TEE IN ONE HOUR!
PHOOEY! I KIN BEAT WIMPY AT ANY GAME!
I HASTA HAVE SOME GORF STICKS SO I'LL ASK ROUGH-HOUSE IF I KIN USE HIS.
AHOY, ROUGH-HOUSE. I WANTS TO BORROW YER GORF STICKS!
I YAM PLAYIN' A LITTLE GORF WIT' WIMPY—I YAM GOIN' TO TEACH HIM A LESSON!
HE'S TOO DERN SURE OF HIMSELF!
HA! HA! ARE YOU KIDDIN'? WIMPY IS A GOOD GOLFER AND YOU'VE NEVER PLAYED!!!


I DOES NOT CARE IF I HAS EVER PLAYED OR NOT — I YAM MORE OF A MAN THAN WIMPY!!
I WILL BEAT HIM!!
I'LL GET MY CLUBS FOR YOU, BUT I'M AFRAID YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE AN AWFUL BEATING!
BAH!! NO FAT MOOCHER IS GONNA BEAT ME AT ANYTHIN'!
HERE YOU ARE, POPEYE!
OKAY, I WILL USE THIS ONE!!
?
BUT, POPEYE, YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO USE ALL OF THEM — YOU CAN'T PLAY WITH JUST A PUTTER!
PHOOEY!
YA STEERS A SHIP WIT' ONE RUDDER, SO WHY CAN'TCHA PLAY GORF WIT' ONE CLUB?
OKAY, OKAY, DO IT YOUR WAY!
HA! HA! I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND IF I COME ALONG TO WATCH YOU TAKE A BEATIN'!
YA IS WELCOME TO COME, ROUGH-HOUSE. YA KIN KEEP COUNT OF WIMPY'S STROKES!

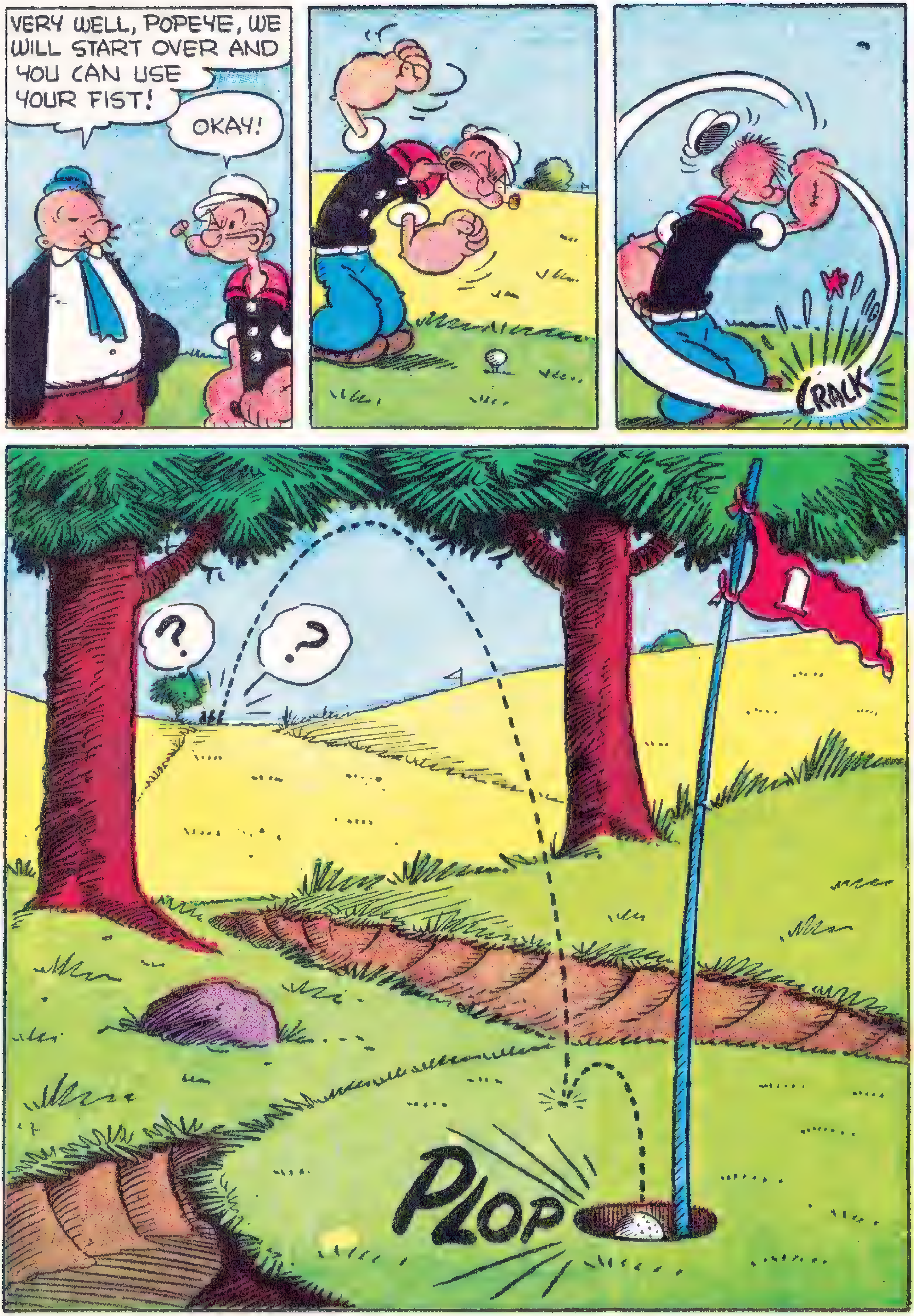

HELLO, WIMPY.
AHOY, WIMPY! LE'S GET STARTED!
VERY WELL, THE CONTEST SHALL BEGIN.
WAIT A MINUTE!! WHO'S THIS LI'L KID?. IS HE PLAYIN' WIT' US?
?
THE YOUNG MAN IS MY CADDIE - HE DOES NOT PLAY, HE CARRIES MY CLUBS FOR ME!
WHAT!?! I YAM ASHAMED AND DISGUSTIPATED WITCHA, WIMPY!
BEG PARDON?
?
?
YA IS A GROWED MAN AN' I WILL NOT LET YA MAKE 'AT LI'L KID CARRY YER BAG!!
THEM CLUBS IS HEAVY!
?
?
?
!
LISTEN, YOU ONE-EYED BUSYBODY - I GET TWO BUCKS FOR THIS, SO MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS!!


WOULD YA MIND HITTIN' FIRST, WIMPY- SO'S I KIN SEE HOW YA DOES IT?
VERY WELL, POPEYE!
BLOW ME DOWN!? YA HIT IT GOOD, WIMPY!
CRACK
THAT'S A HONEY, WIMPY- A GOOD TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY YARDS!
THANK YOU, ROUGHHOUSE!
'AT WAS A GOOD SHOT, WIMPY, BUT I WANTS YA TO WATCH THIS ONE!!
WATCH ME BALL!! KEEP YER EYES ON IT!
SWISH
AHOY! DID EITHER OF YOU SWABS SEE ME BALL?
HA! HA! YEAH! WE SEE IT!!
INDEED YES, OL' PAL!!
IT SURE GOT OUT OF SIGHT IN A HURRY!
HA!!

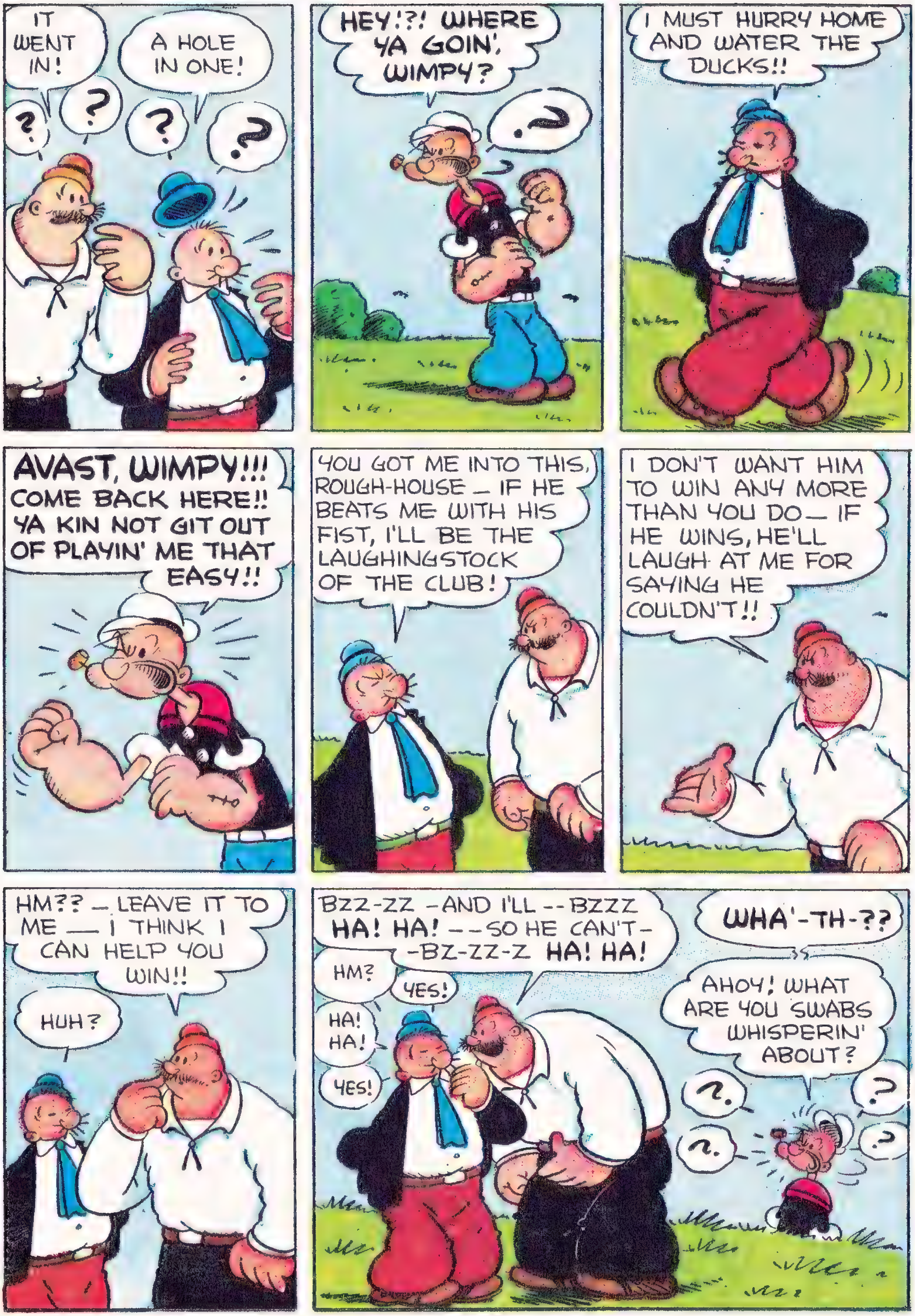
WHA'-TH'-!?!?
ARE YA SURE 'AT IS ME BALL?
I DOES NOT SEE HOW I COULD MISS IT!!
A CLEAN MISS, OL' PAL!
?
YOU NOW SEE, POPEYE, THAT IT IS NOT QUITE AS EASY AS IT SEEMS TO STRIKE THE LITTLE WHITE PELLET!!
PHOOEY!
IF YOU KIN DO IT– I KIN DO IT!!
TWO!
SWISH
THREE!
SWISH
FOUR!
FIVE!
THIS ISN'T HELPING YOUR GAME MUCH, POPEYE!
SIX!
SEVEN!
EIGHT!
SWISH!
SWISH!
SWISH!
SWISH!
WOW! HE'S GOING TO WEAR HIM-SELF OUT!
A PERSISTENT FELLOW–ISN'T HE?
SWISH
SWISH
SWISH
YA BLASTID LI'L GORF BALL, WHY DON'TCHA STAN' STILL? IF YA WAS A HUMING MAN I WOULD KNOCK YA TO PIECES!!
HE'S BEGINNING TO SOUND LIKE A REAL GOLFER NOW!
INDEED YES, ROUGH-HOUSE!

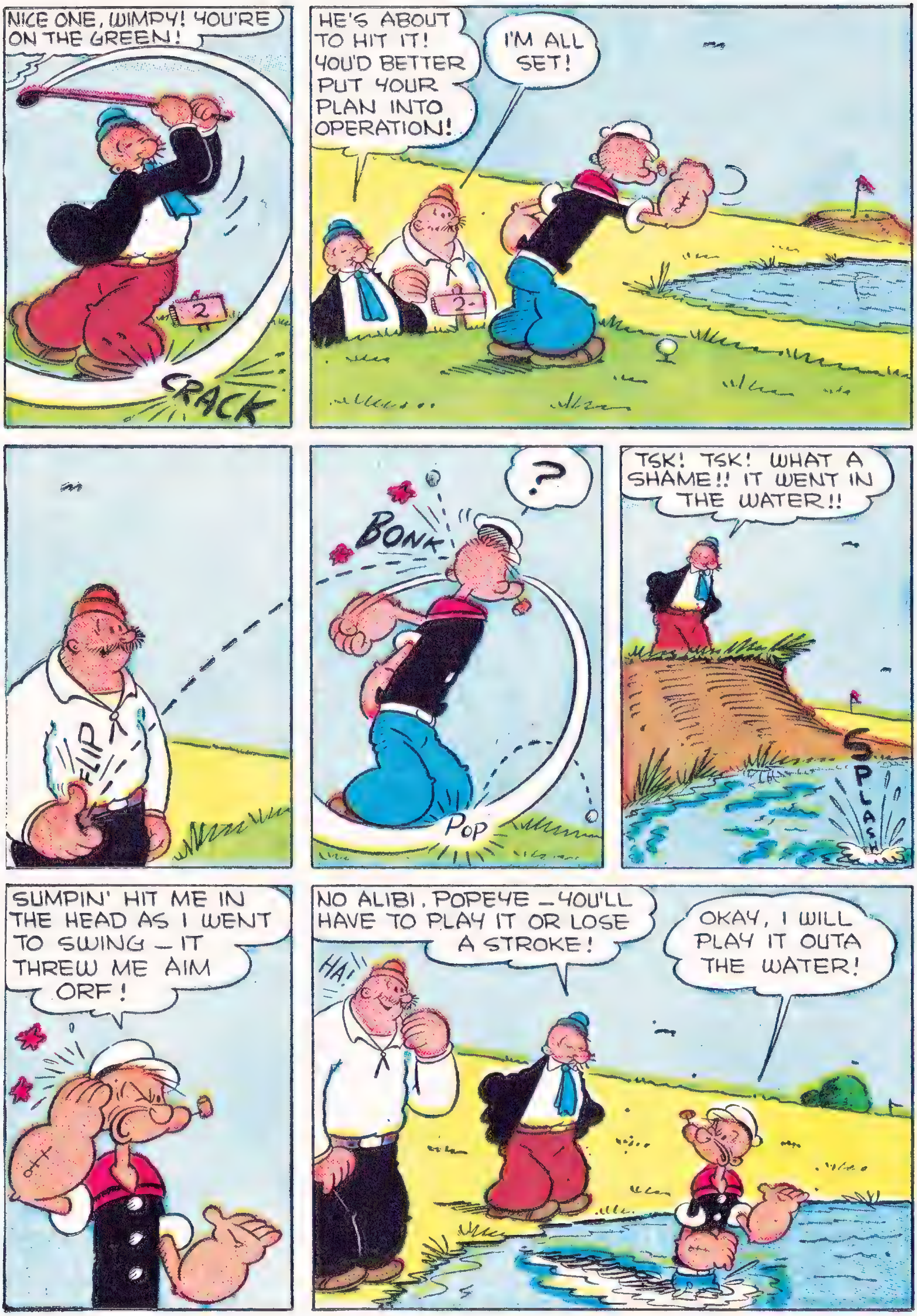


YOU'D BETTER MOVE YOUR BALL OVER THERE, POPEYE- THAT HOLE IS DEEP ENOUGH!!
I'LL HIT IT THIS TIME!!
CRACK
?
TSK! TSK! I FEAR OUR CONTEST HAS COME TO AN END!
NO IT HASN'T! YOU KIN LET ME USE ONE OF YOUR CLUBS!!
I WOULD NOT RISK MY CLUBS IN YOUR UNTRAINED HANDS!
SO AS YOU MUST FORFEIT THE GAME, I SHALL START EATING AT YOUR HOUSE TOMORROW!
I TRUST YOU'LL FEED ME WELL!
LISTING, WIMPY- I YAM NOT THROUGH YET!! I YAM A FIGHTER SO I WILL HIT THE BALL WIT' ME FIST!!
WHAT DO YOU THINK, ROUGH-HOUSE?
DON'T BE SILLY, WIMPY! LET HIM PLAY- HE CAN'T GET ANY DISTANCE THAT WAY!
MAKE UP YOUR MINDS- I YAM READY TO TEE ORF!

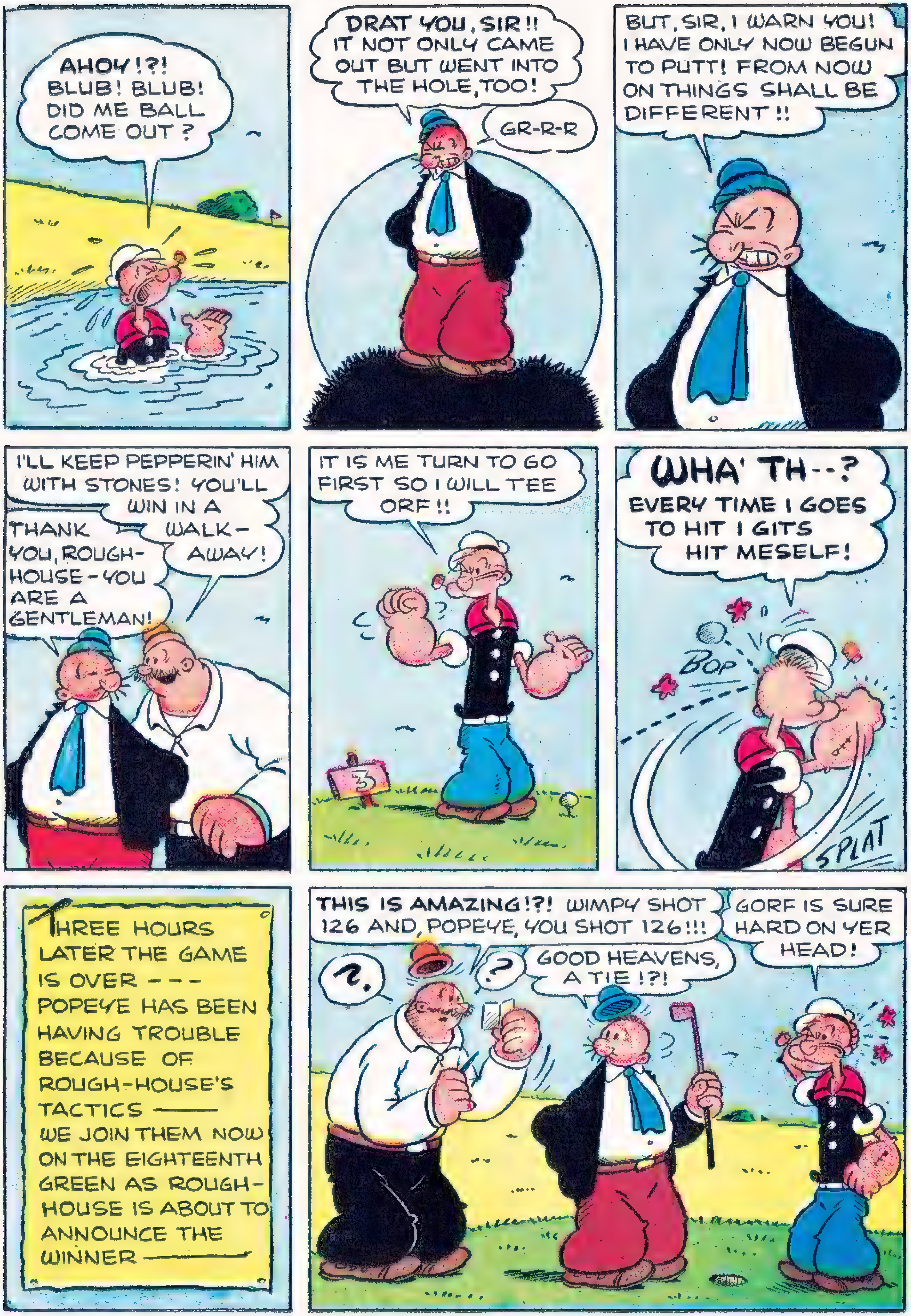


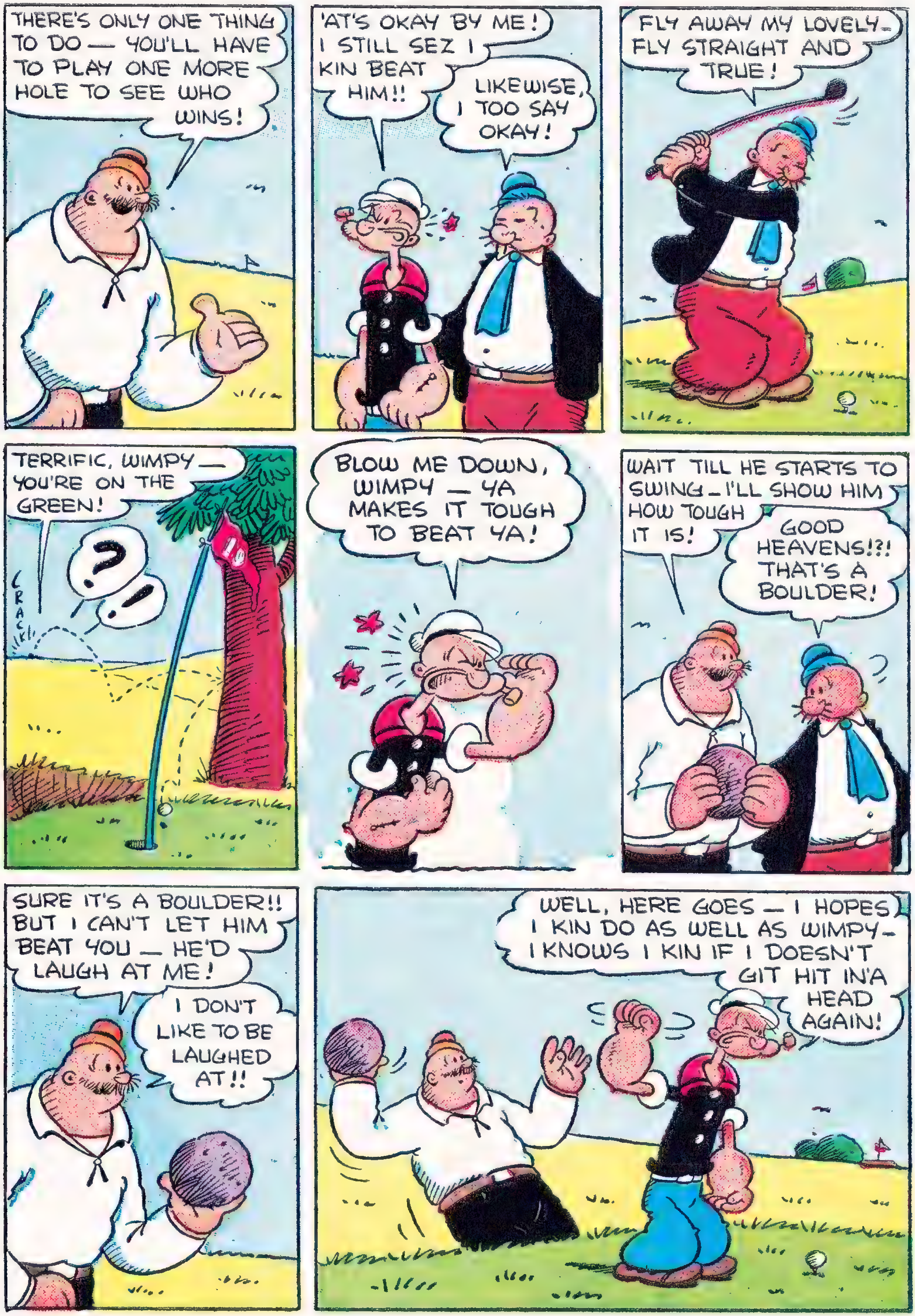
VERY WELL, POPEYE, WE WILL START OVER AND YOU CAN USE YOUR FIST!
OKAY!
CRACK
?
?
PLOP

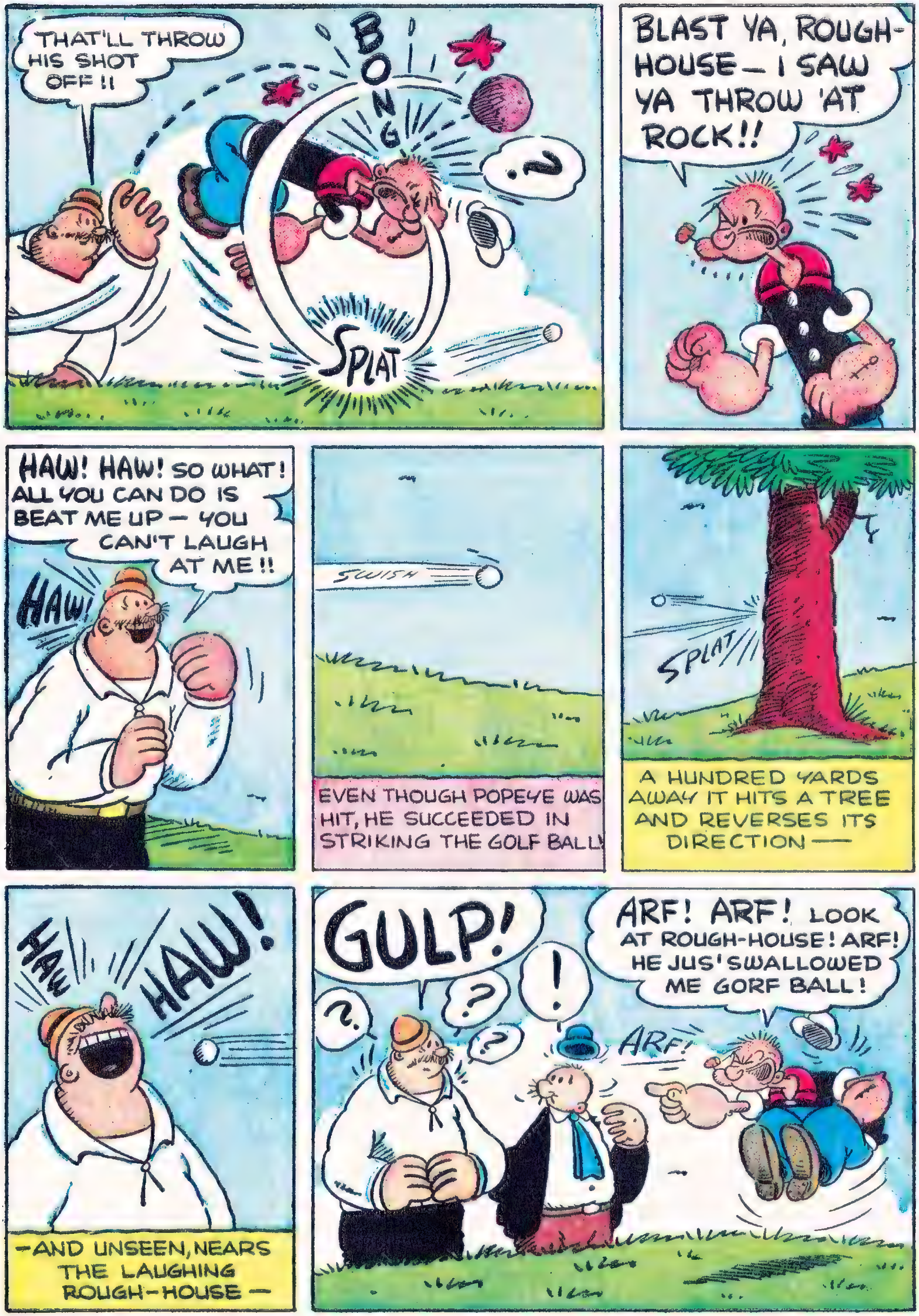

IT WENT IN!
A HOLE IN ONE!
?
?
?
?
HEY!?! WHERE YA GOIN', WIMPY?
?
I MUST HURRY HOME AND WATER THE DUCKS!!
AVAST, WIMPY!!! COME BACK HERE!! YA KIN NOT GIT OUT OF PLAYIN' ME THAT EASY!!
YOU GOT ME INTO THIS ROUGH-HOUSE – IF HE BEATS ME WITH HIS FIST, I'LL BE THE LAUGHINGSTOCK OF THE CLUB!
I DON'T WANT HIM TO WIN ANY MORE THAN YOU DO – IF HE WINS, HE'LL LAUGH AT ME FOR SAYING HE COULDN'T!!
HM?? – LEAVE IT TO ME — I THINK I CAN HELP YOU WIN!!
HUH?
BZZ-ZZ –AND I'LL --BZZZ HA! HA! --SO HE CAN'T- -BZ-ZZ-Z HA! HA!
HM?
YES!
HA! HA!
YES!
WHA'-TH-??
AHOY! WHAT ARE YOU SWABS WHISPERIN' ABOUT?
?
?
?
?

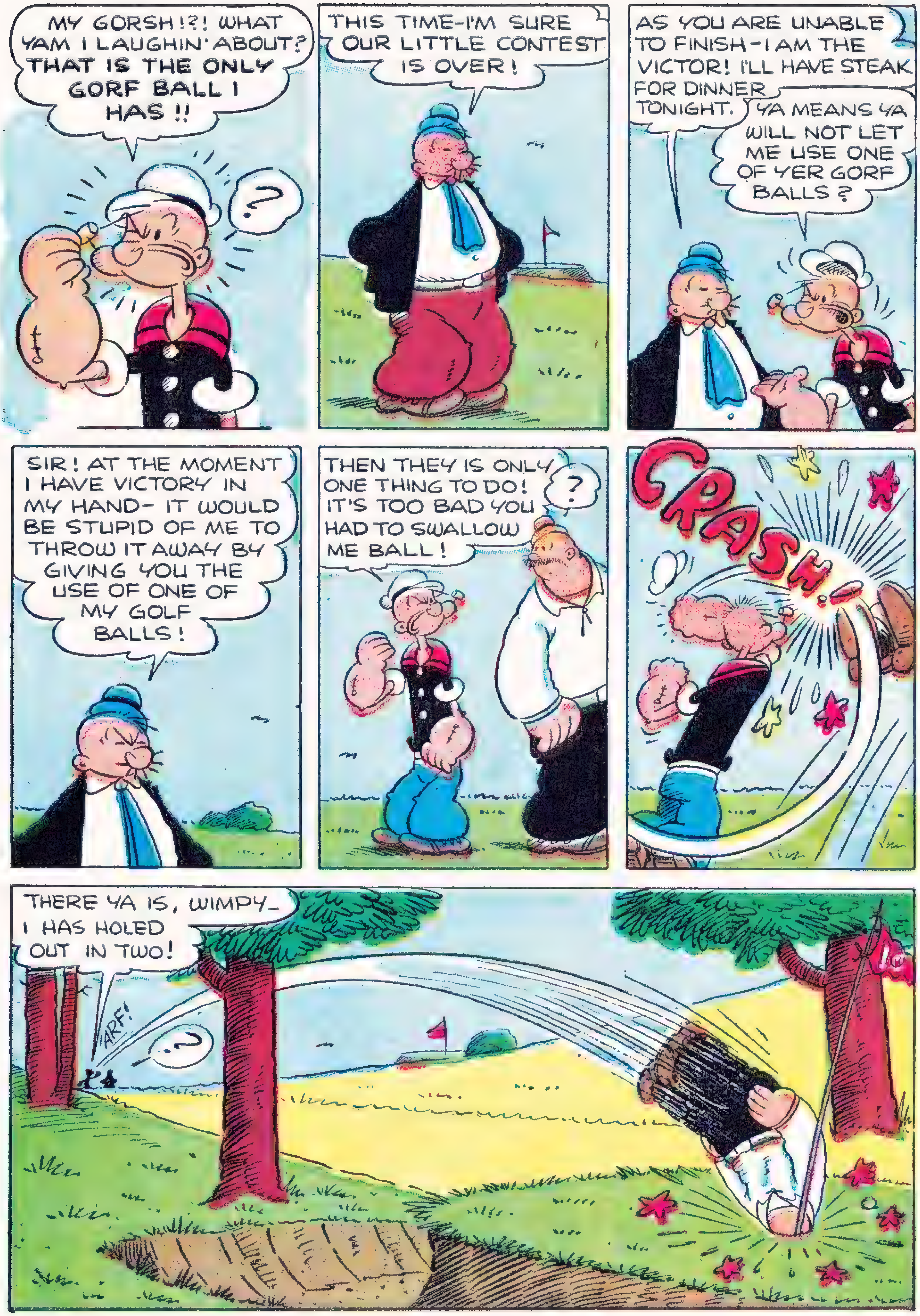

NICE ONE, WIMPY! YOU'RE ON THE GREEN!
2
CRACK
HE'S ABOUT TO HIT IT! YOU'D BETTER PUT YOUR PLAN INTO OPERATION!
I'M ALL SET!
2
FLIP
?
BONK
POP
TSK! TSK! WHAT A SHAME!! IT WENT IN THE WATER!!
SPLASH
SUMPIN' HIT ME IN THE HEAD AS I WENT TO SWING — IT THREW ME AIM ORF!
NO ALIBI, POPEYE — YOU'LL HAVE TO PLAY IT OR LOSE A STROKE!
HA!
OKAY, I WILL PLAY IT OUTA THE WATER!

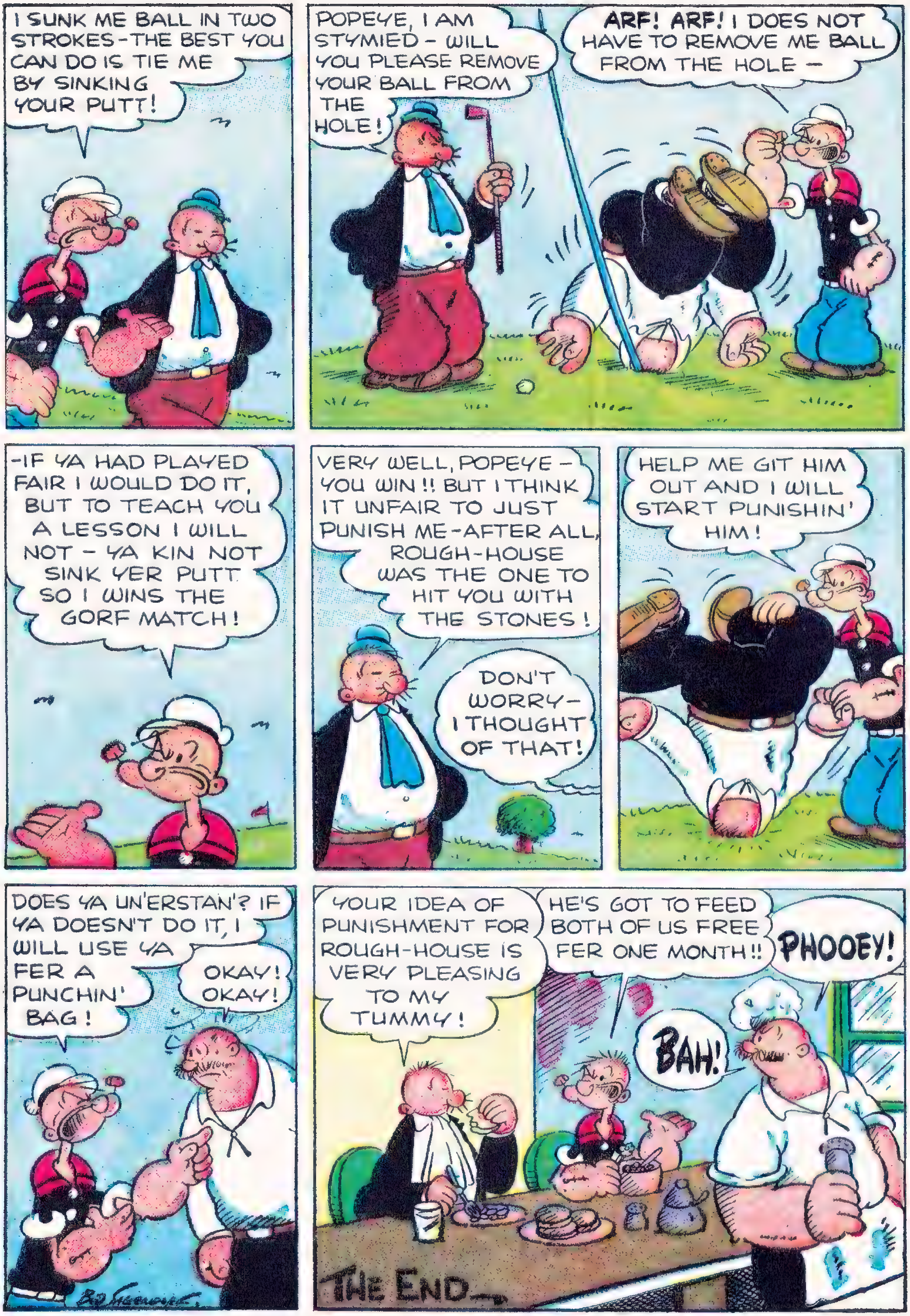
HITTING HIM WITH A ROCK WORKED SWELL, DIDN'T IT?
INDEED IT DID! I'LL WIN THIS HOLE WITH EASE!
BLUB! BLUB! BLUB! BLUB!
WE MIGHT AS WELL GO UP ON THE GREEN AND WAIT FOR HIM!
LOOK WHERE YOUR BALL IS, WIMPY– YOU CAN SINK IT IN ONE PUTT!
THIS IS AN EASY ONE!
DRAT!! I MISSED IT!!
WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE, WIMPY!
TAP
YOU'LL MAKE IT IN THREE AND POPEYE CAN'T POSSIBLY MAKE IT FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE LAKE IN TWO!
SPLOP
BOP
?
?
!
PLOP


AHOY!?! BLUB! BLUB! DID ME BALL COME OUT?
DRAT YOU, SIR!! IT NOT ONLY CAME OUT BUT WENT INTO THE HOLE, TOO!
GR-R-R
BUT, SIR, I WARN YOU! I HAVE ONLY NOW BEGUN TO PUTT! FROM NOW ON THINGS SHALL BE DIFFERENT!!
I'LL KEEP PEPPERIN' HIM WITH STONES! YOU'LL WIN IN A WALK-AWAY!
THANK YOU, ROUGH-HOUSE - YOU ARE A GENTLEMAN!
IT IS ME TURN TO GO FIRST SO I WILL TEE ORF!!
3
WHA' TH--? EVERY TIME I GOES TO HIT I GITS HIT MESELF!
BOP
SPLAT
THREE HOURS LATER THE GAME IS OVER --- POPEYE HAS BEEN HAVING TROUBLE BECAUSE OF ROUGH-HOUSE'S TACTICS —— WE JOIN THEM NOW ON THE EIGHTEENTH GREEN AS ROUGH-HOUSE IS ABOUT TO ANNOUNCE THE WINNER ——
THIS IS AMAZING!?! WIMPY SHOT 126 AND, POPEYE, YOU SHOT 126!!!
?
?
GOOD HEAVENS, A TIE!?!
GORF IS SURE HARD ON YER HEAD!


THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO — YOU'LL HAVE TO PLAY ONE MORE HOLE TO SEE WHO WINS!
'AT'S OKAY BY ME! I STILL SEZ I KIN BEAT HIM!!
LIKEWISE, I TOO SAY OKAY!
FLY AWAY MY LOVELY— FLY STRAIGHT AND TRUE!
TERRIFIC, WIMPY — YOU'RE ON THE GREEN!
CRACK
BLOW ME DOWN, WIMPY — YA MAKES IT TOUGH TO BEAT YA!
WAIT TILL HE STARTS TO SWING — I'LL SHOW HIM HOW TOUGH IT IS!
GOOD HEAVENS!?! THAT'S A BOULDER!
SURE IT'S A BOULDER!! BUT I CAN'T LET HIM BEAT YOU — HE'D LAUGH AT ME!
I DON'T LIKE TO BE LAUGHED AT!!
WELL, HERE GOES — I HOPES I KIN DO AS WELL AS WIMPY— I KNOWS I KIN IF I DOESN'T GIT HIT IN'A HEAD AGAIN!


THAT'LL THROW HIS SHOT OFF !!
BONG
?
SPLAT
BLAST YA, ROUGH-HOUSE — I SAW YA THROW 'AT ROCK!!
HAW! HAW! SO WHAT! ALL YOU CAN DO IS BEAT ME UP — YOU CAN'T LAUGH AT ME !!
HAW!
SWISH
EVEN THOUGH POPEYE WAS HIT, HE SUCCEEDED IN STRIKING THE GOLF BALL!
SPLAT
A HUNDRED YARDS AWAY IT HITS A TREE AND REVERSES ITS DIRECTION —
HAW HAW!
—AND UNSEEN, NEARS THE LAUGHING ROUGH-HOUSE —
GULP!
?
?
?
!
ARF! ARF! LOOK AT ROUGH-HOUSE! ARF! HE JUS' SWALLOWED ME GORF BALL!
ARF!


MY GORSH!?! WHAT YAM I LAUGHIN' ABOUT? THAT IS THE ONLY GORF BALL I HAS!!
?
THIS TIME-I'M SURE OUR LITTLE CONTEST IS OVER!
AS YOU ARE UNABLE TO FINISH-I AM THE VICTOR! I'LL HAVE STEAK FOR DINNER TONIGHT.
YA MEANS YA WILL NOT LET ME USE ONE OF YER GORF BALLS?
SIR! AT THE MOMENT I HAVE VICTORY IN MY HAND- IT WOULD BE STUPID OF ME TO THROW IT AWAY BY GIVING YOU THE USE OF ONE OF MY GOLF BALLS!
THEN THEY IS ONLY ONE THING TO DO! IT'S TOO BAD YOU HAD TO SWALLOW ME BALL!
?
CRASH!
THERE YA IS, WIMPY_ I HAS HOLED OUT IN TWO!
ARF!
?


I SUNK ME BALL IN TWO STROKES - THE BEST YOU CAN DO IS TIE ME BY SINKING YOUR PUTT!
POPEYE, I AM STYMIED - WILL YOU PLEASE REMOVE YOUR BALL FROM THE HOLE!
ARF! ARF! I DOES NOT HAVE TO REMOVE ME BALL FROM THE HOLE -
-IF YA HAD PLAYED FAIR I WOULD DO IT, BUT TO TEACH YOU A LESSON I WILL NOT - YA KIN NOT SINK YER PUTT SO I WINS THE GORF MATCH!
VERY WELL, POPEYE - YOU WIN!! BUT I THINK IT UNFAIR TO JUST PUNISH ME - AFTER ALL, ROUGH-HOUSE WAS THE ONE TO HIT YOU WITH THE STONES!
DON'T WORRY - I THOUGHT OF THAT!
HELP ME GIT HIM OUT AND I WILL START PUNISHIN' HIM!
DOES YA UN'ERSTAN'? IF YA DOESN'T DO IT, I WILL USE YA FER A PUNCHIN' BAG!
OKAY! OKAY!
YOUR IDEA OF PUNISHMENT FOR ROUGH-HOUSE IS VERY PLEASING TO MY TUMMY!
HE'S GOT TO FEED BOTH OF US FREE FER ONE MONTH!!
PHOOEY!
BAH!
THE END

With a skillful pull of the right oar, Pappy swung the small boat into the bank. Little Swee'pea hopped out and yanked the craft up onto the sand.

"ARF! ARF!" happily laughed Pappy. "This is what I calls a beautiful little island. I yam glad that big storm threw us off our course and ruined our water supply."

The two seamen turned towards the sea and waved to Popeye who had stayed aboard the "Lady Olive" to make repairs on her rigging. The Lady Olive was too large a vessel to get through the reefs around the island, so it had been necessary for Pappy and Swee'pea to use one of the small life-boats to go after fresh water.

"I won'ers if they is any animals or cannibals on this here island," mused Swee'pea as he looked about.

"Naw," assured Pappy. "All of the islands in these seas is uninhabited and there isn't any animals bigger than a rabbit on any of them."

The two seamen headed inland to look for a fresh water spring to fill their casks.

Suddenly Swee'pea, who was leading the way, spotted a clump of bushes and started running for them, at the same time calling over his shoulder to Pappy. "I bet there is a spring in the middle of those bushes!"

Pappy, who was enjoying the peace and quiet of the island, wasn't in as big a hurry as the little fellow, so he took his time in following him. He chuckled to himself as he saw Swee'-pea dive into the bushes and disappear. "ARF! ARF! Doesn't he realize that the sooner we fills our casks, the sooner we will have to leave this lovely island?"

His amusement at Swee'pea quickly dissolved as the little boy came flying out of the bushes like a cannon ball shot from a gun.

"Ahoy, ya silly boy kid, what is ya doin'?" he yelled as Swee'pea flew over his head in a high arc and lit in the top of a sixty-foot palm tree. "Where did ya learn to jump like that?"

Swee'pea poked his head out of the foliage of the treetop and angrily yelled at the old gent below him on the ground. "Don't be silly yerself. I did not jump. Some swab in those bushes threw me out."

"ARF! ARF!" jeered Pappy, "you little kids sure has good imagination. Didn't I tell ya they was nothin' on these islands bigger than a rabbit?"

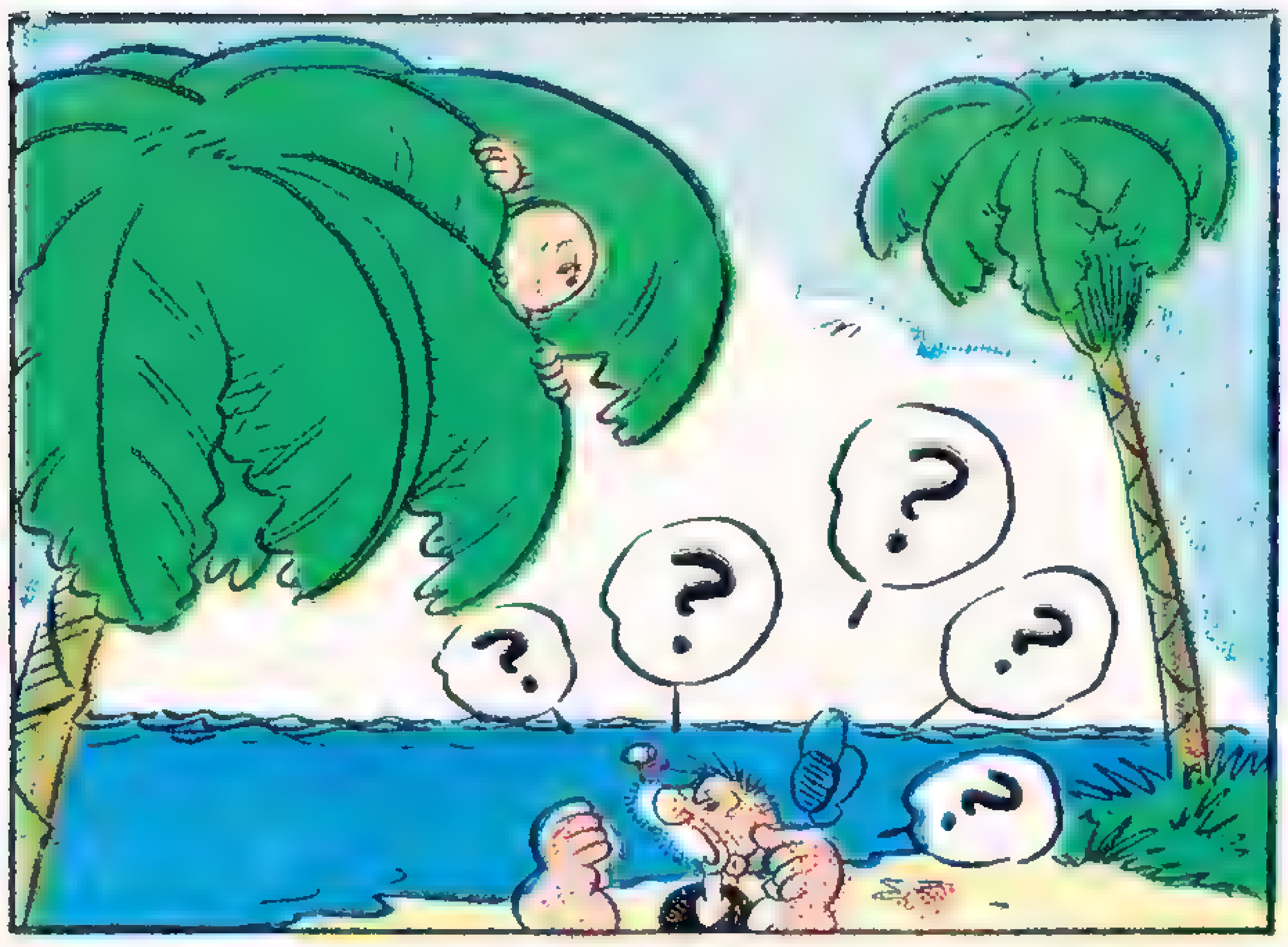
"If ya would only learn to listing to yer elders, ya would not git such goofy ideas. Ya musta jumped, and to prove they is nobody in those bushes, I will go in and search them meself."

Quickly doing as he said he would, Pappy turned and entered the bushes and about seventeen seconds later found himself sitting along side of Swee'pea in the top of the tree.

"ERF! ERF!" gleefully laughed the little boy, "I supposes you jumped all the way up here by yerself?"

The startled and confused old man shook his head and said, "I does not understand it. What could be in those bushes?"

"Well," declared Swee'pea, as he slid down the tree trunk followed by Pappy, "there is a spring in the center



of those bushes. I got a glimpse of it just before I was tossed out."

"Well, we has to have water so we will have to find another spring and forgit about this one," declared Pappy as he walked away. He seemed more than pleased to have an excuse not to find out what was in the bushes.

An hour later the two weary seamen had returned again to the bushes from which they had been tossed. They had searched the whole island and had found no other source of fresh water.

"Popeye would be mad at us if we were to return wit'out gittin' some water," Swee'pea said.

"They is only one thing to do," said Pappy, "we will both take a water cask and enter the bushes at the same time. One of us will be able to fill our cask while the swab what is in there is tossin' out the other one."

Putting Pappy's plan into action, they each picked up a water cask, and at a word from Pappy, they made a mad dash into the center of the little clump of bushes. With a roar and a flying of twigs and leaves, the bushes exploded. Out of the center of the churning foliage, first Pappy and then Swee'pea came flying, followed closely behind by the water casks. Swee'pea, beginning to feel like a football, landed in the same tree as before. Pappy wasn't as lucky. He landed on the hard packed ground below.

"WOW!" the old man shouted angrily as he picked himself up. " 'AT does it. To heck wit' the water. I yam going back to the ship."

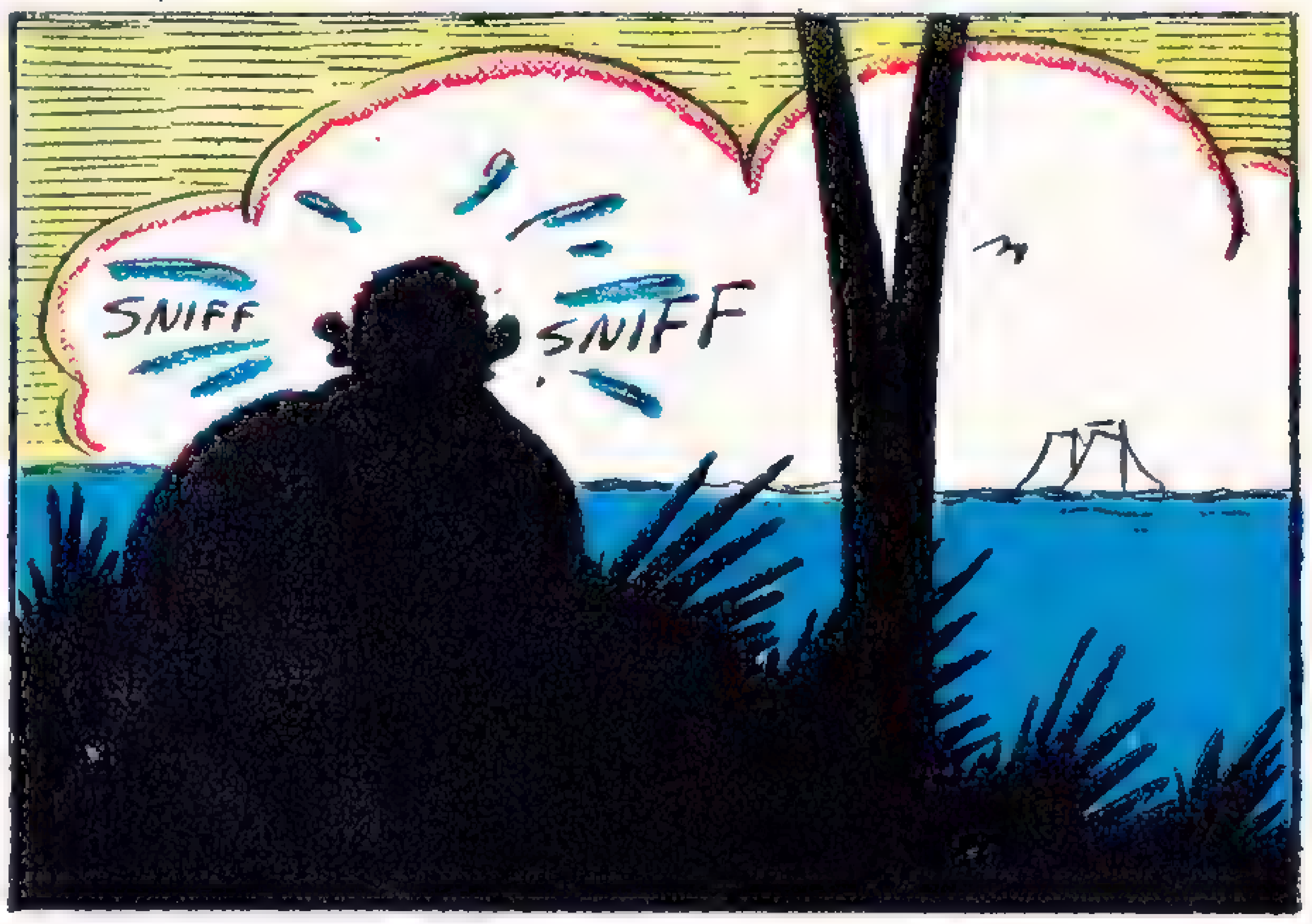
Swee'pea followed him to the small boat on the sand and said, "But what will we do about water? Popeye won't like it if we comes back wit'out any."

"We will tell him what has happened and he will un'erstan'. We will git plenty of water on some other island."

A little while later as Popeye's ship, the Lady Olive, pulled away from the island, a huge man-like creature came out of the bushes and squatted on the beach. With a tear in each eye, he watched the sail disappear over the horizon.

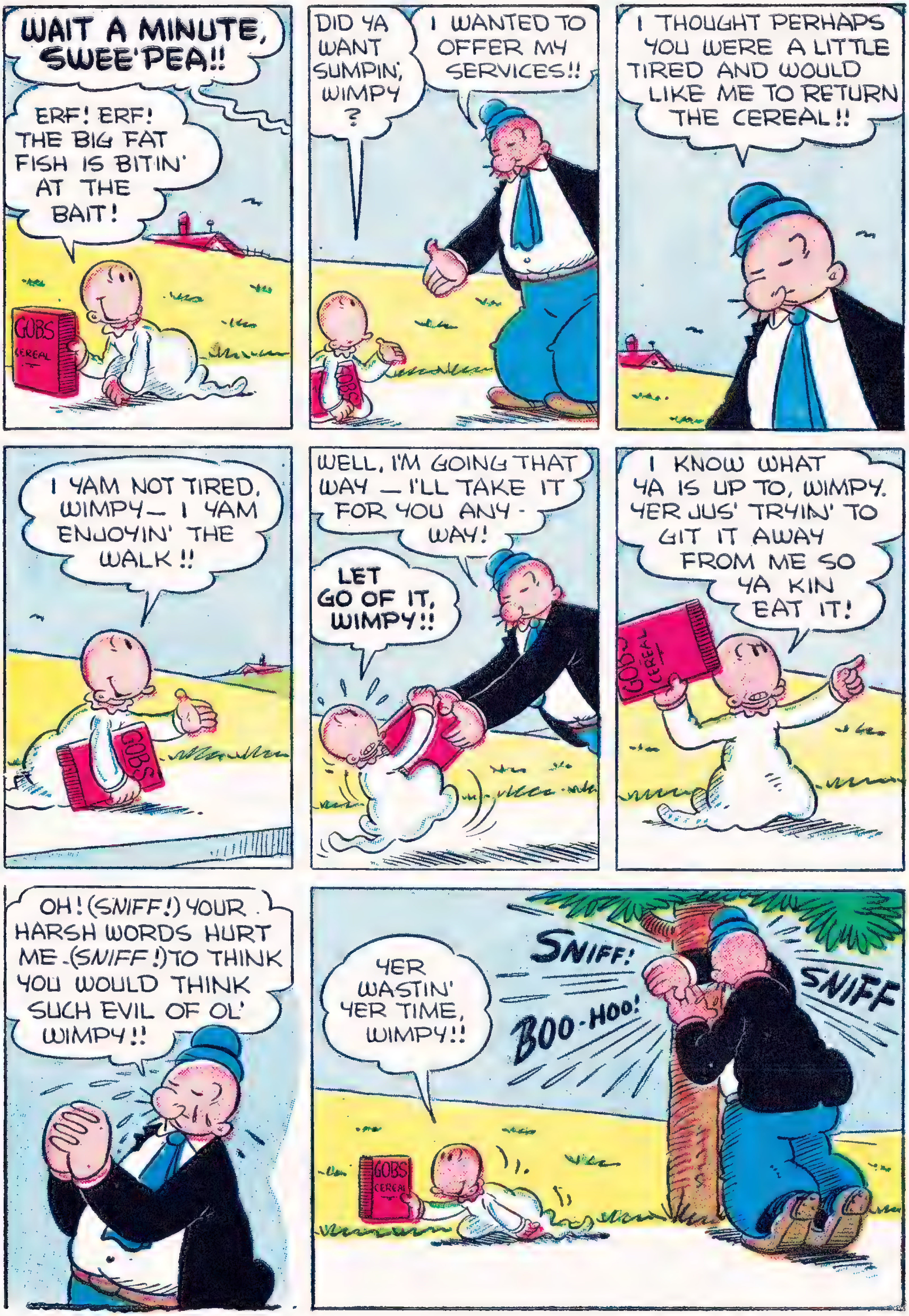
It was Gargo, a tame circus gorilla, who had been the sole survivor of a shipwreck many months before. He wondered as he sadly sat there, why the man beings hadn't waited for him to welcome them to his island. He thought to himself as he retraced his way back to his camp sight. Perhaps he had been a little rough on them when they had disturbed him at his bath but he had been taught by his trainer to always take a bath before receiving guests and that was what he had tried to do, but the man things had kept interrupting him.

This all happened some time ago and if you look closely enough with a large magnifying glass at a chart of those waters, you will see a little speck and beside it the name, Tossing Springs Island. Pappy and Swee'pea had named it and there isn't a sailor on the sea who would think of landing there, for they know what the name means. But some time perhaps some super-brave or unknowing seaman will come upon the island and take Gargo back to civilization and to the circus that he misses so much, as he waits every day watching for a sail to appear.



WIMPY
GR-R!
IN
EASY TO FIND!
By Bud Sagendorf
DOGGONE IT! THERE'S WIMPY AGAIN!
BE PATIENT, WIMPY. IT WON'T BE TOO LONG NOW!
THE BIG FAT MOOCHER. HE THINKS I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE'S WAITIN' FER!!
HE'S JUS' WAITIN' FER POPEYE TO SEND ME TO THE STORE!
BAH!
AS SOON AS I BUYS SUMPIN' AT THE STORE, HE'LL TRY TO GIT IT AWAY FROM ME TO EAT IT!
ERF! ERF! I HAS GOT AN IDEA!!
I THINKS I WILL TEACH OL' WIMPY A LESSON!

I WISH HE'D HURRY UP AND MAKE HIS DAILY TRIP TO THE MARKET— I'M HUNGRY!!
AH!! AT LAST THE LITTLE RASCAL IS COMING OUT!!
PEEK-A-BOO! GREETINGS, LITTLE FRIEND!
OH-HELLO, WIMPY!
OFF TO THE STORE—I TRUST?
YEAH, WIMPY, I HAS TO TAKE BACK THIS BOX OF CEREAL—POPEYE DOESN'T LIKE THIS KIND!
GOING TO BUY A LOT OF NICE FOOD AT THE STORE?
NAW! I YAM BUYIN' NUTHIN'—JUS' TAKIN' THIS BACK!!
WELL, I'LL BE SEEIN' YA, WIMPY— I YAM IN A HURRY!!
!
!
BAH!! CURSES!!! HE'S NOT GOING TO BUY ANY FOOD!!
GR-R!
GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT AM I THINKING OF? CEREAL IS BETTER THAN NOTHING!
CEREAL IS QUITE FILLING!!
YOO! HOO! SWEE'PEA, WAIT FOR UNCLE WIMPY!


WAIT A MINUTE, SWEE'PEA!!
ERF! ERF! THE BIG FAT FISH IS BITIN' AT THE BAIT!
GOBS CEREAL
DID YA WANT SUMPIN', WIMPY ?
I WANTED TO OFFER MY SERVICES!!
I THOUGHT PERHAPS YOU WERE A LITTLE TIRED AND WOULD LIKE ME TO RETURN THE CEREAL!!
I YAM NOT TIRED, WIMPY— I YAM ENJOYIN' THE WALK!!
GOBS
WELL, I'M GOING THAT WAY — I'LL TAKE IT FOR YOU ANY-WAY!
LET GO OF IT, WIMPY!!
I KNOW WHAT YA IS UP TO, WIMPY. YER JUS' TRYIN' TO GIT IT AWAY FROM ME SO YA KIN EAT IT!
GOBS CEREAL
OH! (SNIFF!) YOUR HARSH WORDS HURT ME. (SNIFF!) TO THINK YOU WOULD THINK SUCH EVIL OF OL' WIMPY!!
YER WASTIN' YER TIME, WIMPY!!
SNIFF!
SNIFF
BOO-HOO!
GOBS CEREAL

BAH!! THE YOUNG LAD HAS A HEART OF STONE!!
ERF! ERF! WIMPY IS SURE HUNGRY FER WHA'S IN THIS BOX!!
GOBS CEREAL
I THINK HE IS HUNGRY ENOUGH NOW TO LET HIM HAVE IT!
I WILL SIT HERE AND PRETEND THAT I HAS GONE TO SLEEP_
GOBS CEREAL
GOOD HEAVENS!?! DO MY EYES DECEIVE ME? THE LAD IS ASLEEP!!
Z Z Z
HEY! GIVE ME BACK MY CEREAL!
!
ERF! ERF!
YA BETTER GIVE IT BACK TO ME, WIMPY, OR YA'LL BE SORRY!!
PHOOEY!! TO YOU, SIR!! POSSESSION IS NINE-TENTHS OF THE LAW!!

OH, BOY!! WAIT TILL HE EATS IT!
ERF! ERF! ERF! ERF!
AHOY, SWEE'PEA - HAS YA SEEN WIMPY?
ERF! ERF! YES! I HAS SEEN HIM!!
WHERE IS HE NOW?
I DOESN'T KNOW, BUT I WILL BE ABLE TO FIND HIM IN A MINUTE!
WHAT DOES YA MEAN? DID HE TELL YA WHERE HE WAS GOIN'?
NO--BUT HE STOLE A BOX OF BREAKFAST CEREAL FROM ME AND WHEN HE EATS IT I WILL BE ABLE TO TELL YA WHERE HE IS!!
I DOESN'T GIT IT?
? ?
YA WILL IN A SECOND!
? ? ? ?
COME ON!! FOLLOW ME!! HE IS OVER THERE SOME-PLACE!
IS YA SURE YA KNOWS WHERE HE IS??
I YAM POSITIVE!

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 of Popeye published bimonthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1949, State of New York, County of New York, ss:

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of the Popeye Comics and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semiweekly, or triweekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (Section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Helen Meyer, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Helen Meyer, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Margarita Delacorte, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

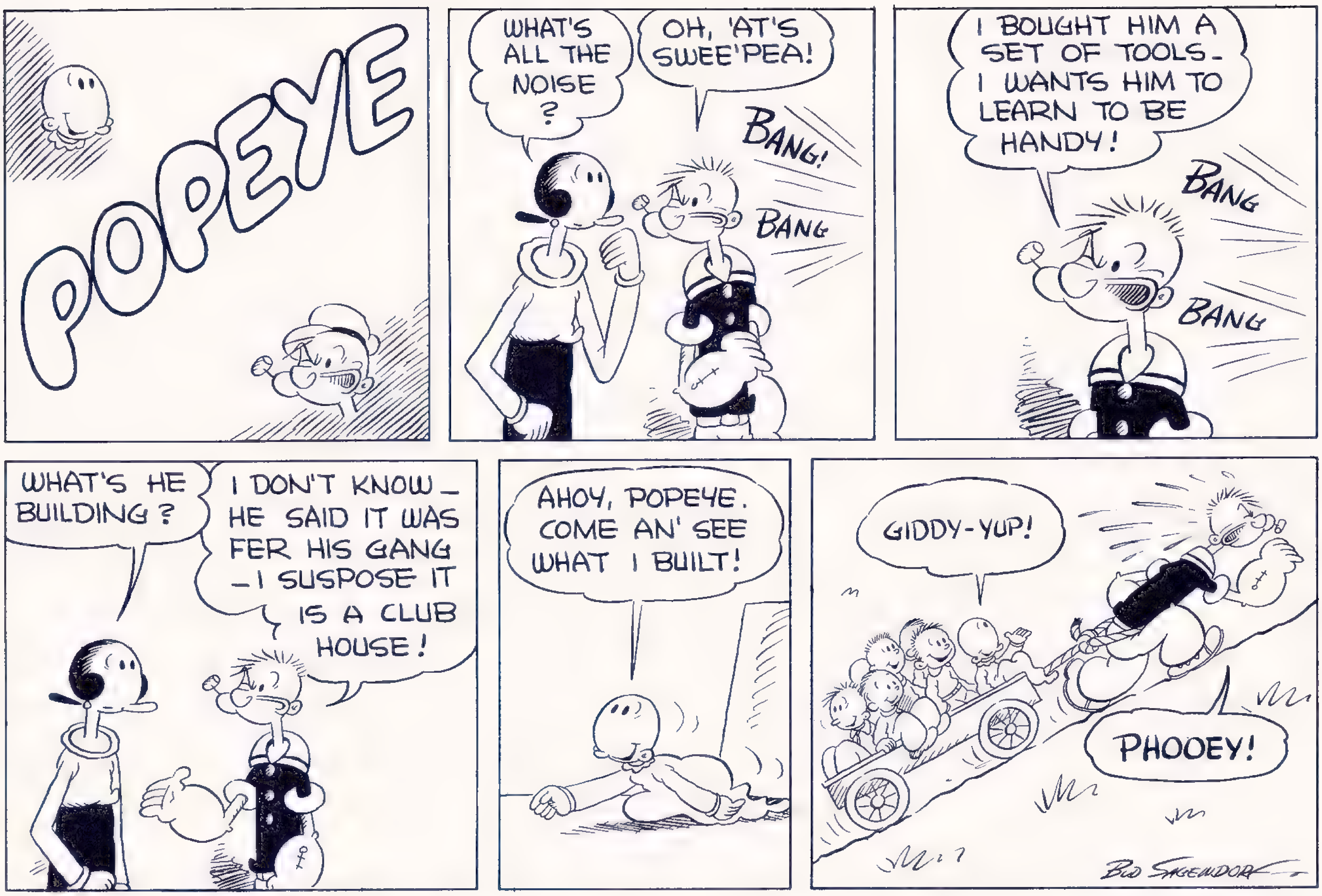
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(*Signed*) HELEN MEYER
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 12th day of September, 1949

JEANNETTE SMITH (GREEN)

(SEAL) (My Commission Expires March 30, 1950)



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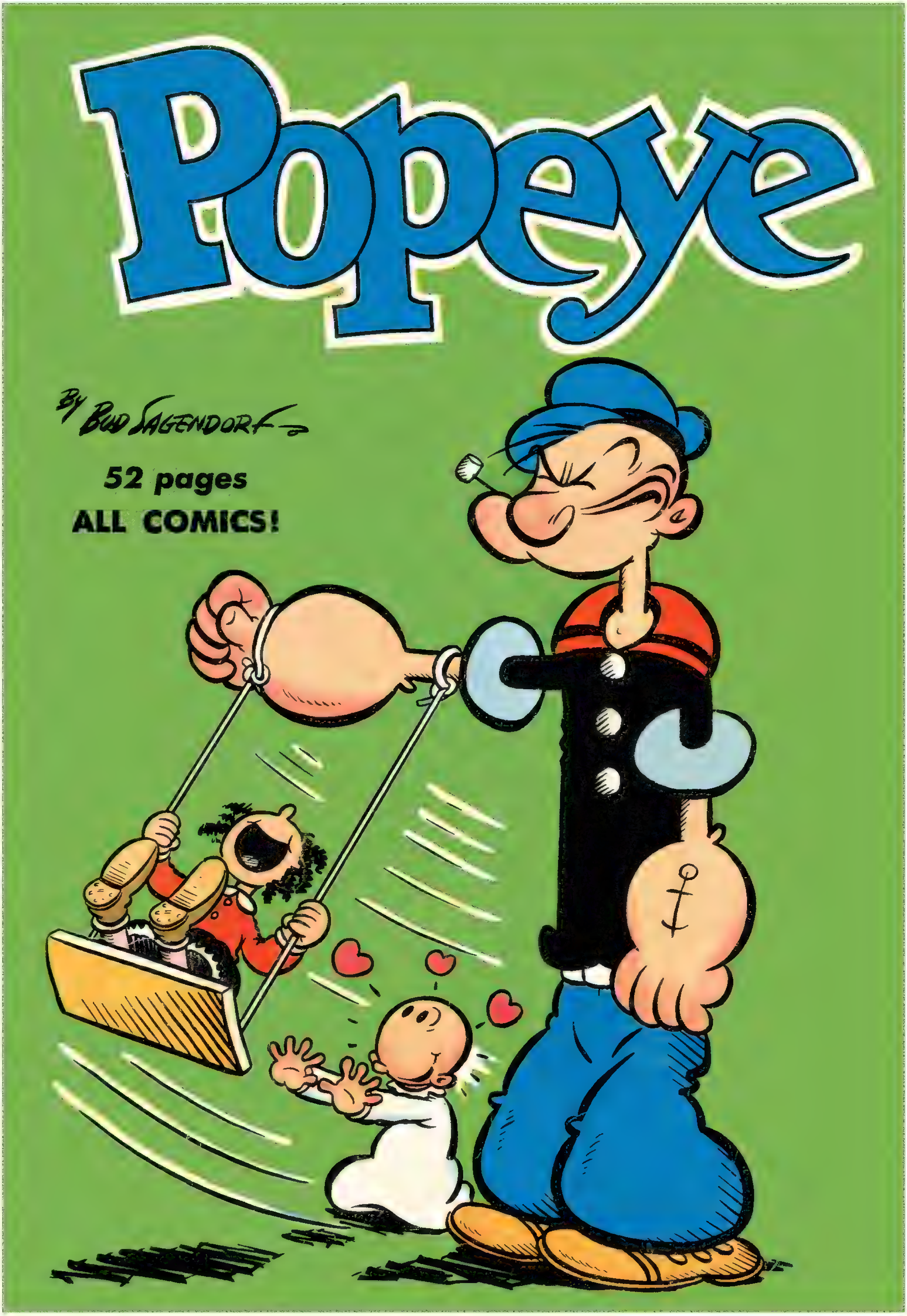
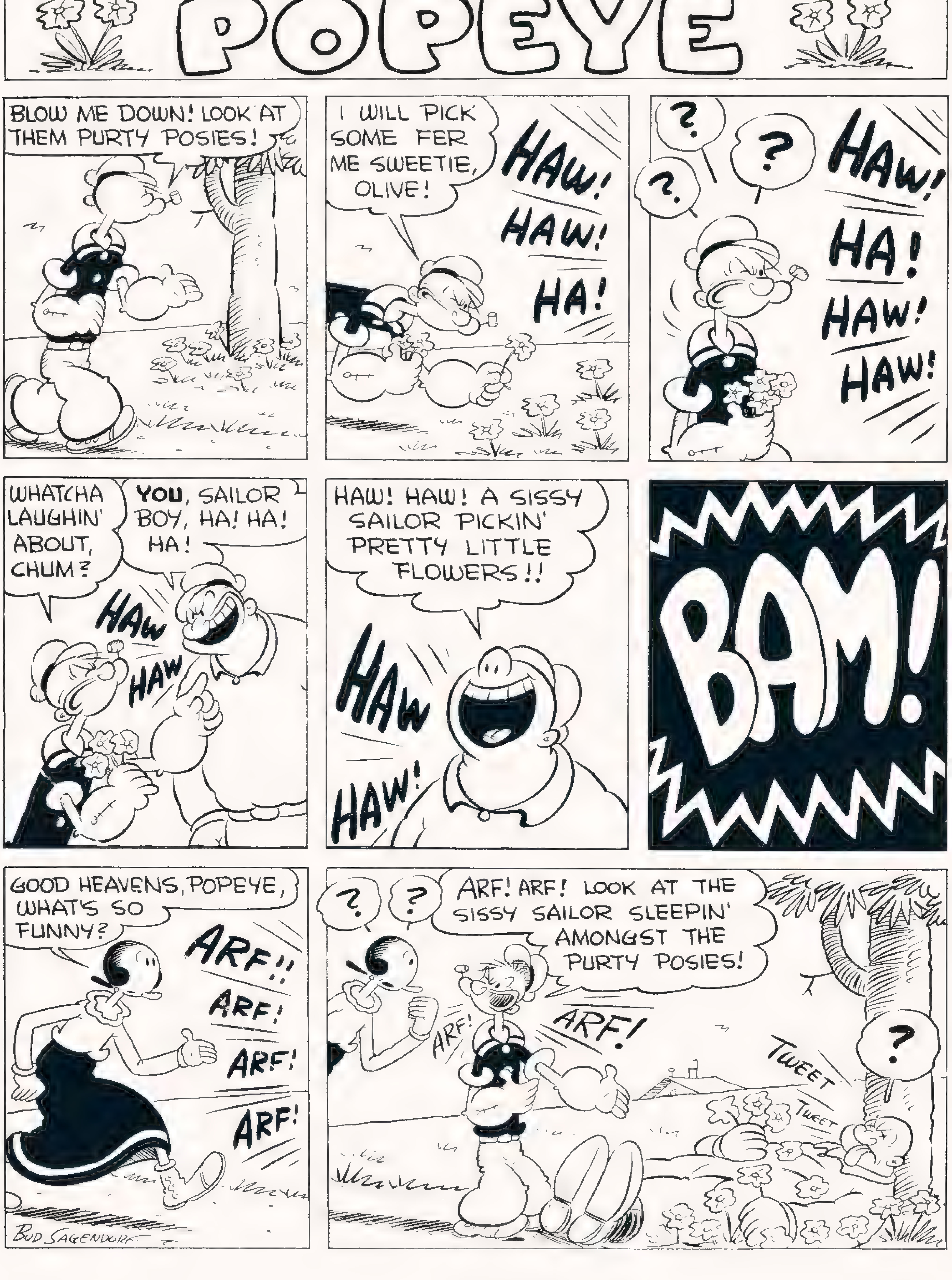


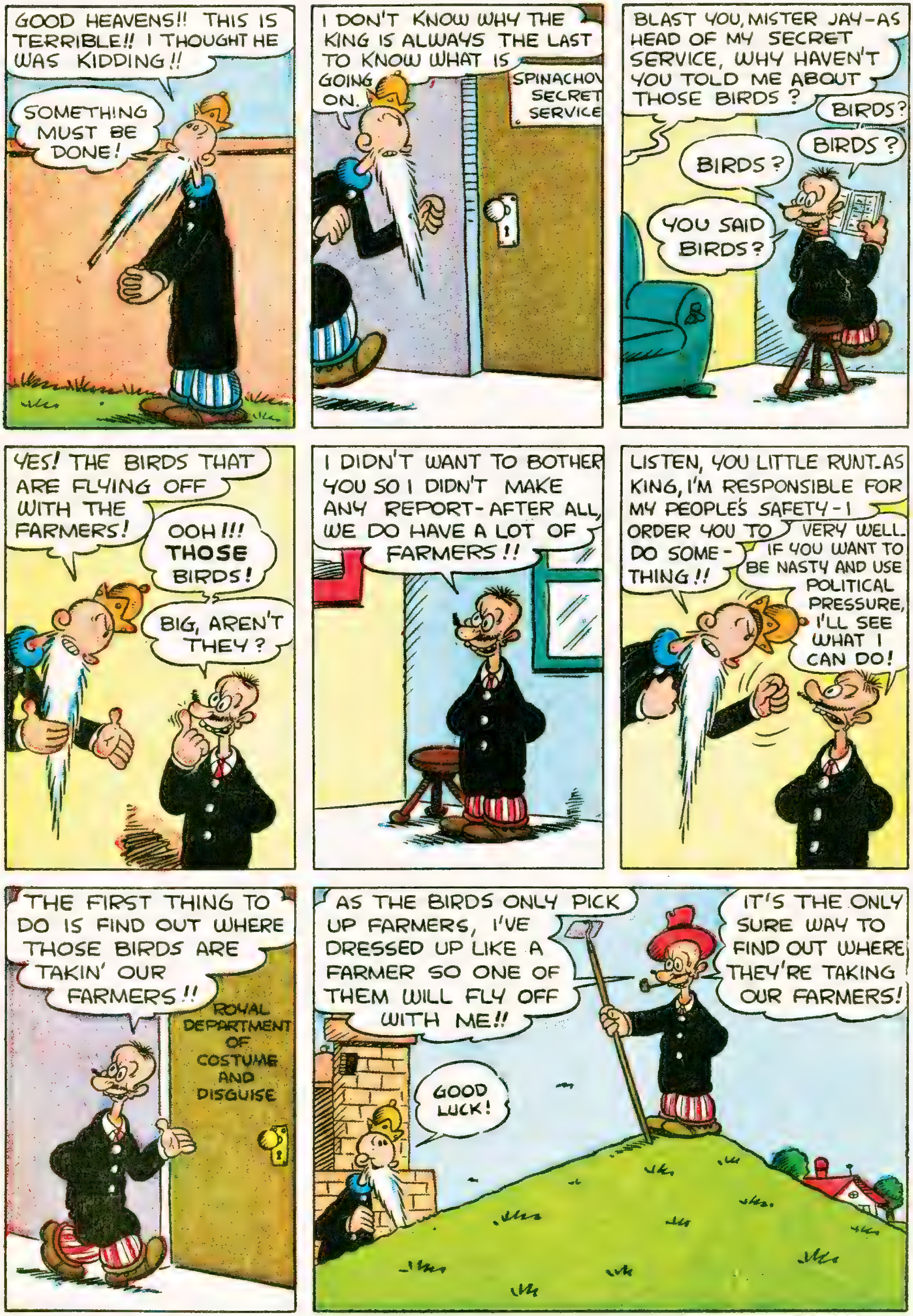
 Popeye #12, April-June 1950


POPEYE
BLOW ME DOWN! LOOK AT THEM PURTY POSIES!
I WILL PICK SOME FER ME SWEETIE, OLIVE!
HAW! HAW! HA!
HAW! HA! HAW! HAW!
WHATCHA LAUGHIN' ABOUT, CHUM?
YOU, SAILOR BOY, HA! HA! HA!
HAW HAW
HAW! HAW! A SISSY SAILOR PICKIN' PRETTY LITTLE FLOWERS!!
HAW HAW!
BAM!
GOOD HEAVENS, POPEYE, WHAT'S SO FUNNY?
ARF!! ARF! ARF! ARF!
ARF! ARF! LOOK AT THE SISSY SAILOR SLEEPIN' AMONGST THE PURTY POSIES!
ARF! ARF!
TWEET TWEET
BUD SAGENDORF

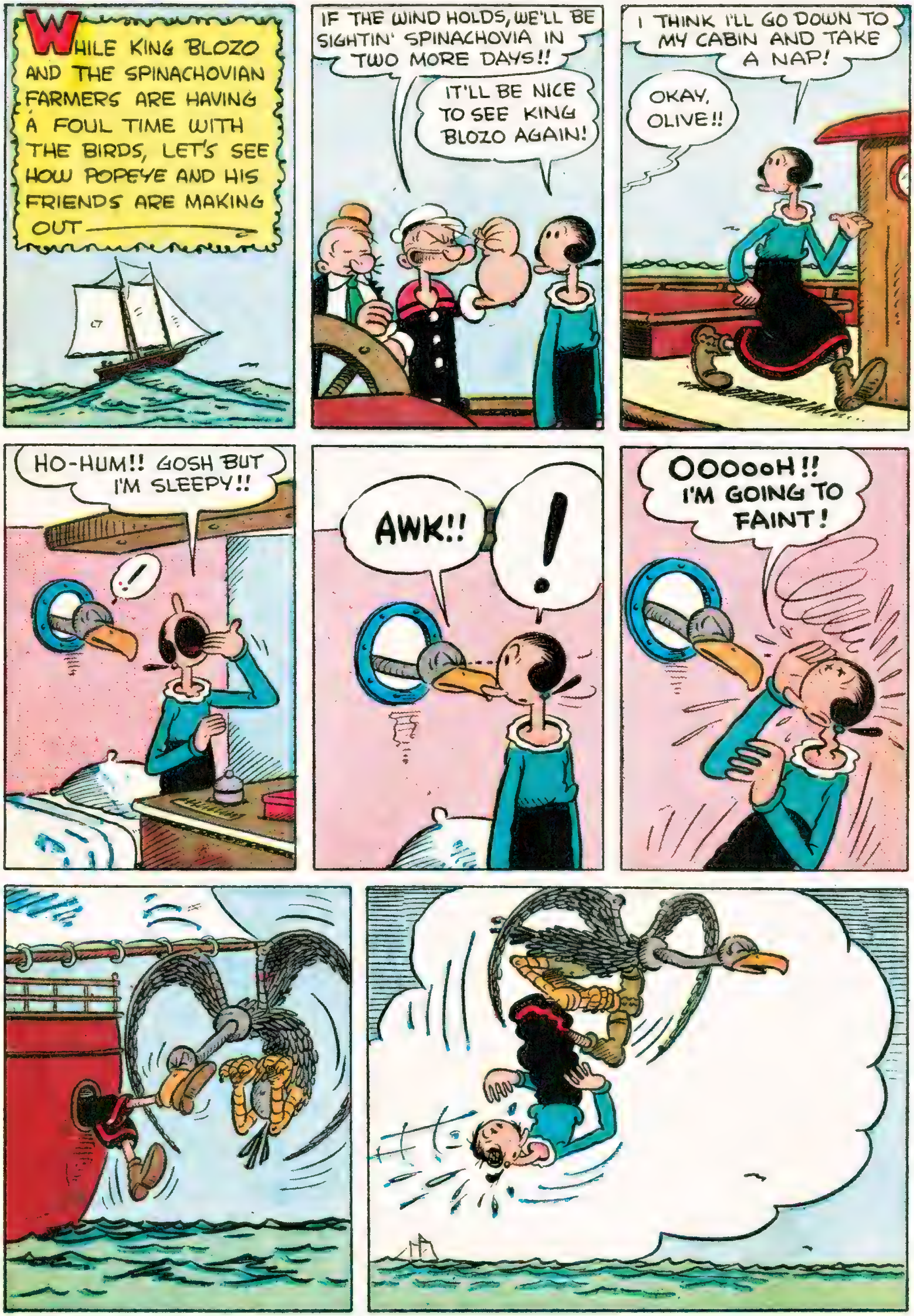
Thimble Theatre Presents
A TALE OF MYSTERY ENTITLED
"WITCH WHISTLE"
OR
"TOOT! TOOT! TWEET!!!"
OR
"RINGS, WITCHES AND RADISHES!!"
OR
"PITY A RADISH FARMER ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS!"
STARRING THAT STAUNCH DEFENDER OF THE WEAK AND RIGHTER OF WRONG,
POPEYE THE SAILOR!
SAILIN' SAILIN' ♫!! HOT DORG!! IT SURE IS SWELL TO BE AT SEA AGAIN!
ARF! ARF! I BET OL' KING BLOZO WILL BE SUSPRIZED TO SEE US WHEN WE SAILS INTO HIS HARBOR.
POPEYE #12-504

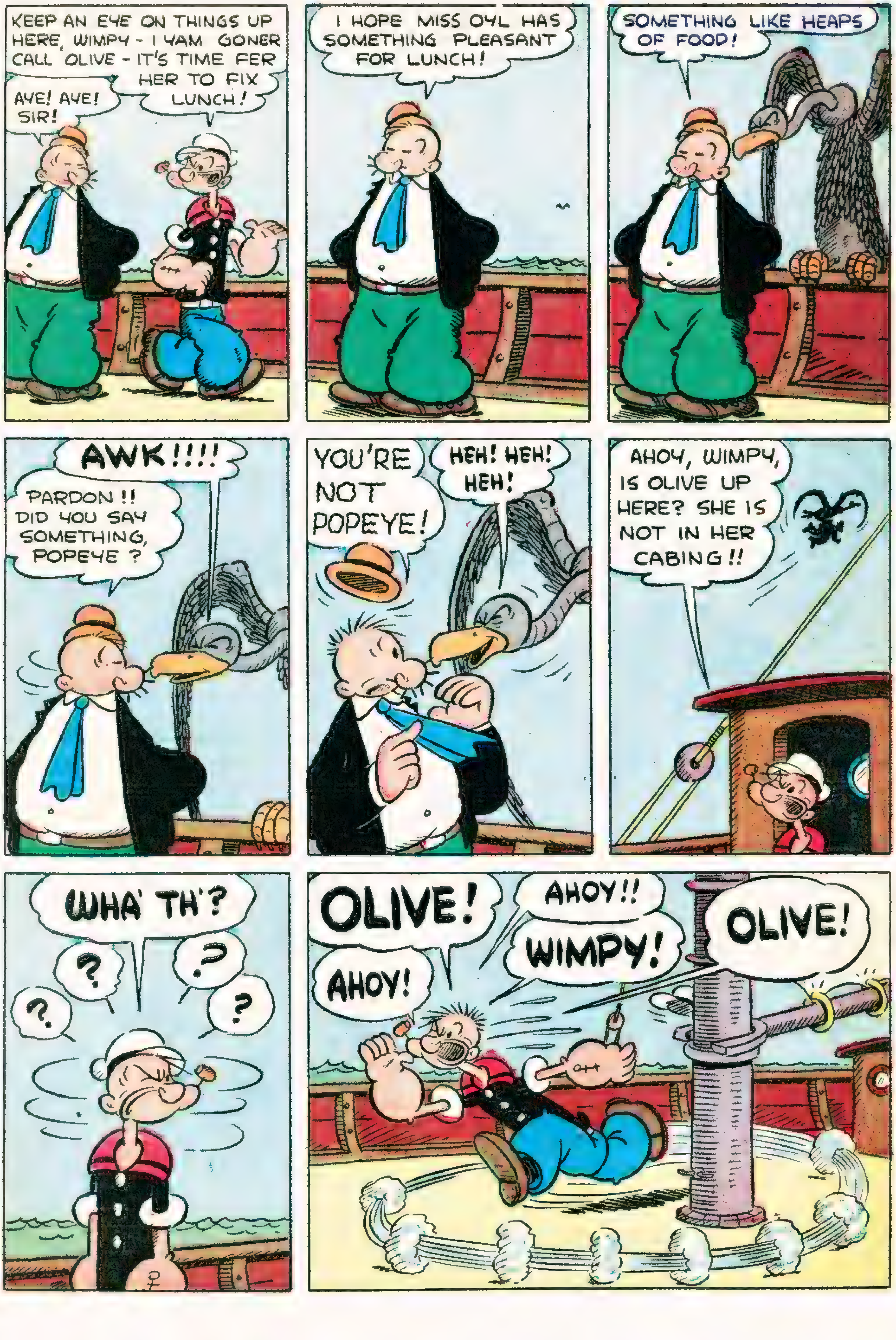
WHILE POPEYE SAILS HAPPILY FOR SPINACHOVIA, TO VISIT HIS OLD PAL, KING BLOZO, HE DOESN'T KNOW THAT THE LITTLE ISLAND KINGDOM IS IN THE MIDST OF AN EVIL CRISIS - INSTEAD OF KING BLOZO BEING SURPRISED AT POPEYE'S VISIT, IT WILL BE THE SAILOR-MAN WHO IS SURPRISED, FOR SPINACHOVIA IS FIGHTING FOR HER LIFE!
DAD-RAT-IT!! THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH!! I'M GOING TO SEE THE KING!!
ROYAL PALACE ONE MILE
OKAY! OKAY! WHERE IS HE? WHERE'S BLOZO? I WANT TO SEE HIM!
?
PALACE
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, KING BLOZO THE FIRST, IS IN HIS DAHLIA GARDEN AND IS SEEING NO PEASANTS TODAY.
OH YEAH?!
BAH!! WHO'S THIS GUY BLOZO THINK HE IS?? HE'LL SEE ME OR ELSE!!
AH!! THERE HE IS!!! **HEY, BLOZO, I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!!**
LISTEN, YOU SLIPSHOD MONARCH, YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO WATCH OVER AND PROTECT THE CITIZENS OF YOUR COUNTRY!!
OH DEAR, ANOTHER COMPLAINING FARMER!!

OKAY, OKAY! NOW WHAT'S YOUR TROUBLE?
IT'S THEM BIRDS!! YOU GOTTA DO SUMPIN' ABOUT THEM BIRDS!
BIRDS! HAW! HAW! WHY DON'T YOU BUILD SCARE-CROWS IF THEY'RE STEALING YOUR CROPS?
CROPS!?! PHOOEY!!
WHO CARES ABOUT THE CROPS!!! IT'S THE FARMERS!! THEM DAD-BLATED BIRDS ARE STEALING THE FARMERS!
?
?
?
THEY COME SWOOPING OUT OF THE SKY AND PICK UP A FARMER AND FLY AWAY WITH HIM!
HM ?
FORTY-TWO FARMERS IN MY NEIGHBORHOOD HAVE BEEN CARRIED OFF!!
DON'T BE SILLY!
HAW! HAW! THERE'S NO BIRD BIG ENOUGH ON THIS ISLAND TO CARRY OFF A FARMER!
OH YEAH?!
!
SEE WHAT I MEAN!!?? YA GOTTA DO SOMETHIN' ABOUT THESE BIRDS!!
?


GOOD HEAVENS!! THIS IS TERRIBLE!! I THOUGHT HE WAS KIDDING!!
SOMETHING MUST BE DONE!
I DON'T KNOW WHY THE KING IS ALWAYS THE LAST TO KNOW WHAT IS GOING ON.
SPINACHOV SECRET SERVICE
BLAST YOU, MISTER JAY-AS HEAD OF MY SECRET SERVICE, WHY HAVEN'T YOU TOLD ME ABOUT THOSE BIRDS?
BIRDS?
BIRDS?
BIRDS?
YOU SAID BIRDS?
YES! THE BIRDS THAT ARE FLYING OFF WITH THE FARMERS!
OOH!!! THOSE BIRDS!
BIG, AREN'T THEY?
I DIDN'T WANT TO BOTHER YOU SO I DIDN'T MAKE ANY REPORT-AFTER ALL, WE DO HAVE A LOT OF FARMERS!!
LISTEN, YOU LITTLE RUNT-AS KING, I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR MY PEOPLE'S SAFETY-I ORDER YOU TO DO SOMETHING!!
VERY WELL. IF YOU WANT TO BE NASTY AND USE POLITICAL PRESSURE, I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO!
THE FIRST THING TO DO IS FIND OUT WHERE THOSE BIRDS ARE TAKIN' OUR FARMERS!!
ROYAL DEPARTMENT OF COSTUME AND DISGUISE
AS THE BIRDS ONLY PICK UP FARMERS, I'VE DRESSED UP LIKE A FARMER SO ONE OF THEM WILL FLY OFF WITH ME!!
IT'S THE ONLY SURE WAY TO FIND OUT WHERE THEY'RE TAKING OUR FARMERS!
GOOD LUCK!

YOU'LL BE HEARING FROM ME, YOUR MAJESTY!!
A BRAVE MAN, MISTER JAY - A WORTHY HEAD FOR THE SPINACHOVIAN SECRET SERVICE!
I HOPE HE'LL BE SAFE!!
I SHOULDN'T WORRY - MISTER JAY IS SMART - HE CAN TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF!
!
?
SPLAT
MISTER JAY!?!
?
?
?
?
HEH! HEH! THAT BLAME BIRD DIDN'T BELIEVE I WAS A FARMER!!
TWEET TWEET


WHILE KING BLOZO AND THE SPINACHOVIAN FARMERS ARE HAVING A FOUL TIME WITH THE BIRDS, LET'S SEE HOW POPEYE AND HIS FRIENDS ARE MAKING OUT
IF THE WIND HOLDS, WE'LL BE SIGHTIN' SPINACHOVIA IN TWO MORE DAYS!!
IT'LL BE NICE TO SEE KING BLOZO AGAIN!
I THINK I'LL GO DOWN TO MY CABIN AND TAKE A NAP!
OKAY, OLIVE!!
HO-HUM!! GOSH BUT I'M SLEEPY!!
!
AWK!!
!
OOOOOH!! I'M GOING TO FAINT!


KEEP AN EYE ON THINGS UP HERE, WIMPY - I YAM GONER CALL OLIVE - IT'S TIME FER HER TO FIX LUNCH!
AYE! AYE! SIR!
I HOPE MISS OYL HAS SOMETHING PLEASANT FOR LUNCH!
SOMETHING LIKE HEAPS OF FOOD!
AWK!!!!
PARDON!! DID YOU SAY SOMETHING, POPEYE?
YOU'RE NOT POPEYE!
HEH! HEH! HEH!
AHOY, WIMPY, IS OLIVE UP HERE? SHE IS NOT IN HER CABING!!
WHA' TH'?
?
?
?
?
OLIVE!
AHOY!
AHOY!!
WIMPY!
OLIVE!

BLOW ME DOWN!! THEY IS NOWHERE ON THE SHIP!
THEY MUSTA FELL OVERBOARD!! SNIFF!! ME LIL SWEETIE AND ME OL' PAL! SNIFF!! DOWN AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA!!
SNIFF!
SNIFF!
THEY IS NOTHIN' TO DO BUT GO ON TO SPINACHOVIA - SNIFF!! I YAM A SAD SAILOR -- SNIFF - I YAM ALL ALONE!
SNIFF! SNIFF! SNIFF!
AFTER TWO HOURS' FLYING TIME, WIMPY AND HIS ABDUCTOR APPROACH A SMALL ISLAND.
GREETINGS, MISS OYL! IMAGINE MEETING YOU HERE!
WIMPY!? SO ONE OF THEM GOT YOU, TOO!!

THERE'S AN ISLAND, MISS OYL. I'LL WAGER THAT IS WHERE WE'RE BEING TAKEN!!
OOH!! IT'S A HORRIBLE LOOKING PLACE!!
OH!! WOE IS ME!!
SNIFF!! I WISH MY SAILOR BOY WAS HERE TO SAVE ME!!
I FEAR THERE IS VERY LITTLE POPEYE COULD DO TO HELP US RIGHT NOW!
WE'RE LANDING, MISS OYL!
LOOK, WIMPY!! BUILDINGS!!!
WHEREVER WE ARE, MISS OYL, AT LEAST WE'RE NOT ALONE!
?

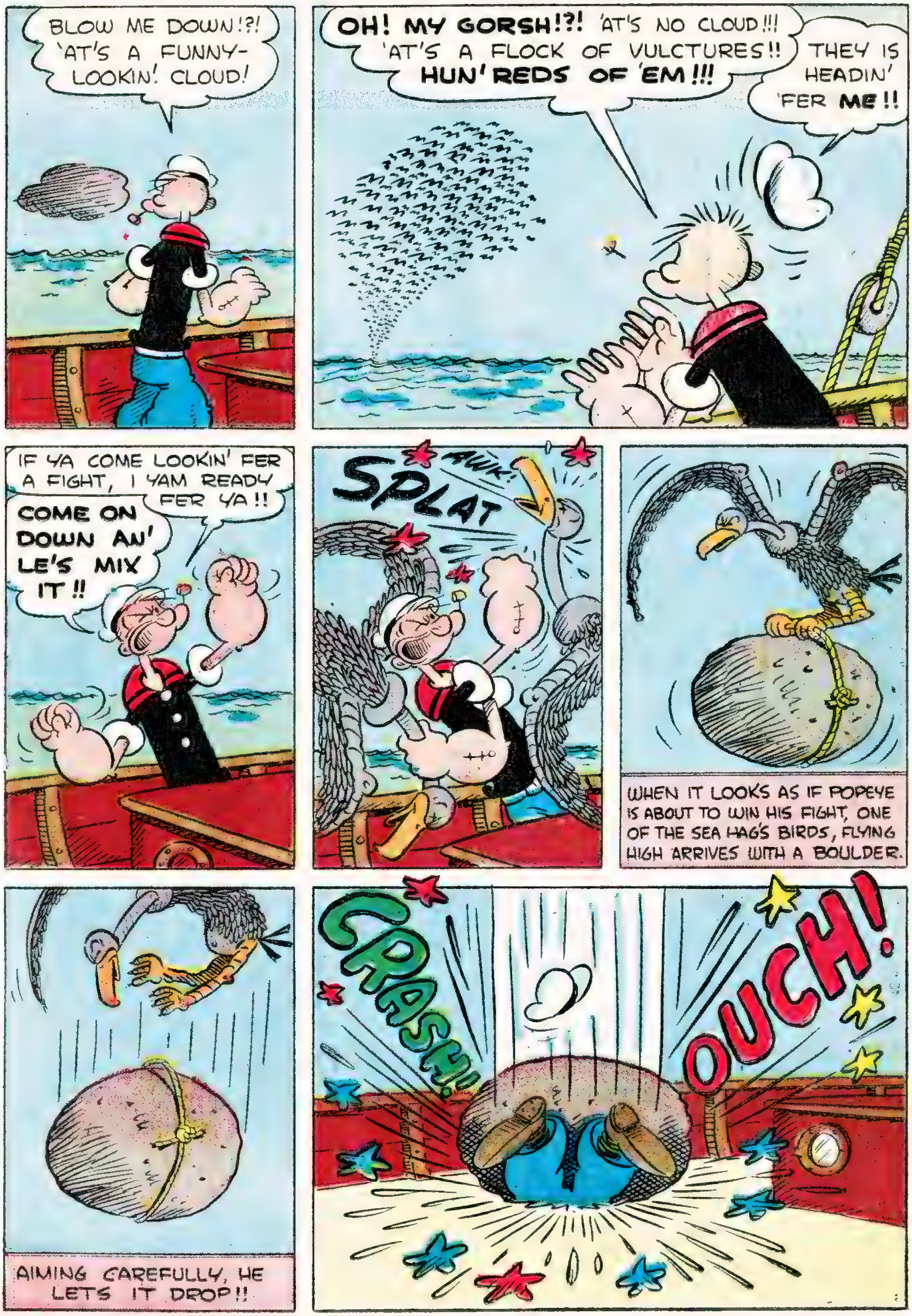
I FEAR, MISS. OYL, THAT WE ARE BEING HELD PRISONERS WITH THESE OTHER GENTLEMEN!!
THOSE GRUESOME BIRDS ARE WATCHING TO SEE THAT WE DON'T ESCAPE!!
WHAT'S THAT!?! GOOD HEAVENS! IT'S MUSIC! HORRIBLE CHILLING MUSIC!!!
GSWAK
LOOK, WIMPY, ONE OF THE BIRDS IS LEAVING - THE MUSIC MUST BE CALLING IT...
PRIVATE KEEP OUT
PRIVATE KEEP OUT
AWK GAWK YAWK!!
HEH! HEH!! HEH! HEH!
HEH! HEH! YOU STUPID CANARY!! WHAT'S THIS I HEAR ABOUT YOU AND YOUR BROTHER BRINGING TWO HUMANS HERE THAT AREN'T FARMERS? YOU KNOW I ONLY WANT FARMERS!!
GAWK!
BE QUIET!! IT'S TOO LATE TO BE SORRY!
SNIFF

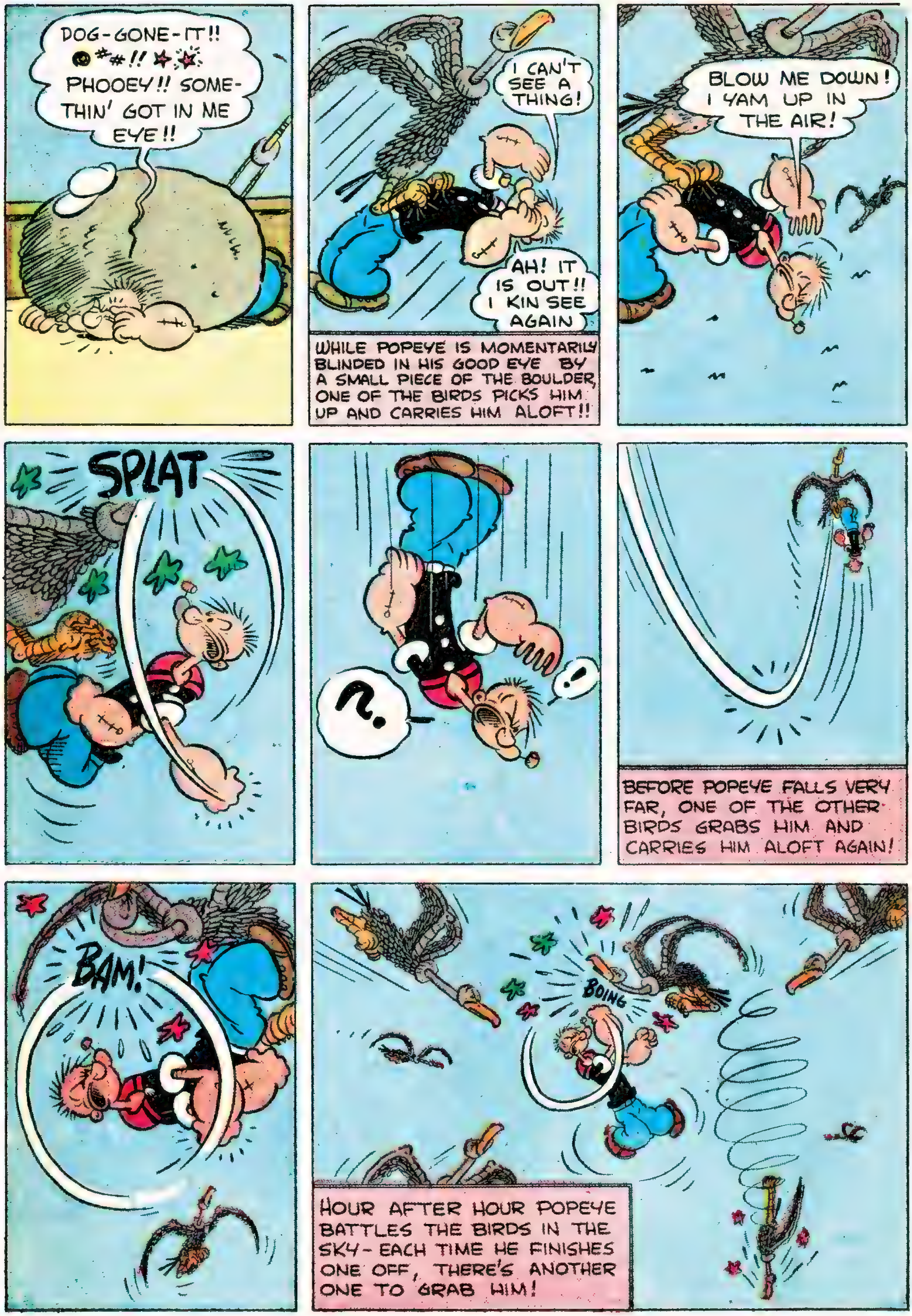
YOU KNOW I NEED FARMERS IF MY PLANS ARE TO SUCCEED! I CAN'T RULE THE WORLD IF YOU CAN'T FOLLOW ORDERS!
GAWK AWRK YOICK!!
THAT'S NO EXCUSE!!! YOU SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER!!
WHAT DO THESE TWO LOOK LIKE??
ARWARK GARWAK AWRK GARK!! GAWK YOICK GAW GAW GAWK!! AWK GYAWK!!!
WHAT? AND YOU GOT THEM OFF A SHIP! BRING THEM HERE AT ONCE!!
?
IT CAN'T BE POSSIBLE THAT IT COULD BE THEM, AND YET-- HIS DESCRIPTION OF THEM FITS PERFECTLY!
APPARENTLY THE MAKER OF THE MUSIC WISHES A WORD WITH US.
THE SEA HAG!! GULP!!
GREETINGS, HAGGY!
AWK!! WIMPY AND OL' LATH LEGS!! GR-R-R-R!! IT SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO A DOG!!

OKAY! OKAY! WHERE IS HE?? WHERE IS THE ONE-EYED DEMON?
BEG PARDON, HAGGY!
?
DON'T JUST STAND THERE -- TELL ME WHERE HE IS!! I'VE GOT TO KNOW!! HE'S THE ONLY THING IN THIS WORLD I FEAR!!
TELL ME, YOU FAT HEEL, OR I'LL PUT A PART IN THAT BULBOUS NOSE OF YOURS!
ER--HAGGY DEAR, IF IT'S -ER POPEYE YOU'RE ASKING ABOUT - HE'S BACK THERE ALONE ON HIS SHIP!
ALONE!! HEH HEH!! ALONE ON A SHIP AT SEA! THIS IS THE CHANCE I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR...
HEH! HEH! HEH! HEH!
TWEET
TOOT!
HEH!
?
I'VE JUST GIVEN INSTRUCTIONS TO MY LARGEST AND MEANEST WARRIOR-BIRD TO FLY TO POPEYE'S SHIP AND TO TEAR HIM TO PIECES!!
!
HEH! HEH! HEH! HEH!
OH! POOR POPEYE!! :SNIFF!!: DID YOU SEE THE SIZE OF THAT HORRIBLE BIRD SHE SENT TO KILL MY POOR SAILOR BOY?
BY THIS TIME HE MUST HAVE REACHED THE SHIP!
:SNIFF! SNIFF: I YAM A LONELY SAILOR -:SNIFF: THEY IS NO PLACE AS LONELY AS THE SEA, WHEN YA IS ALONE!

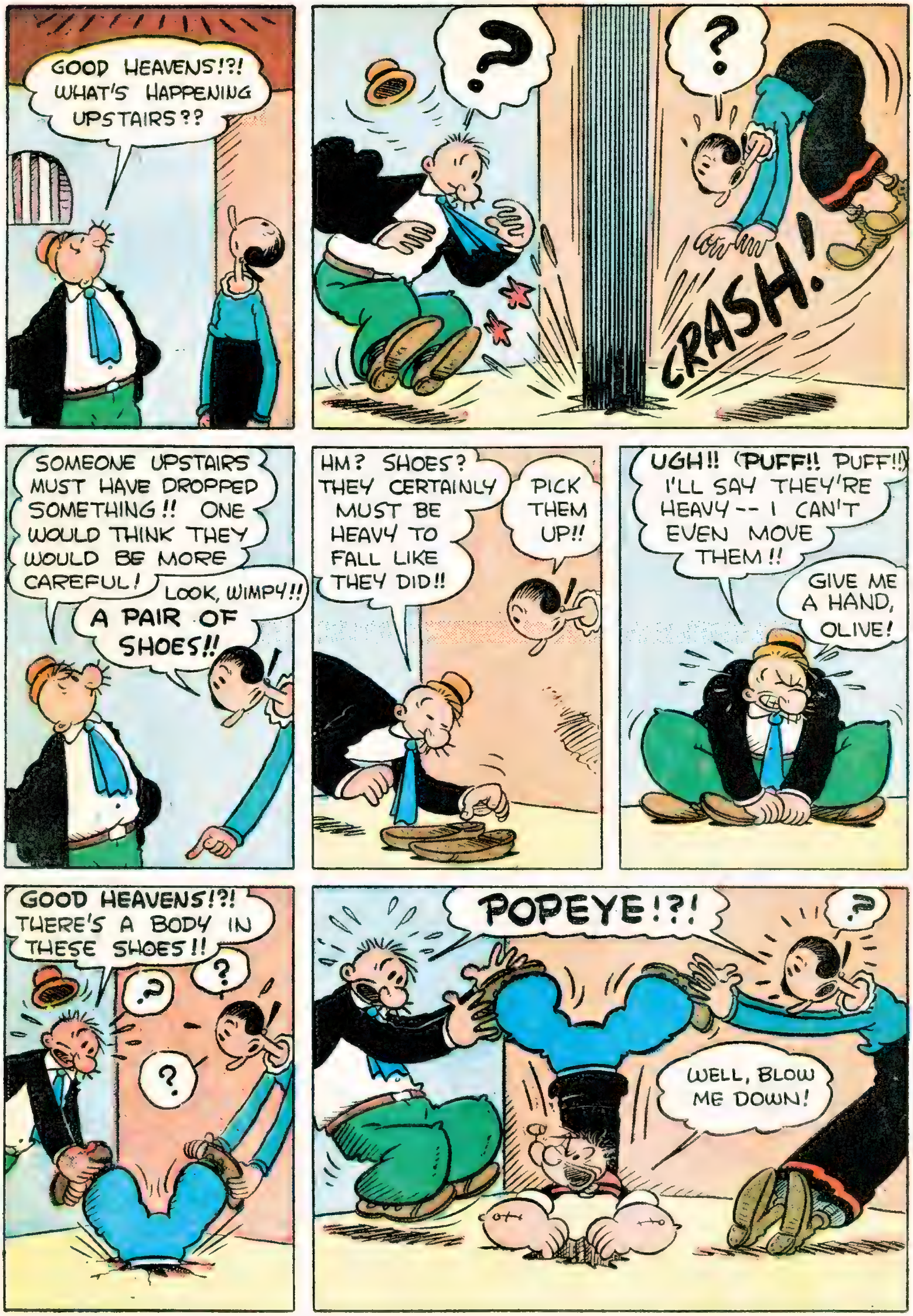
WHA-- TH--?
BLOW ME DOWN!! A VULCTURE!!
SPLAT
GRR-R-R!!!
COME ON BACK DOWN AN' FIGHT, YA BLACK PIDGIN!!
HOURS LATER
WHERE CAN HE BE? IT'S GETTING DARK. MAYBE HE'S LOST- I'D BETTER TOOT HIM A BEACON!
AH! HERE HE COMES NOW!!
AWK!! GAW!
GUWAK GNAWG!
WHAT!!! YOU LET THAT SKINNY SAILOR GET THE BEST OF YOU!! BAH!! PHOOEY!

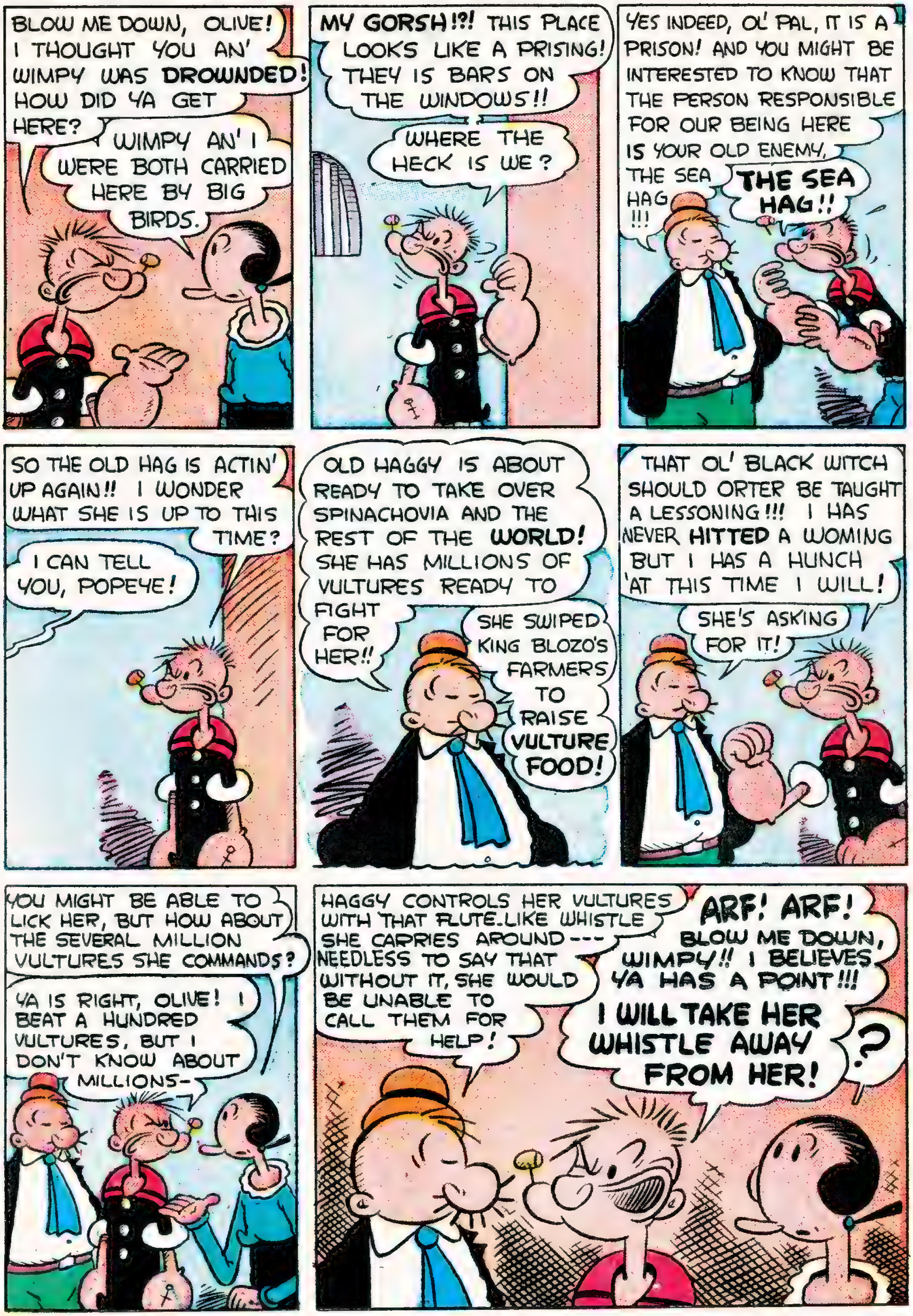
IF I'M GOING TO RULE THE WORLD WITH MY LITTLE PETS, I'LL HAVE TO GET POPEYE OUT OF THE WAY.
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO DO IT!! IF I CAN'T BEAT HIM WITH ONE BIRD, I'LL USE FIVE HUNDRED!!
YAH! YAH! GO GET HIM, YOU BEFEATHERED DEMONS OF THE SKY--- HA! HA!! FLY! FLY!! TEAR HIM TO PIECES!! HA! HA! HA!
HA!
HA!
HA! HA!

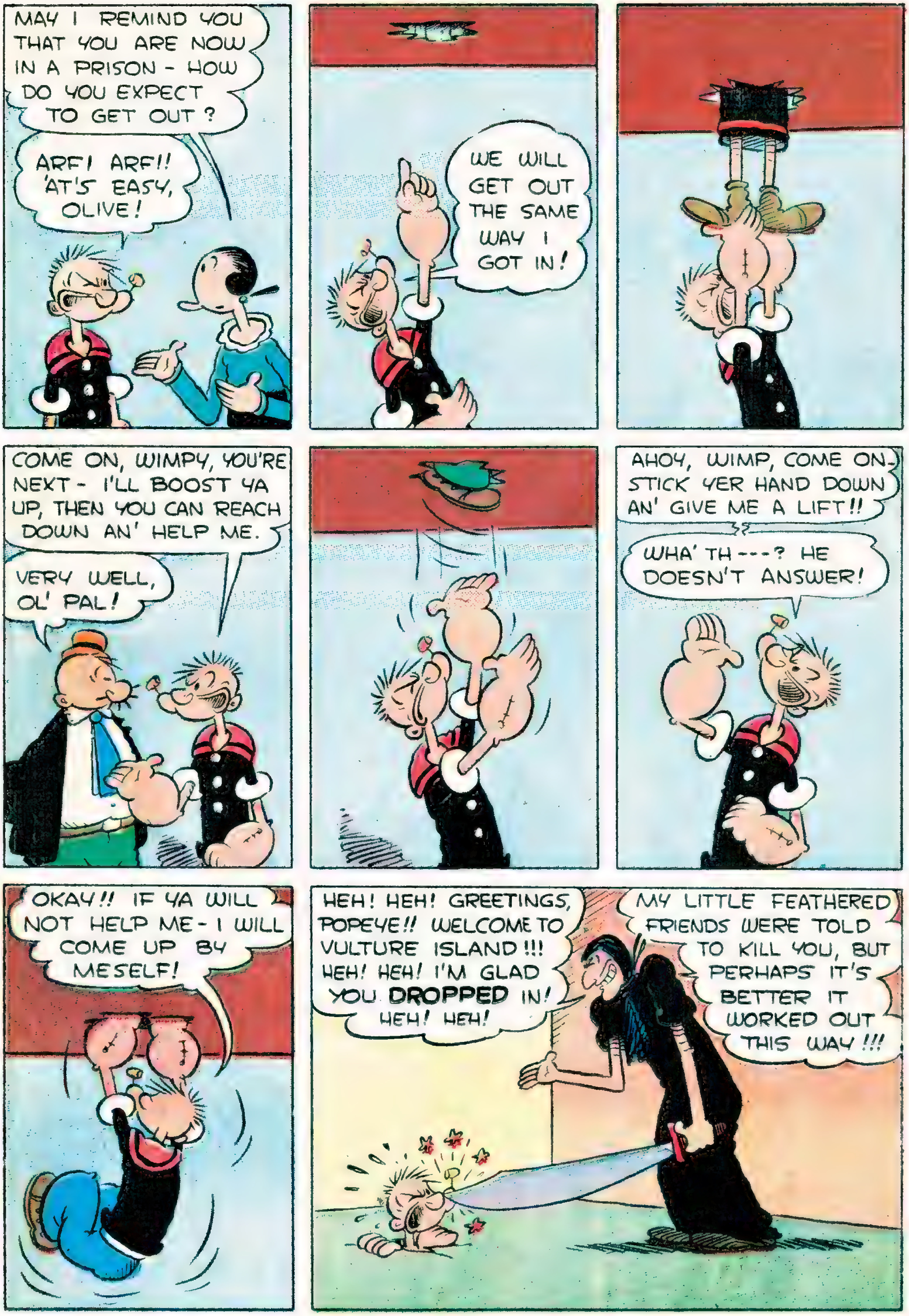

BLOW ME DOWN!?! 'AT'S A FUNNY-LOOKIN' CLOUD!
OH! MY GORSH!?! 'AT'S NO CLOUD!!! 'AT'S A FLOCK OF VULTURES!! HUN'REDS OF 'EM!!!
THEY IS HEADIN' 'FER ME!!
IF YA COME LOOKIN' FER A FIGHT, I YAM READY FER YA!!
COME ON DOWN AN' LE'S MIX IT!!
SPLAT
AWK!
WHEN IT LOOKS AS IF POPEYE IS ABOUT TO WIN HIS FIGHT, ONE OF THE SEA HAG'S BIRDS, FLYING HIGH ARRIVES WITH A BOULDER.
AIMING CAREFULLY, HE LETS IT DROP!!
CRASH!
OUCH!


DOG-GONE-IT!! PHOOEY!! SOMETHIN' GOT IN ME EYE!!
I CAN'T SEE A THING!
AH! IT IS OUT!! I KIN SEE AGAIN
WHILE POPEYE IS MOMENTARILY BLINDED IN HIS GOOD EYE BY A SMALL PIECE OF THE BOULDER, ONE OF THE BIRDS PICKS HIM UP AND CARRIES HIM ALOFT!!
BLOW ME DOWN! I YAM UP IN THE AIR!
SPLAT
?
!
BEFORE POPEYE FALLS VERY FAR, ONE OF THE OTHER BIRDS GRABS HIM AND CARRIES HIM ALOFT AGAIN!
BAM!
BOING
HOUR AFTER HOUR POPEYE BATTLES THE BIRDS IN THE SKY- EACH TIME HE FINISHES ONE OFF, THERE'S ANOTHER ONE TO GRAB HIM!

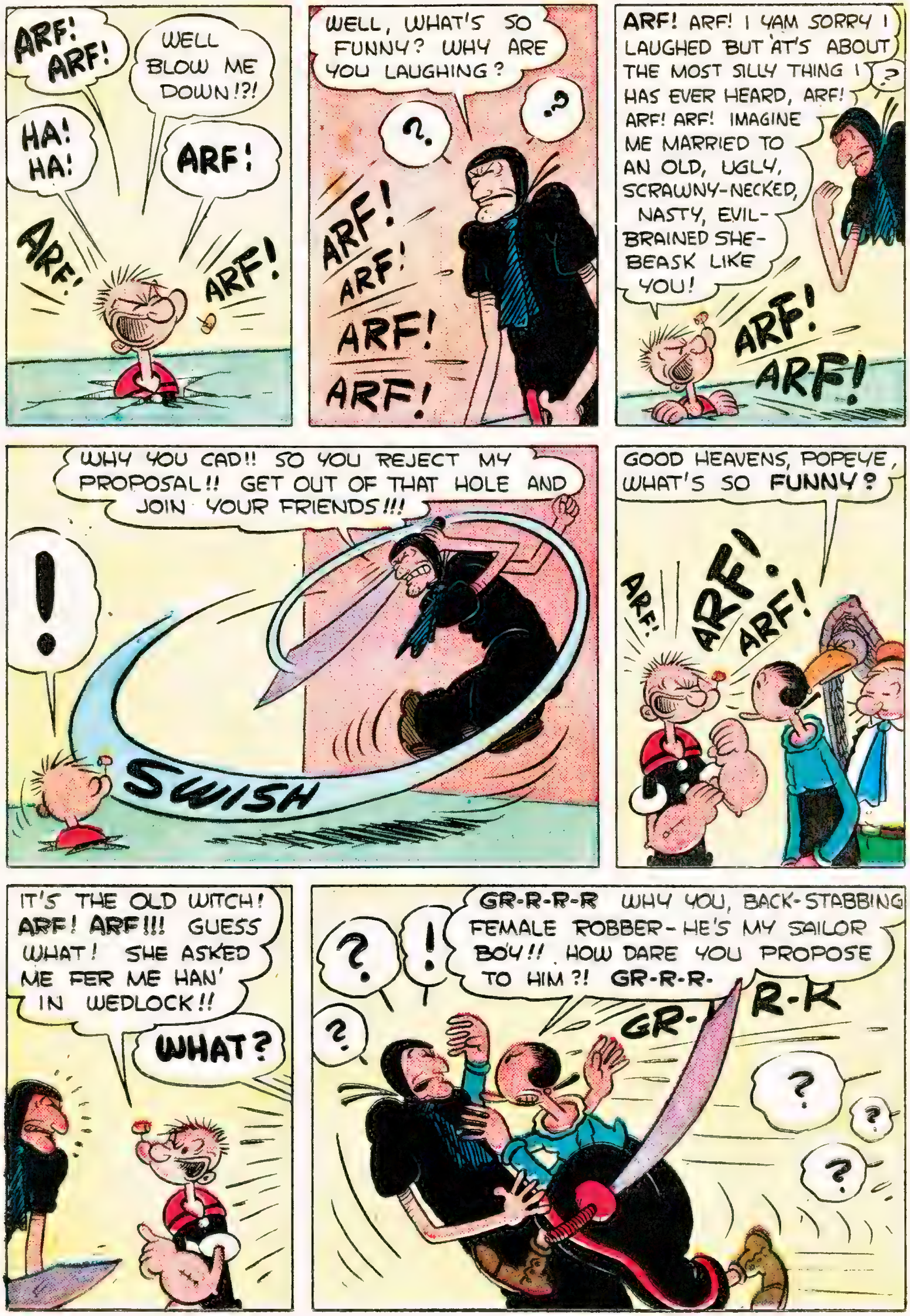
THE AIR BATTLE RAGES FOR HOURS UNTIL THERE IS ONLY ONE BIRD LEFT FOR POPEYE TO CONQUER-
LE' GO, YA BLOOMING BLACK BUTTER-FLY!!
SMACK
I SAID-LE' GO!!
ARF! ARF! 'AT'S THE LAST OF 'EM-- BOY! WHAT A FIGHT!! I HAVEN'T HAD SO MUCH FUN FER YEARS!!
YIPE!! I FERGOT!! I YAM UP IN THE AIR!!
I YAM FALLIN'!
WHA' TH--?! THEY'S AN ISLAND B'LOW ME!
GULP!! I YAM GONER LAND RIGHT IN THE CENTER OF A BUILDIN'!!
CRASH!


GOOD HEAVENS!?! WHAT'S HAPPENING UPSTAIRS??
?
?
CRASH!
SOMEONE UPSTAIRS MUST HAVE DROPPED SOMETHING!! ONE WOULD THINK THEY WOULD BE MORE CAREFUL!
LOOK, WIMPY!! A PAIR OF SHOES!!
HM? SHOES? THEY CERTAINLY MUST BE HEAVY TO FALL LIKE THEY DID!!
PICK THEM UP!!
UGH!! (PUFF!! PUFF!!) I'LL SAY THEY'RE HEAVY -- I CAN'T EVEN MOVE THEM!!
GIVE ME A HAND, OLIVE!
GOOD HEAVENS!?! THERE'S A BODY IN THESE SHOES!!
?
?
?
POPEYE!?!
?
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!


BLOW ME DOWN, OLIVE! I THOUGHT YOU AN' WIMPY WAS DROWNDED! HOW DID YA GET HERE?
WIMPY AN' I WERE BOTH CARRIED HERE BY BIG BIRDS.
MY GORSH!?! THIS PLACE LOOKS LIKE A PRISING! THEY IS BARS ON THE WINDOWS!!
WHERE THE HECK IS WE?
YES INDEED, OL' PAL, IT IS A PRISON! AND YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED TO KNOW THAT THE PERSON RESPONSIBLE FOR OUR BEING HERE IS YOUR OLD ENEMY, THE SEA HAG!!!
THE SEA HAG!!
SO THE OLD HAG IS ACTIN' UP AGAIN!! I WONDER WHAT SHE IS UP TO THIS TIME?
I CAN TELL YOU, POPEYE!
OLD HAGGY IS ABOUT READY TO TAKE OVER SPINACHOVIA AND THE REST OF THE WORLD! SHE HAS MILLIONS OF VULTURES READY TO FIGHT FOR HER!!
SHE SWIPED KING BLOZO'S FARMERS TO RAISE VULTURE FOOD!
THAT OL' BLACK WITCH SHOULD ORTER BE TAUGHT A LESSONING!!! I HAS NEVER HITTED A WOMING BUT I HAS A HUNCH 'AT THIS TIME I WILL!
SHE'S ASKING FOR IT!
YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO LICK HER, BUT HOW ABOUT THE SEVERAL MILLION VULTURES SHE COMMANDS?
YA IS RIGHT, OLIVE! I BEAT A HUNDRED VULTURES, BUT I DON'T KNOW ABOUT MILLIONS-
HAGGY CONTROLS HER VULTURES WITH THAT FLUTE-LIKE WHISTLE SHE CARRIES AROUND--- NEEDLESS TO SAY THAT WITHOUT IT, SHE WOULD BE UNABLE TO CALL THEM FOR HELP!
ARF! ARF! BLOW ME DOWN, WIMPY!! I BELIEVES YA HAS A POINT!!! I WILL TAKE HER WHISTLE AWAY FROM HER!
?

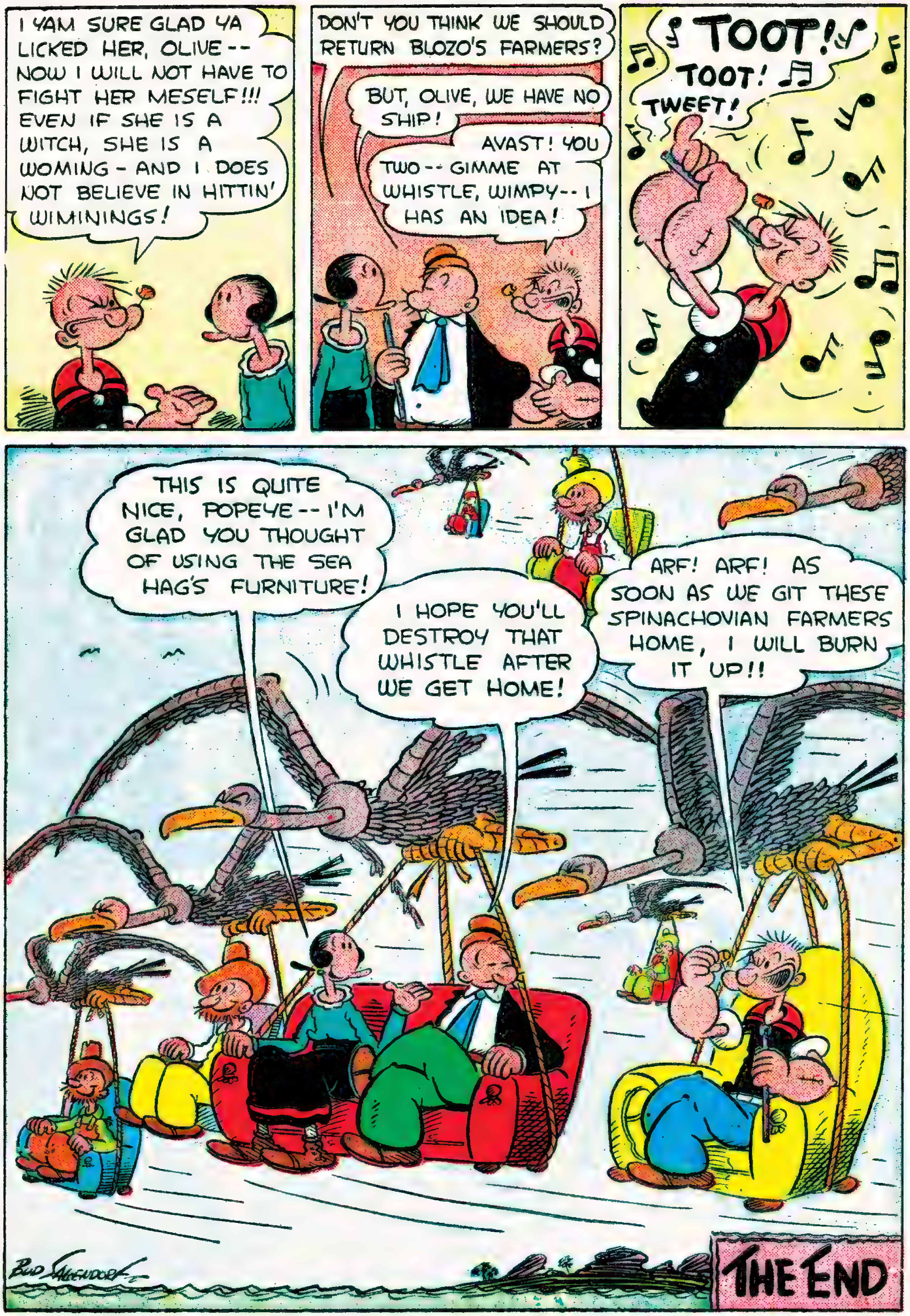

MAY I REMIND YOU THAT YOU ARE NOW IN A PRISON - HOW DO YOU EXPECT TO GET OUT ?
ARF! ARF!! 'AT'S EASY, OLIVE!
WE WILL GET OUT THE SAME WAY I GOT IN!
COME ON, WIMPY, YOU'RE NEXT - I'LL BOOST YA UP, THEN YOU CAN REACH DOWN AN' HELP ME.
VERY WELL, OL' PAL!
AHOY, WIMP, COME ON. STICK YER HAND DOWN AN' GIVE ME A LIFT!!
WHA' TH ---? HE DOESN'T ANSWER!
OKAY!! IF YA WILL NOT HELP ME - I WILL COME UP BY MESELF!
HEH! HEH! GREETINGS, POPEYE!! WELCOME TO VULTURE ISLAND!!! HEH! HEH! I'M GLAD YOU **DROPPED** IN! HEH! HEH!
MY LITTLE FEATHERED FRIENDS WERE TOLD TO KILL YOU, BUT PERHAPS IT'S BETTER IT WORKED OUT THIS WAY!!!

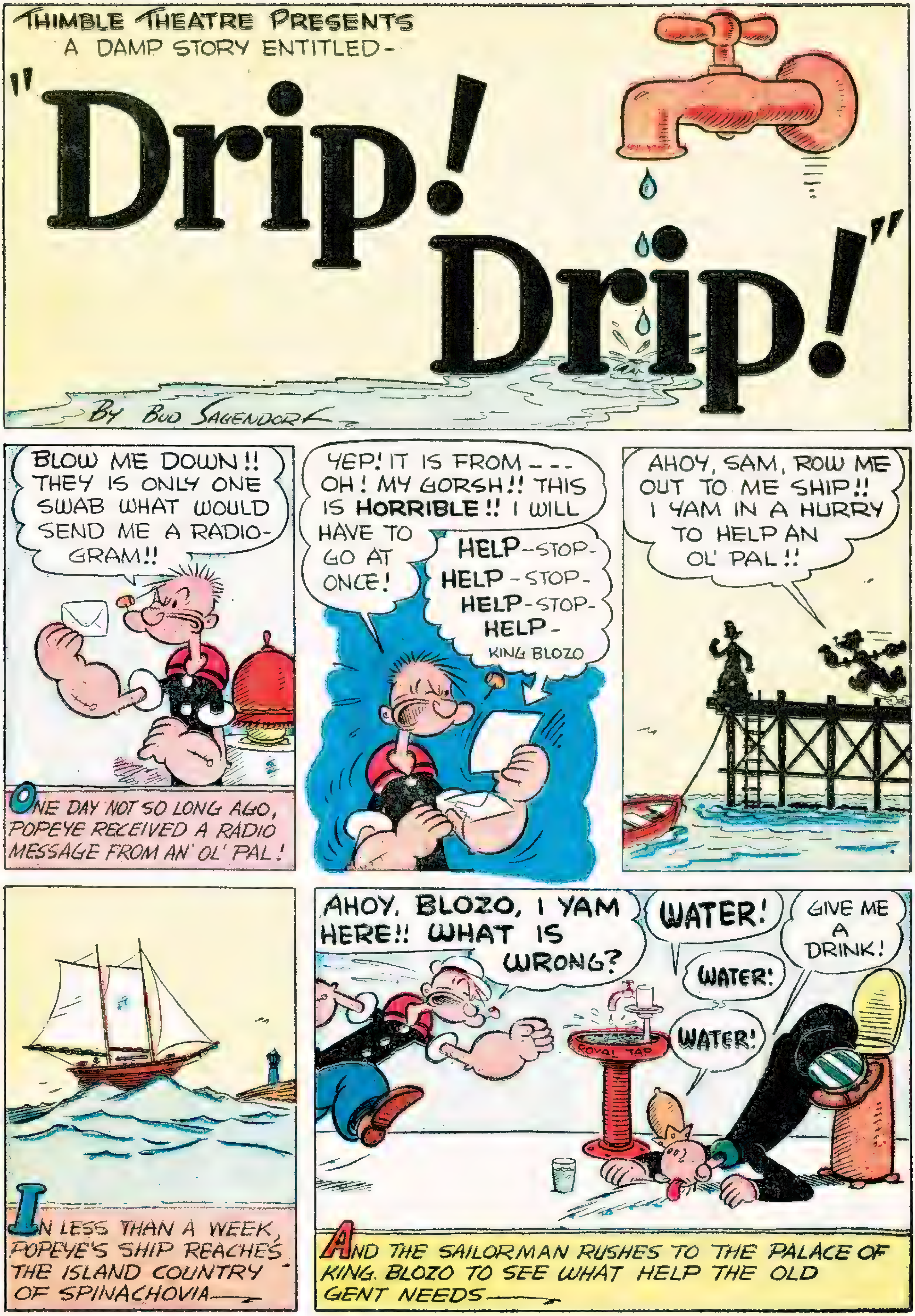
YA OL' WITCH, WHAT DID YA DO WIT' OLIVE AN' WIMPY?
HA! HA! THEY'RE IN THE NEXT ROOM– ONE OF MY BIRDS IS WATCHING THEM.
YOU KNOW, POPEYE, I'VE BEEN THINKING!! WE'VE BEEN ENEMIES FOR A LONG TIME– IT'S A SHAME WE'RE NOT ON THE SAME SIDE - WE'D MAKE VERY NICE FRIENDS!
BAH!! PHOOEY!! I COULD NEVER BE A FRIEN' OF YOURS!! YOU REVOLK ME!!
BUT, POPEYE, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT IT WOULD MEAN!
WITH THIS LITTLE MAGIC WHISTLE, I RULE EVERY BIRD IN THE WORLD--- ONE TOOT ON IT AND EVERYTHING WEARING FEATHERS HAS TO OBEY ME!
SO WHAT?
YOU AND I, TOGETHER WITH MY MAGIC WHISTLE, COULD RULE THE WORLD.
WE'D BE KING AND QUEEN OF THE UNIVERSE.
?
AH, YES!! I CAN SEE IT NOW--QUEEN HAGGY AND KING POPEYE!!
?
?
HM?
?
?
QUEEN?
KING?
?
?
I DON'T KNOW WHY I HAVEN'T THOUGHT OF IT BEFORE--HM-- POPEYE, I'M GOING TO ASK YOU SOMETHING I'VE NEVER ASKED ANOTHER MAN TEE HEE!!
WE COULD MAKE HORRIBLE MUSIC TOGETHER!
WILL YOU MARRY ME?
TEE-HEE!
TEE HEE
?
!
?



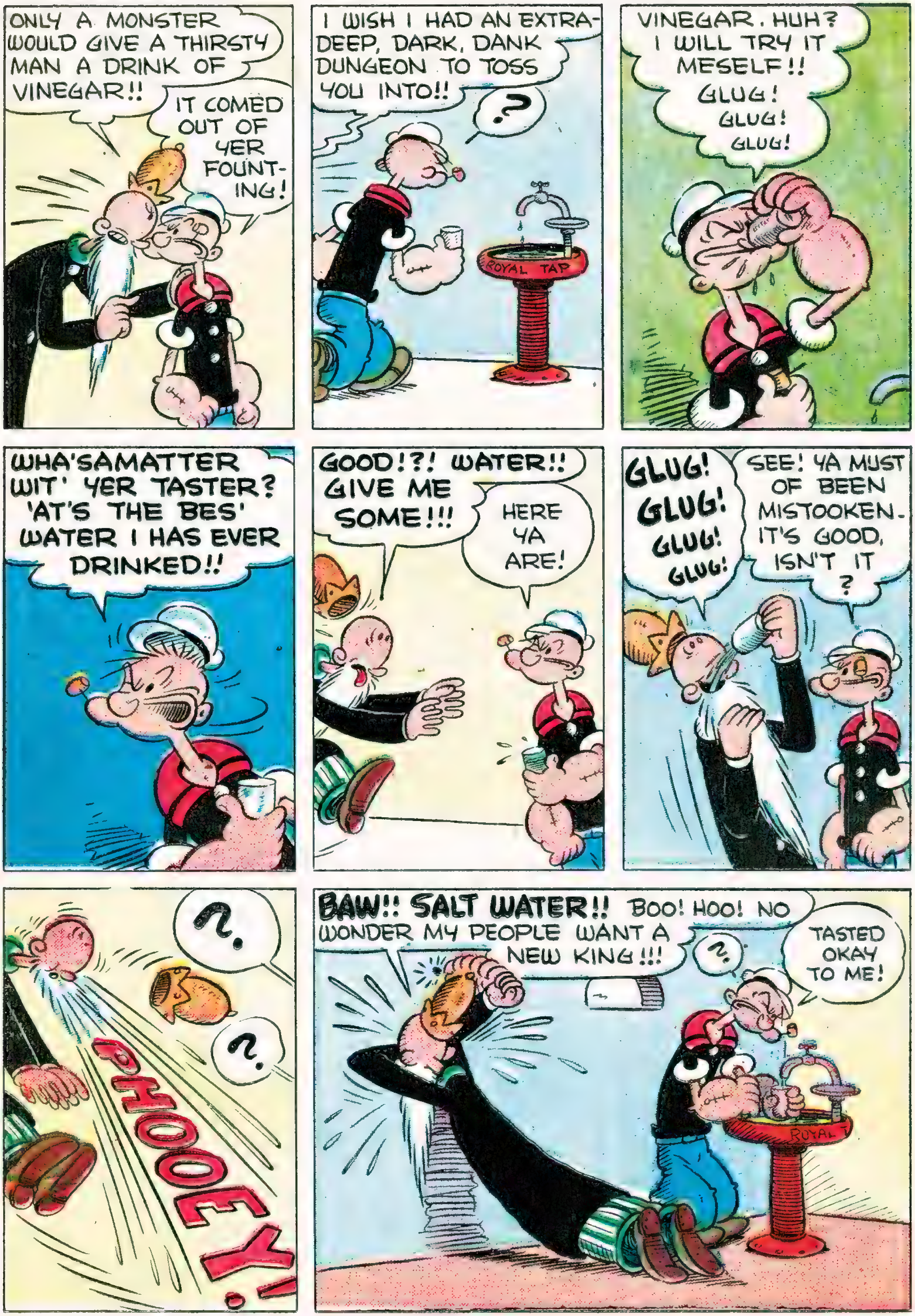
ARF! ARF!
WELL BLOW ME DOWN!?!
HA! HA!
ARF!
ARF!
ARF!
WELL, WHAT'S SO FUNNY? WHY ARE YOU LAUGHING?
?
?
ARF! ARF! ARF! ARF!
ARF! ARF! I YAM SORRY I LAUGHED BUT AT'S ABOUT THE MOST SILLY THING I HAS EVER HEARD, ARF! ARF! ARF! IMAGINE ME MARRIED TO AN OLD, UGLY, SCRAWNY-NECKED, NASTY, EVIL-BRAINED SHE-BEASK LIKE YOU!
?
ARF! ARF!
WHY YOU CAD!! SO YOU REJECT MY PROPOSAL!! GET OUT OF THAT HOLE AND JOIN YOUR FRIENDS!!!
!
SWISH
GOOD HEAVENS, POPEYE, WHAT'S SO FUNNY?
ARF! ARF! ARF!
IT'S THE OLD WITCH! ARF! ARF!!! GUESS WHAT! SHE ASKED ME FER ME HAN' IN WEDLOCK!!
WHAT?
?
!
GR-R-R-R WHY YOU, BACK-STABBING FEMALE ROBBER - HE'S MY SAILOR BOY!! HOW DARE YOU PROPOSE TO HIM?! GR-R-R-
GR- R-R
?
?
?
?

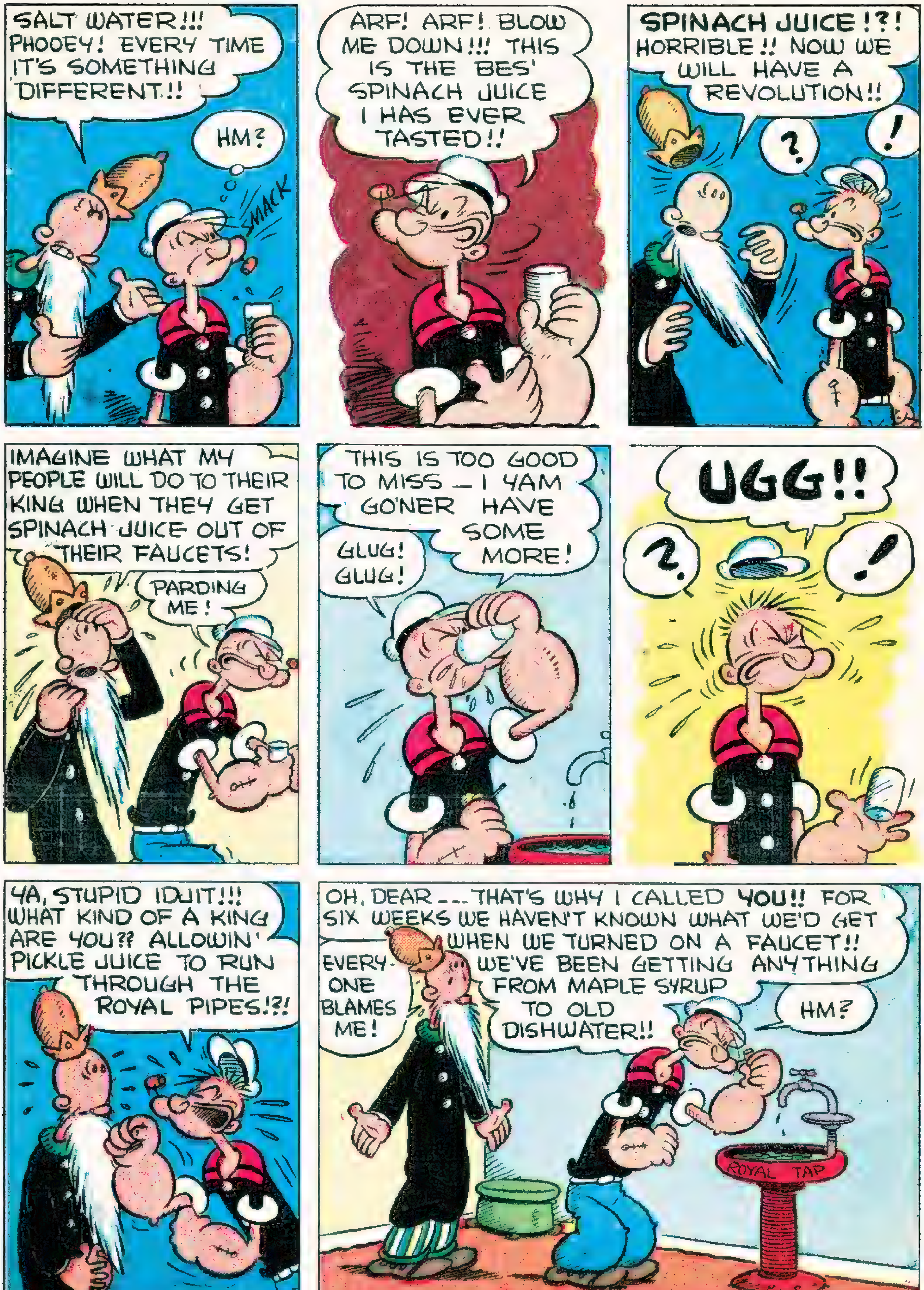
TAKE THAT!!
I'LL TEACH YOU TO TRY AND STEAL MY SWEETIE!
SPLAT
SWELL FIGHT, AIN'T IT, WIMPY?
NOT BAD AT ALL, OLD PAL-- TOO BAD WE DIDN'T GET TO SELL TICKETS!
SMALK
SPLAT
SQUEECH!
RIP!
RIP!
BOB!
WHAT DO YOU THINK? WHO'S GOING TO WIN?
AWAK! GWAK-- YAWK!!
YEA! 'AT'S WHAT I THINK TOO!
BAM
SPLAT
ATTA GIRL, OLIVE! NOW YA HAS HER!! SHE'S THROUGH!
SPLAT!
THE WINNER!!!
LOOK, POPEYE, HERE IS HER MAGIC WHISTLE--- SHE LOST IT DURING THE FIGHT--
WHERE'S MY WHISTLE?
TWEET!
TWEET!


I YAM SURE GLAD YA LICKED HER, OLIVE -- NOW I WILL NOT HAVE TO FIGHT HER MESELF!!! EVEN IF SHE IS A WITCH, SHE IS A WOMING - AND I DOES NOT BELIEVE IN HITTIN' WIMININGS!
DON'T YOU THINK WE SHOULD RETURN BLOZO'S FARMERS?
BUT, OLIVE, WE HAVE NO SHIP!
AVAST! YOU TWO -- GIMME AT WHISTLE, WIMPY -- I HAS AN IDEA!
TOOT!
TOOT!
TWEET!
THIS IS QUITE NICE, POPEYE -- I'M GLAD YOU THOUGHT OF USING THE SEA HAG'S FURNITURE!
I HOPE YOU'LL DESTROY THAT WHISTLE AFTER WE GET HOME!
ARF! ARF! AS SOON AS WE GIT THESE SPINACHOVIAN FARMERS HOME, I WILL BURN IT UP!!
BUD SAGENDORF
THE END

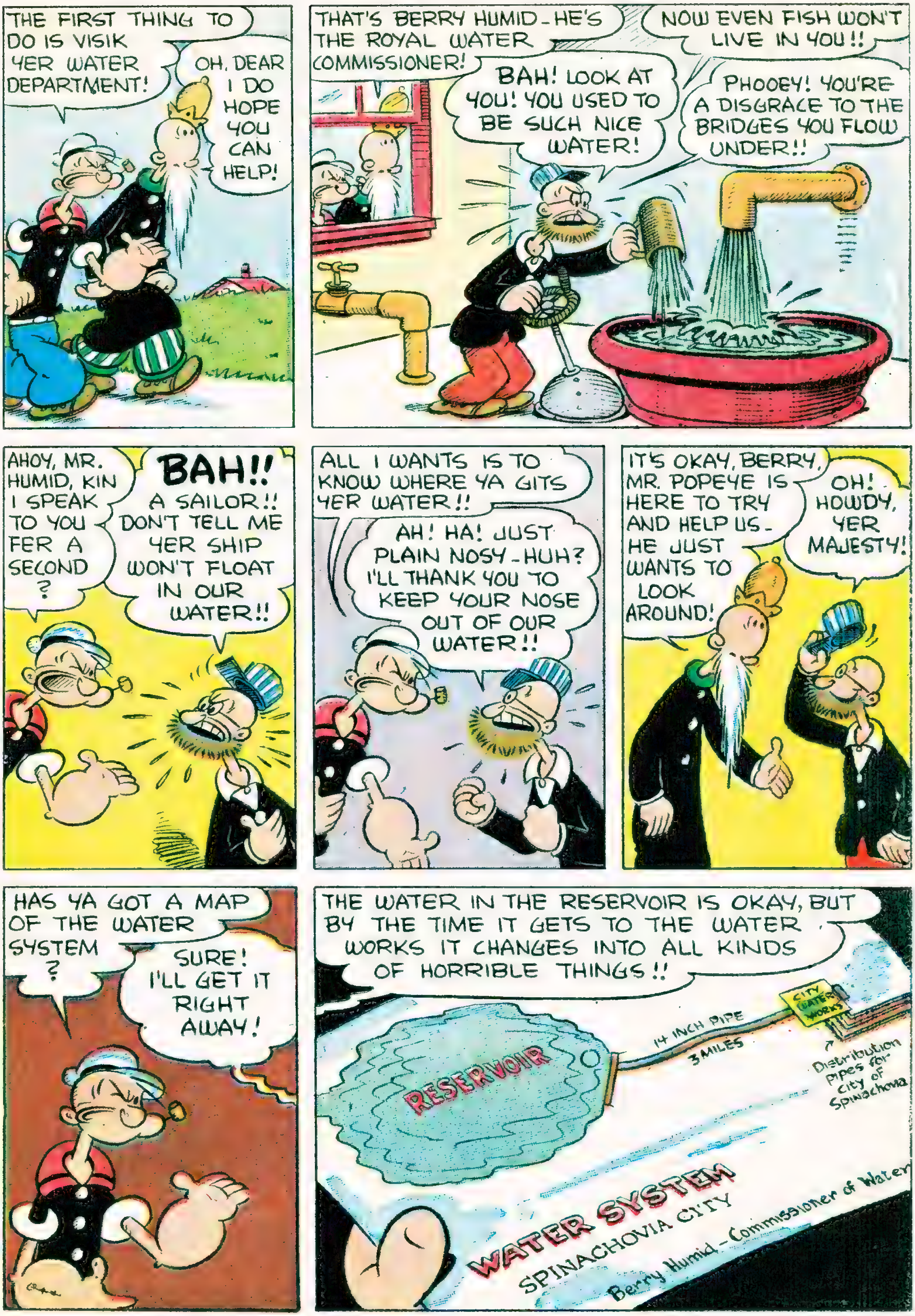

THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS
A DAMP STORY ENTITLED-
"Drip! Drip!"
BY BUD SAGENDORF
BLOW ME DOWN!! THEY IS ONLY ONE SWAB WHAT WOULD SEND ME A RADIO-GRAM!!
ONE DAY NOT SO LONG AGO, POPEYE RECEIVED A RADIO MESSAGE FROM AN' OL' PAL!
YEP! IT IS FROM --- OH! MY GORSH!! THIS IS HORRIBLE!! I WILL HAVE TO GO AT ONCE!
HELP-STOP-HELP-STOP-HELP-STOP-HELP-KING BLOZO
AHOY, SAM, ROW ME OUT TO ME SHIP!! I YAM IN A HURRY TO HELP AN OL' PAL!!
IN LESS THAN A WEEK, POPEYE'S SHIP REACHES THE ISLAND COUNTRY OF SPINACHOVIA—
AHOY, BLOZO, I YAM HERE!! WHAT IS WRONG?
WATER!
WATER!
WATER!
GIVE ME A DRINK!
ROYAL TAP
AND THE SAILORMAN RUSHES TO THE PALACE OF KING BLOZO TO SEE WHAT HELP THE OLD GENT NEEDS—

WATER? WHY DON'TCHA TAKE A DRINK?
WATER!! WATER! OOOOH!! GIVE ME WATER!
ROYAL TAP
AHOY, YA BLASTID MONARCH, STOP MOANIN' AN' I WILL GITCHA A DRINK!
WATER!
BAH! IMAGINE CALLIN' ME ALL THE WAY DOWN HERE TO ASK ME FER A DRINK OF WATER!
SOME NERVE!
ROYAL TAP
HERE YA ARE, BLOZO, HERE YA IS!!
WATER! GOODY! GOODY! WATER! THANK YOU!
GLUG! GLUG! GLUG! GLUG!
WOW!! HE WAS THIRSTY!
NEXT TIME YA WANTS A DRINK DON'T CALL ME — GIT IT YER-SELF!!
YEOOUW!! MY THROAT!! IT'S BURNING UP!
YOU FIEND!! A LOT OF HELP YOU ARE! I WANTED WATER NOT VINEGAR!
VINEGAR?? BLOW ME DOWN!! THEY MUS' BE SUMPIN' WRONG IN THE WATER WORKS!!
?
?
ROYAL TAP


ONLY A MONSTER WOULD GIVE A THIRSTY MAN A DRINK OF VINEGAR!!
IT COMED OUT OF YER FOUNT-ING!
I WISH I HAD AN EXTRA-DEEP, DARK, DANK DUNGEON TO TOSS YOU INTO!!
?
ROYAL TAP
VINEGAR, HUH? I WILL TRY IT MESELF!! GLUG! GLUG! GLUG!
WHA'SAMATTER WIT' YER TASTER? 'AT'S THE BES' WATER I HAS EVER DRINKED!!
GOOD!?! WATER!! GIVE ME SOME!!!
HERE YA ARE!
GLUG! GLUG! GLUG! GLUG!
SEE! YA MUST OF BEEN MISTOOKEN. IT'S GOOD, ISN'T IT ?
?
?
PHOOEY!
BAW!! SALT WATER!! BOO! HOO! NO WONDER MY PEOPLE WANT A NEW KING!!!
?
TASTED OKAY TO ME!

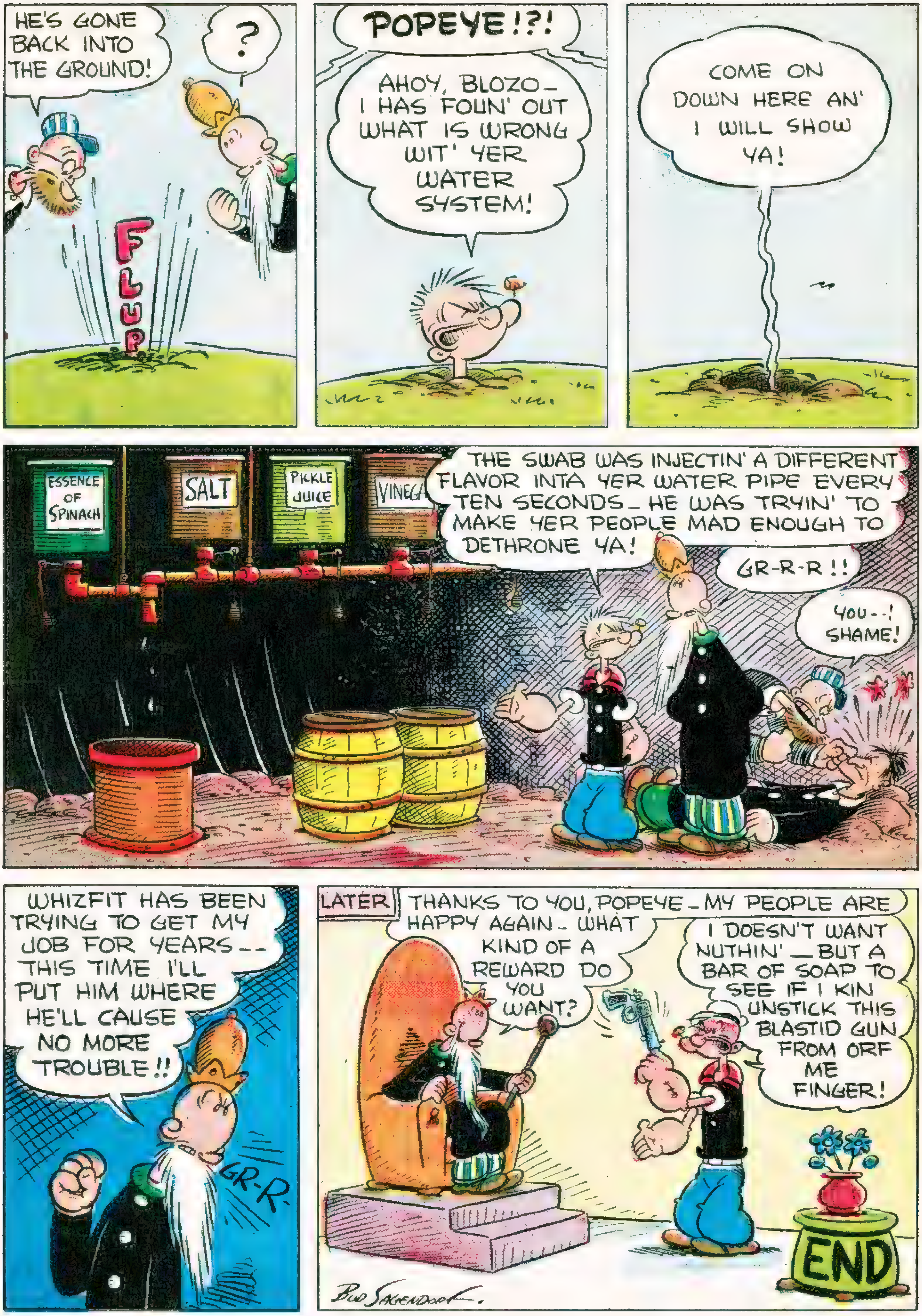


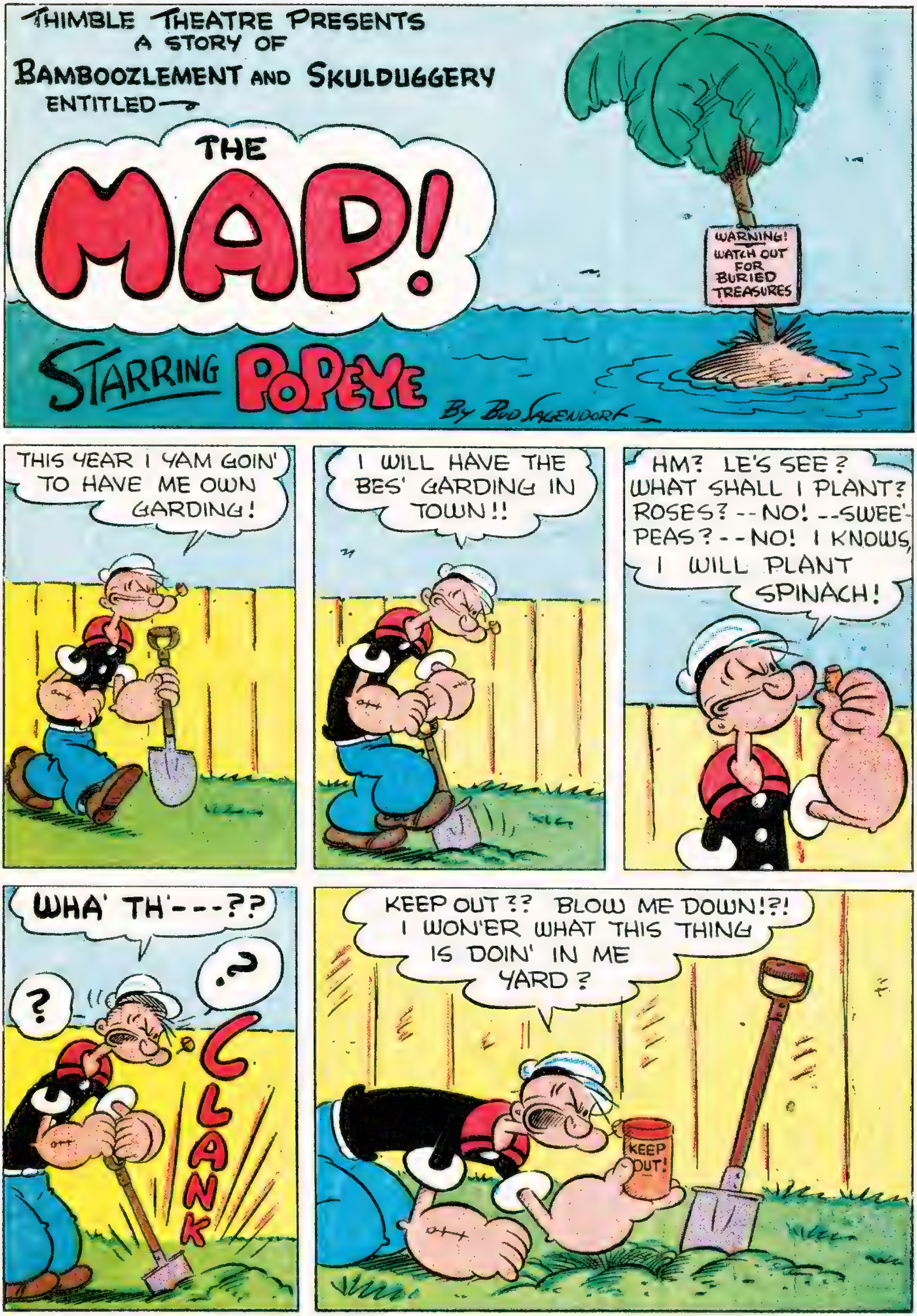
SALT WATER!!! PHOOEY! EVERY TIME IT'S SOMETHING DIFFERENT!!
HM?
SMACK
ARF! ARF! BLOW ME DOWN!!! THIS IS THE BES' SPINACH JUICE I HAS EVER TASTED!!
SPINACH JUICE!?! HORRIBLE!! NOW WE WILL HAVE A REVOLUTION!!
?
!
IMAGINE WHAT MY PEOPLE WILL DO TO THEIR KING WHEN THEY GET SPINACH JUICE OUT OF THEIR FAUCETS!
PARDING ME!
THIS IS TOO GOOD TO MISS — I YAM GO'NER HAVE SOME MORE!
GLUG! GLUG!
UGG!!
?
!
YA, STUPID IDJIT!!! WHAT KIND OF A KING ARE YOU?? ALLOWIN' PICKLE JUICE TO RUN THROUGH THE ROYAL PIPES!?!
OH, DEAR --- THAT'S WHY I CALLED YOU!! FOR SIX WEEKS WE HAVEN'T KNOWN WHAT WE'D GET WHEN WE TURNED ON A FAUCET!! WE'VE BEEN GETTING ANYTHING FROM MAPLE SYRUP TO OLD DISHWATER!!
EVERYONE BLAMES ME!
HM?
ROYAL TAP


THE FIRST THING TO DO IS VISIK YER WATER DEPARTMENT!
OH, DEAR I DO HOPE YOU CAN HELP!
THAT'S BERRY HUMID - HE'S THE ROYAL WATER COMMISSIONER!
NOW EVEN FISH WON'T LIVE IN YOU!!
BAH! LOOK AT YOU! YOU USED TO BE SUCH NICE WATER!
PHOOEY! YOU'RE A DISGRACE TO THE BRIDGES YOU FLOW UNDER!!
AHOY, MR. HUMID, KIN I SPEAK TO YOU FER A SECOND ?
BAH!! A SAILOR!! DON'T TELL ME YER SHIP WON'T FLOAT IN OUR WATER!!
ALL I WANTS IS TO KNOW WHERE YA GITS YER WATER!!
AH! HA! JUST PLAIN NOSY - HUH? I'LL THANK YOU TO KEEP YOUR NOSE OUT OF OUR WATER!!
IT'S OKAY, BERRY, MR. POPEYE IS HERE TO TRY AND HELP US - HE JUST WANTS TO LOOK AROUND!
OH! HOWDY, YER MAJESTY!
HAS YA GOT A MAP OF THE WATER SYSTEM ?
SURE! I'LL GET IT RIGHT AWAY!
THE WATER IN THE RESERVOIR IS OKAY, BUT BY THE TIME IT GETS TO THE WATER WORKS IT CHANGES INTO ALL KINDS OF HORRIBLE THINGS!!
RESERVOIR
14 INCH PIPE
3 MILES
CITY WATER WORKS
Distribution pipes for city of Spinachova
WATER SYSTEM
SPINACHOVIA CITY
Berry Humid - Commissioner of Water

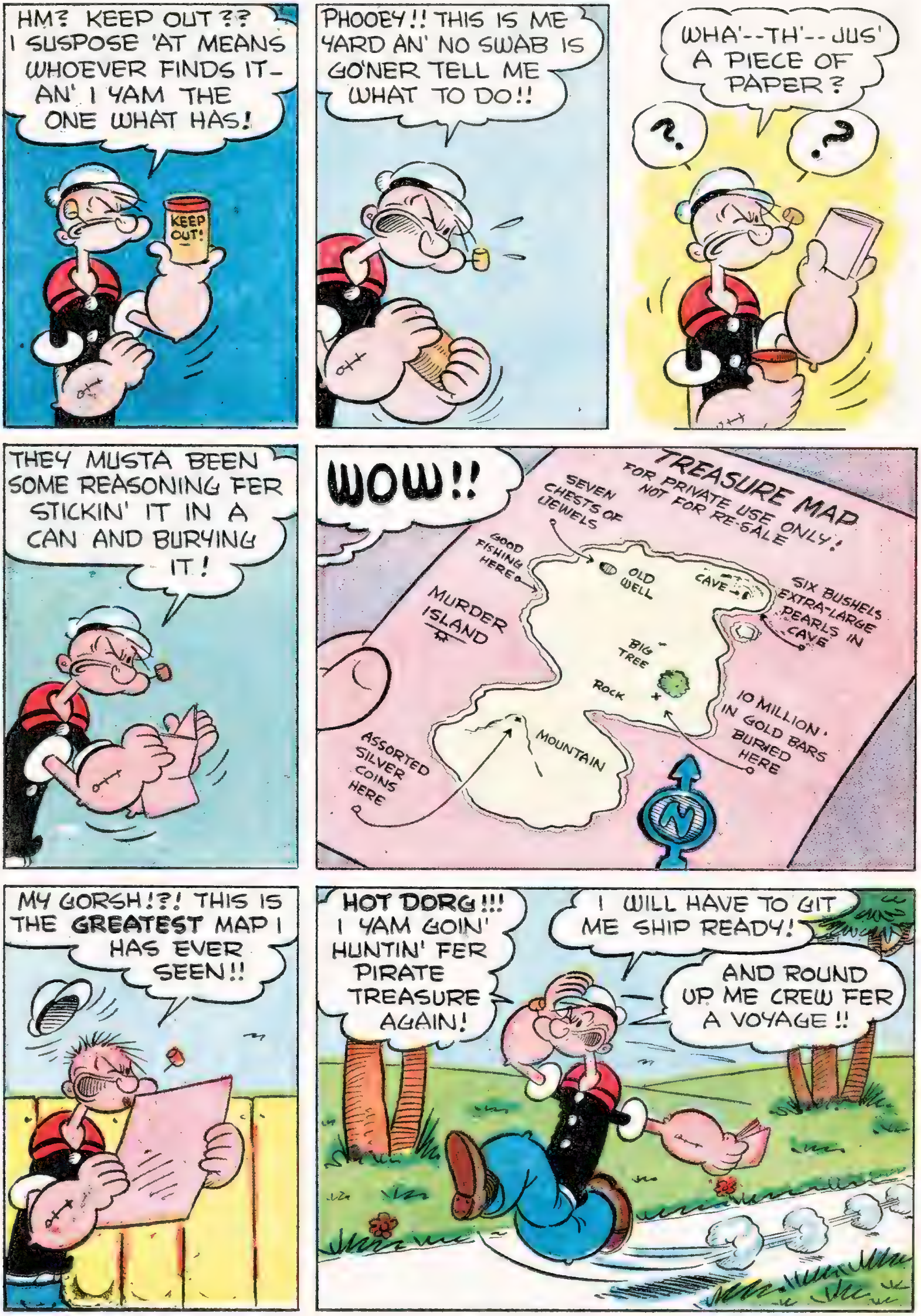
THEN WHATEVER IS CAUSIN' THE TROUBLE IS B'TWEEN HERE AN' THE RESERVOIR!
HM? I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT!
COME ON! I WANTS TO TAKE A LOOK AT THE RESERVOIR!
SPINACHOVIA CITY WATER WORKS
B. HUMID
HERE IT IS, POPEYE!
THAT WHIRLPOOL THERE IS WHERE THE WATER GOES INTO THE PIPE THAT LEADS TO THE WATER WORKS!
GOOD HEAVENS!! POPEYE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
I YAM GO'NER SEE WHAT HAPPINS TO THIS WATER!
WHATEVER CHANGES THE WATER DOES IT B'TWEEN HERE AN' THE WATER WORKS!!
MR. HUMID SAYS THIS IS A STRAIGHT, CLEAR PIPE WIT' NO JOINTS B'TWEEN THE RESERVOIR AN' THE WATER WORKS!!
WHA' TH--??
I KIN NOT BE TO THE WATER WORKS YET! BUT HERE IS A BRANCH-OFF IN THE PIPE!
?
?
BLOW ME DOWN!?! THIS PIPE COMES OUT IN A BIG CAVE!?!
COME ON OUT, SAILOR BOY!
?
CLICK

LISTING, MISTER!! I DOES NOT LIKE TO HAVE SHOOTIN' IRONS POINTIN' AT ME!!
GET YOUR FINGER OUT OF MY GUN BARREL, YOU SAP!
SPLAT
COME ON, BERRY, LET'S HURRY TO THE WATER WORKS TO MEET POPEYE WHEN HE COMES OUT OF THE PIPE!
GOOD HEAVENS!?! WHAT'S WRONG??? THE GROUND'S SHAKING AND THE ROCKS ARE BOUNCIN'!
?
?
IT MUST BE AN EARTHQUAKE!!
CRASH
LOOK WHAT CAME UP OUT OF THE GROUND!
YIPE!! IT'S WHIZFIT, MY OLD ENEMY!! WHAT'S HE DOING IN MY GROUND?
?
?
?
?
TWEET
TWEET


HE'S GONE BACK INTO THE GROUND!
?
FLUP
POPEYE!?!
AHOY, BLOZO— I HAS FOUN' OUT WHAT IS WRONG WIT' YER WATER SYSTEM!
COME ON DOWN HERE AN' I WILL SHOW YA!
ESSENCE OF SPINACH
SALT
PICKLE JUICE
VINEGA
THE SWAB WAS INJECTIN' A DIFFERENT FLAVOR INTA YER WATER PIPE EVERY TEN SECONDS— HE WAS TRYIN' TO MAKE YER PEOPLE MAD ENOUGH TO DETHRONE YA!
GR-R-R!!
YOU--! SHAME!
WHIZFIT HAS BEEN TRYING TO GET MY JOB FOR YEARS-- THIS TIME I'LL PUT HIM WHERE HE'LL CAUSE NO MORE TROUBLE!!
GR-R.
LATER
THANKS TO YOU, POPEYE—MY PEOPLE ARE HAPPY AGAIN— WHAT KIND OF A REWARD DO YOU WANT?
I DOESN'T WANT NUTHIN'—BUT A BAR OF SOAP TO SEE IF I KIN UNSTICK THIS BLASTID GUN FROM ORF ME FINGER!
END
BUD SAGENDORF.



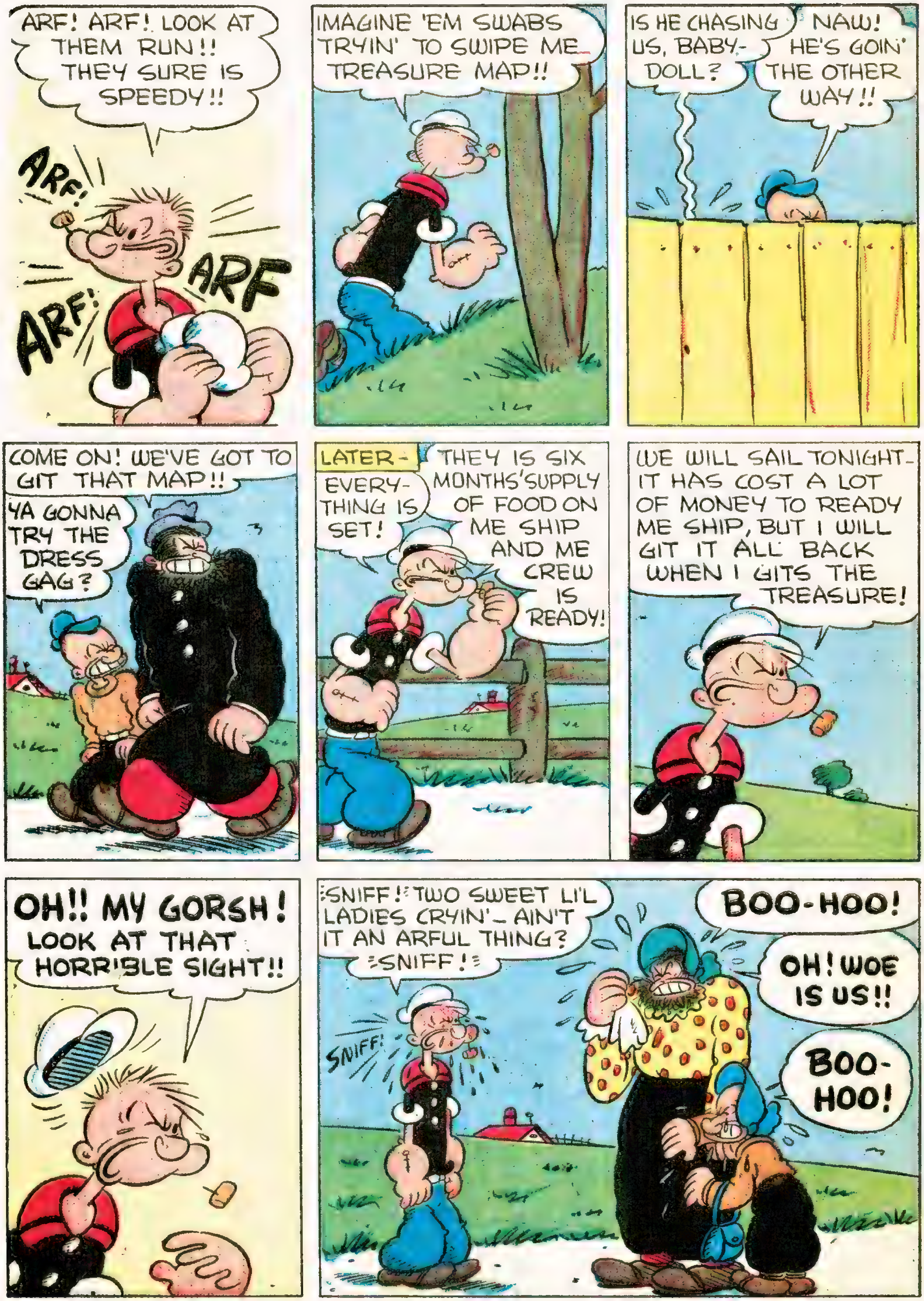
THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS
A STORY OF
BAMBOOZLEMENT AND SKULDUGGERY
ENTITLED
THE
MAP!
WARNING! WATCH OUT FOR BURIED TREASURES
STARRING POPEYE
BY BUD SAGENDORF
THIS YEAR I YAM GOIN' TO HAVE ME OWN GARDING!
I WILL HAVE THE BES' GARDING IN TOWN!!
HM? LE'S SEE? WHAT SHALL I PLANT? ROSES?--NO!--SWEE'-PEAS?--NO! I KNOWS, I WILL PLANT SPINACH!
WHA' TH'---??
?
?
CLANK
KEEP OUT?? BLOW ME DOWN!?! I WON'ER WHAT THIS THING IS DOIN' IN ME YARD?
KEEP OUT!


HM? KEEP OUT?? I SUSPOSE 'AT MEANS WHOEVER FINDS IT– AN' I YAM THE ONE WHAT HAS!
KEEP OUT!
PHOOEY!! THIS IS ME YARD AN' NO SWAB IS GO'NER TELL ME WHAT TO DO!!
WHA'--TH'--JUS' A PIECE OF PAPER?
?
?
THEY MUSTA BEEN SOME REASONING FER STICKIN' IT IN A CAN AND BURYING IT!
WOW!!
TREASURE MAP
FOR PRIVATE USE ONLY! NOT FOR RE-SALE
SEVEN CHESTS OF JEWELS
GOOD FISHING HERE
OLD WELL
CAVE
SIX BUSHELS EXTRA-LARGE PEARLS IN CAVE
MURDER ISLAND
BIG TREE
ROCK
10 MILLION IN GOLD BARS BURIED HERE
MOUNTAIN
ASSORTED SILVER COINS HERE
N
MY GORSH!?! THIS IS THE GREATEST MAP I HAS EVER SEEN!!
HOT DORG!!! I YAM GOIN' HUNTIN' FER PIRATE TREASURE AGAIN!
I WILL HAVE TO GIT ME SHIP READY!
AND ROUND UP ME CREW FER A VOYAGE!!

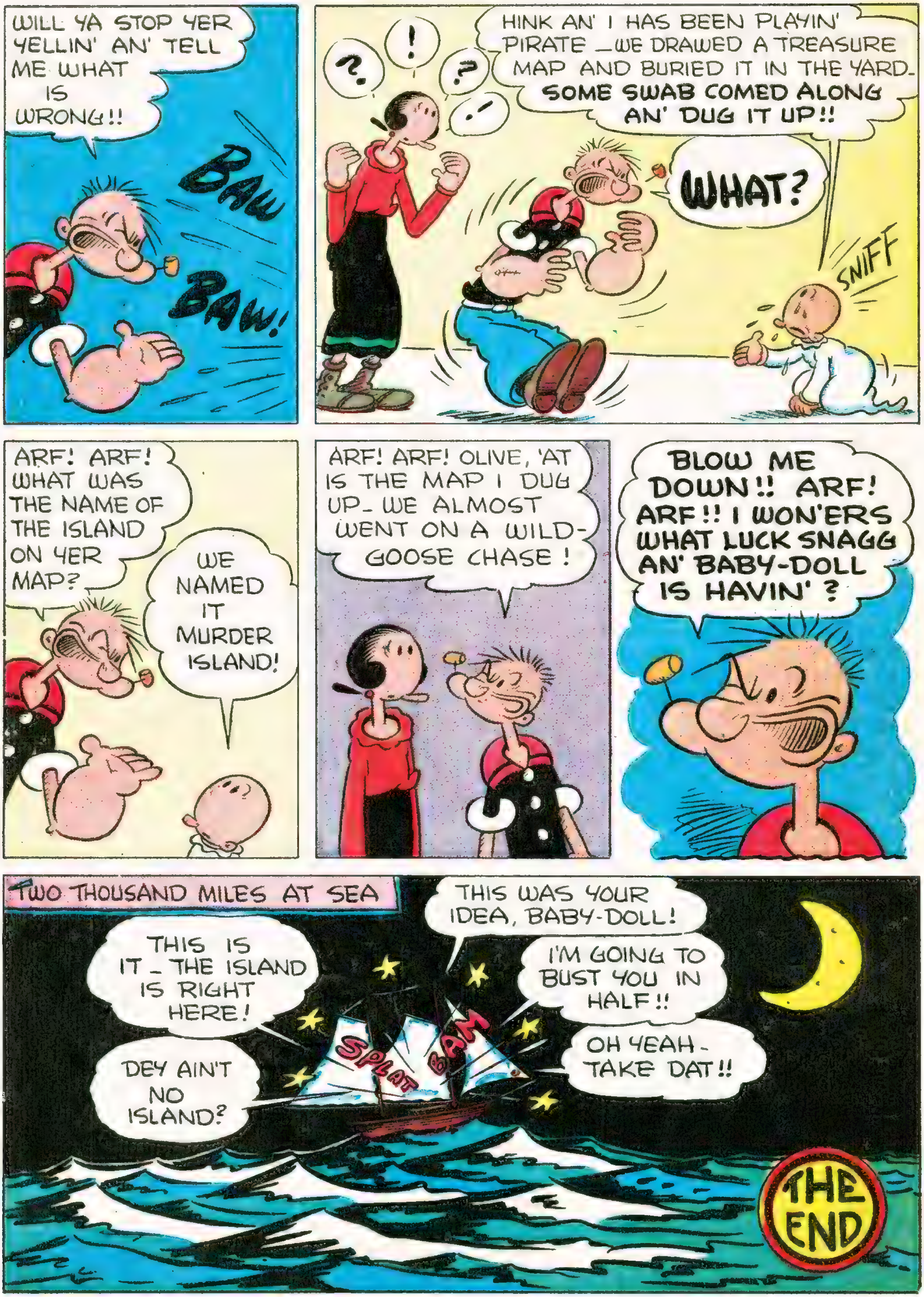
AHOY, OLIVE! PACK YER BAG – GIT YER COAT ON – PUT THE CAT OUT!
?
WHASAMATTER WIT'-CHA ?? DIDN'T YA HEAR ME ? GIT A MOVE ON !!!
?
?
GOOD HEAVENS, POPEYE !?! WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT ?
?
?
?
?
I YAM TALKIN' ABOUT US TAKIN' A SEA VOYAGE !!
OH ! WELL I'M NOT INTERESTED !
I FEEL LIKE STAYING HOME !
OH YEAH !! TAKE A LOOK AT THIS !!
GULP!
!
!
!
SLAM!
WELL, WHAT ARE YOU STANDING AROUND FOR? LET'S GIT GOING !!
PUFF
PUFF!
?
?

WHILE POPEYE GETS READY TO SAIL FOR MURDER ISLAND AND A FORTUNE IN TREASURES, TWO OF HIS OLD FRIENDS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN DISCUSS HIM!
I'M TELLIN' YA, SNAGG, I SAW IT! HE WAS SHOWIN' IT AROUND ROUGH-HOUSE'S CAFÉ!
OH, BOY! OH, BOY!
I'VE SEEN TREASURE MAPS B'FORE BUT NEVER NUTTIN' LIKE DIS – DIS TING IS TERRIFICABLE!
HEH! HEH! HEH! HEH! HEH!
NICE, HUH?
I'VE BEEN WAITING YEARS FOR AN OPPORTUNITY LIKE THIS ---HEH! HEH! HEH! HEH! HEH! HEH! HEH!
DEY'S ONE TING YER FERGITTIN', SNAGG, WE AIN'T GOT DE MAP! POPEYE'S GOT IT!
HM?? TRUE! VERY TRUE!! HE DOES HAVE IT, DOESN'T HE?
HM?
HEH! HEH! WE'LL JUST HAVE TO TAKE IT AWAY FROM HIM!
HEH!
HEH!
I WILL GO GIT WIMPY TO BE COOK FER US ON THE VOYAGE!!
HEH!
HEH!

CRASH!
NICE SHOT, SNAGGY, YA SURE SWING A WICKED CLUB!
HEH! HEH!! SEE IF HE'S GOT THE MAP ON HIM!
OKAY, SNAGG!
WELL, IS IT THERE ?
IT'S NOT IN HIS PANTS POCKET!
MOST SAILORS CARRY VALUABLES IN LITTLE BAGS TIED AROUND THEIR NECKS!
OKAY, I'LL LOOK!
SPLAT
ARF! ARF! I YAM TICKLISH, YA SWAB!!


ARF! ARF! LOOK AT THEM RUN!! THEY SURE IS SPEEDY!!
ARF!
ARF
ARF!
IMAGINE 'EM SWABS TRYIN' TO SWIPE ME TREASURE MAP!!
IS HE CHASING US, BABY-DOLL?
NAW! HE'S GOIN' THE OTHER WAY!!
COME ON! WE'VE GOT TO GIT THAT MAP!!
YA GONNA TRY THE DRESS GAG?
LATER -
EVERY-THING IS SET!
THEY IS SIX MONTHS' SUPPLY OF FOOD ON ME SHIP AND ME CREW IS READY!
WE WILL SAIL TONIGHT - IT HAS COST A LOT OF MONEY TO READY ME SHIP, BUT I WILL GIT IT ALL BACK WHEN I GITS THE TREASURE!
OH!! MY GORSH! LOOK AT THAT HORRIBLE SIGHT!!
SNIFF! TWO SWEET LI'L LADIES CRYIN' - AIN'T IT AN ARFUL THING? SNIFF!
SNIFF!
BOO-HOO!
OH! WOE IS US!!
BOO-HOO!

:SNIFF!: WHY IS YA CRYIN', YA DEAR SWEET LI'L LADIES ?
WOE! WE'RE LOST! :SNIFF!: WE NEED A MAP!!
:SNIFF! SNIFF!: YA POOR THINGS!! HERE - I HAS A MAP - MAYBE IT WILL HELP YA - :SNIFF! SNIFF!: I KIN NOT STAN' TO SEE LADIES CRYIN'!!
AIN'T 'AT NICE! LOOK AT 'EM SKIPPIN' DOWN THE ROAD WIT' ME MAP — AS HAPPY AS TWO LI'L GIRL KIDS — I YAM GLAD I COULD HELP 'EM!
LATER AT POPEYE'S HOUSE
-BLA! BLA! AND YOU JUST HANDED IT TO THEM!! DON'T YOU REALIZE WHAT YOU'VE DONE?
YOU GAVE OUR MAP TO BABY-DOLL AND SNAGG! WHAT KIND OF A SAP ARE YOU?
YOU'VE LOST MILLIONS FOR US!
I YAM WHAT I YAM AN' I YAM GLAD 'AT I YAM!!
MAYBE YOU ARE - BUT - SNAGG AND BABY-DOLL SAILED FOR MURDER ISLAND AN HOUR AGO TO DIG UP OUR TREASURE!
MILLIONS GONE!! WE'VE LOST MILLIONS!!
BLOW ME DOWN!?! WHA'SAMATTER WITCHA, SWEE'PEA ?
?
?
BAW!


WILL YA STOP YER YELLIN' AN' TELL ME WHAT IS WRONG!!
BAW
BAW!
HINK AN' I HAS BEEN PLAYIN' PIRATE _ WE DRAWED A TREASURE MAP AND BURIED IT IN THE YARD_ SOME SWAB COMED ALONG AN' DUG IT UP!!
?
!
?
WHAT?
SNIFF
ARF! ARF! WHAT WAS THE NAME OF THE ISLAND ON YER MAP?
WE NAMED IT MURDER ISLAND!
ARF! ARF! OLIVE, 'AT IS THE MAP I DUG UP_ WE ALMOST WENT ON A WILD-GOOSE CHASE!
BLOW ME DOWN!! ARF! ARF!! I WON'ERS WHAT LUCK SNAGG AN' BABY-DOLL IS HAVIN'?
TWO THOUSAND MILES AT SEA
THIS IS IT _ THE ISLAND IS RIGHT HERE!
DEY AIN'T NO ISLAND?
THIS WAS YOUR IDEA, BABY-DOLL!
I'M GOING TO BUST YOU IN HALF!!
OH YEAH - TAKE DAT!!
SPLAT
BAM
THE END

Swee'pea was elated. Popeye had bought him a new kite in the last port and the sailorman had waited until they were several days at sea to give it to the little fellow.

"Hot dorg!" Swee'pea laughed with glee, as he sat on the deck putting the kite together. "It sure was a swell sus-prize gittin' a kite. Kite flyin' is one thing a li'l kid kin do aboard a ship at sea."

It took only a few minutes to have the kite in the air and Popeye and his Pappy watched with great satisfaction as the happy little boy tugged and pulled at the kite string. It was a rather large kite for such a little boy and he had some difficulty staying on the deck whenever an extra-heavy gust of wind would hit it.

"ARF! ARF!" chuckled Popeye to Pappy, "it's a good thing the wind isn't blowing any harder. Swee'pea wouldn't be heavy enough to handle it."

Popeye went back to the wheel and Pappy returned to the galley and the noon meal he was preparing. Swee'pea was left alone to enjoy his new toy. When he tired of just watching the kite bobbing up and down, he tied the string to the rail and getting some paper napkins, he made little par-achutes. He tied a bent nail to each of them and then hooked the nail over the kite string where the wind would grab ahold of them and push them aloft. When the parachute would near the kite, he would snap the string and it would come free and slowly float down to the sea.

Swee'pea played with the kite for several hours and would have kept right on if Pappy hadn't called him to lunch. After checking the string to see if it was tight to the rail, the little boy went to wash his hands.

Popeye tied the ship's wheel and joined Pappy and Swee'pea in the galley. They had been eating for sev-eral minutes when there was a grind-ing crash and they were all thrown to the deck as the ship twisted and turned.

"OH, MY GORSH!", exclaimed the sailorman, as he scrambled to his feet and made his way to the door over the upended furniture, "we has gone aground on sumpin'!"

Pappy and Swee'pea followed Pop-eye and without a word of instructions from him, went to work pulling in the sails. The wind in the sails was grind-ing the ship back and forth on what-ever they were caught.

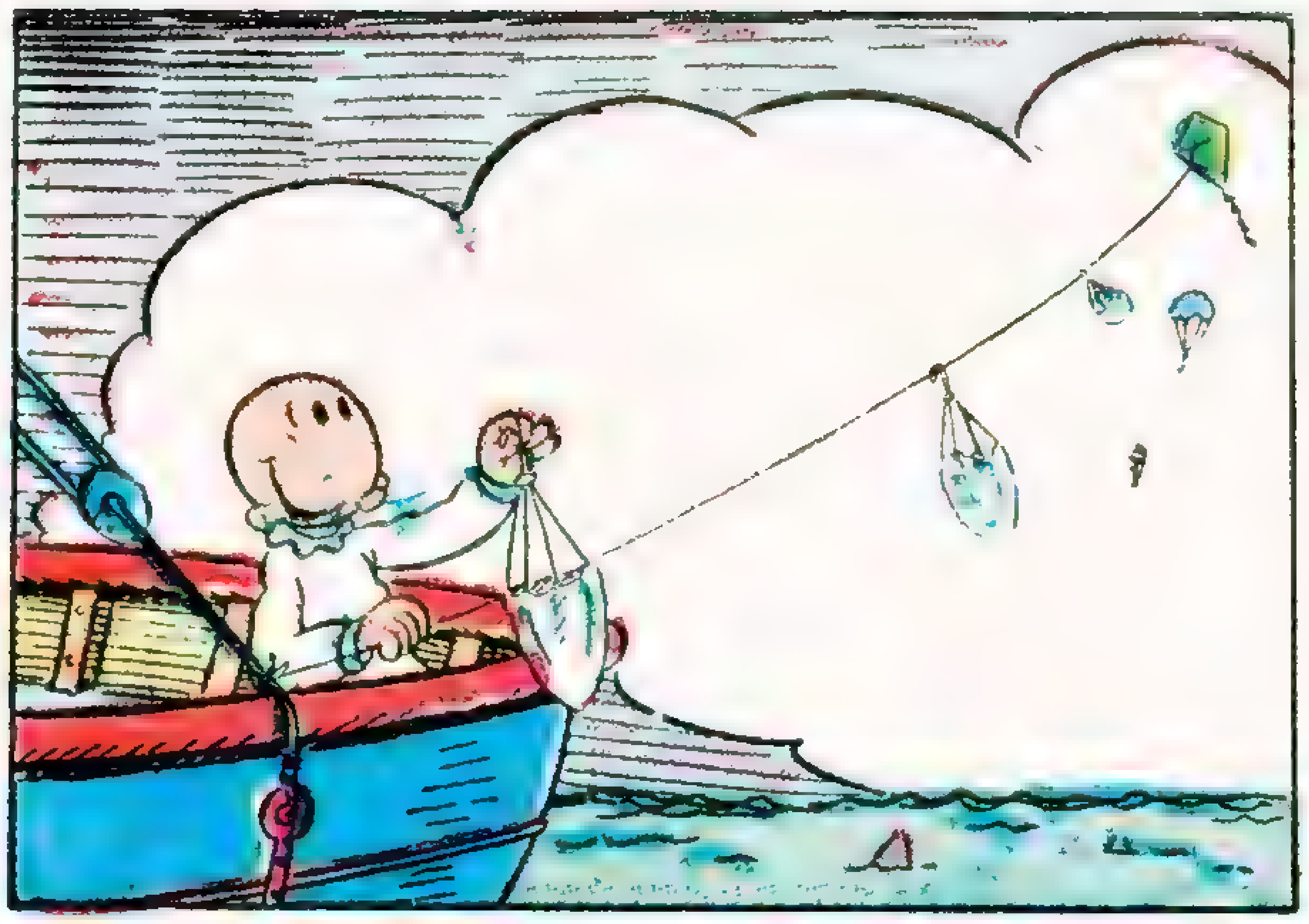
With the sails in, the three sailors took stock of their situation. Popeye went over the side with a rope tied around his waist and when the others pulled him back aboard, he told them that the ship was hooked onto a sharp rock just below the surface of the water.

"It must be the top of an undersea mounting," he said, as he untied the rope.

"We had better git the lifeboat ready," Pappy shouted, "we haven't much time. The ship will be torn to pieces in an hour."

Swee'pea, who had gone to see how his kite was making out, let out a yelp and pointed to a spot in the ocean di-rectly under the high-flying kite.

"There goes our lifeboat! It must of



jarred loose when we hit!"

Sure enough, there was the lifeboat floating along as nice as could be. The wind that was sailing the kite was pushing the little boat farther and farther from the ship.

"WE IS COOKED GOOSES!" moaned Pappy. "It is at least a thousing miles to the nearest land."

"Come on, Pappy!" Popeye yelled and pulled the older man towards the stern of the ship. "We will have to try an' make a raft. I only hopes we will have time. The way this ship is rockin', I yam afraid she will go to pieces any minute."

Swee'pea stood at the rail watching the little boat getting farther and farther away.

"Hm?" he said to himself, "if I was up in that kite, I could just drop down into the boat and bring it back."

He turned and started back to help the others, but he didn't get very far because all of a sudden he got an idea. He scampered back to where the kite was tied to the rail and looked to see if the boat was still in line with the kite string. Seeing that it was, he quickly untied the string and fastened it around his waist. The wind was blowing much harder now and it was only by holding onto the rail that he kept from being carried aloft.

"I hopes I doesn't miss," he prayed while he waited for an extra-strong gust of wind to come along.

He didn't have to wait long and when he felt it, he jumped into the air as high as he could. The sudden lessening of the pressure on the string made the kite dip for a second and the little fellow thought for a moment that his idea wasn't going to work. But the strong gust of wind caught the kite and carried it up again, with little Swee'pea dangling on the end of the string.

Swee'pea sailed along about twenty feet above the water most of the time but twice he fell within inches of the surface of the water and his heart leaped as he saw a school of man-eating sharks beneath him.

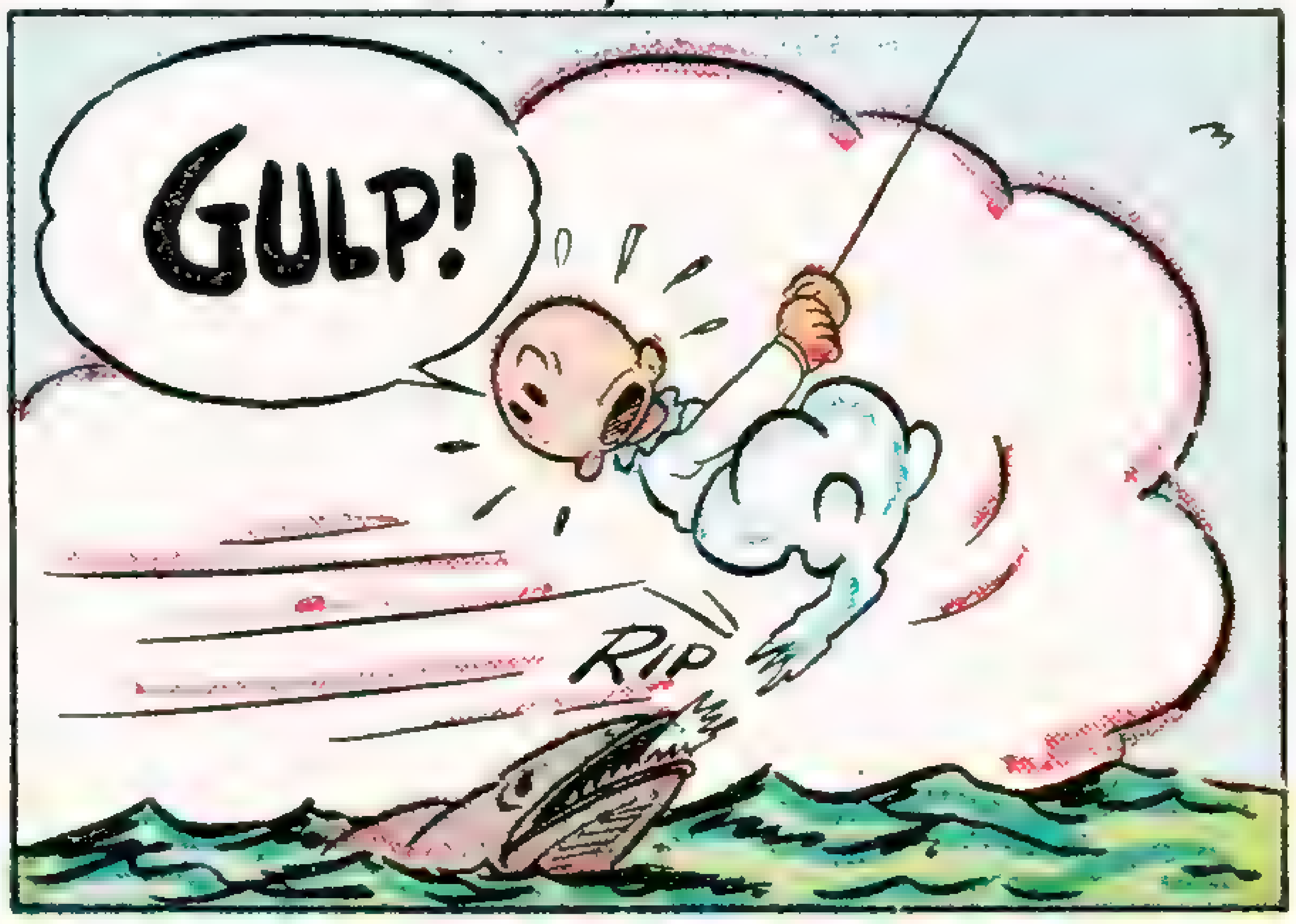
"GULP!" he yelled as he neared the water again and a large shark stuck its nose out of the water and succeeded in ripping a hunk out of his clothes. "If I goes down once more, they will git me sure!"

He was so worried about the sharks that he had forgotten about the boat. As he began to sink to the surface again, he felt sure the sharks would get him. And the sharks, too, seemed to sense that it was about mealtime, for they dashed about churning up the water. Swee'pea pulled up his legs as far as he could and hoped that the kite would be able to lift him again. One of the big sharks opened its mouth and was already to snap it shut on the little boy, when, with a crash it ran smack into the side of the runaway lifeboat.

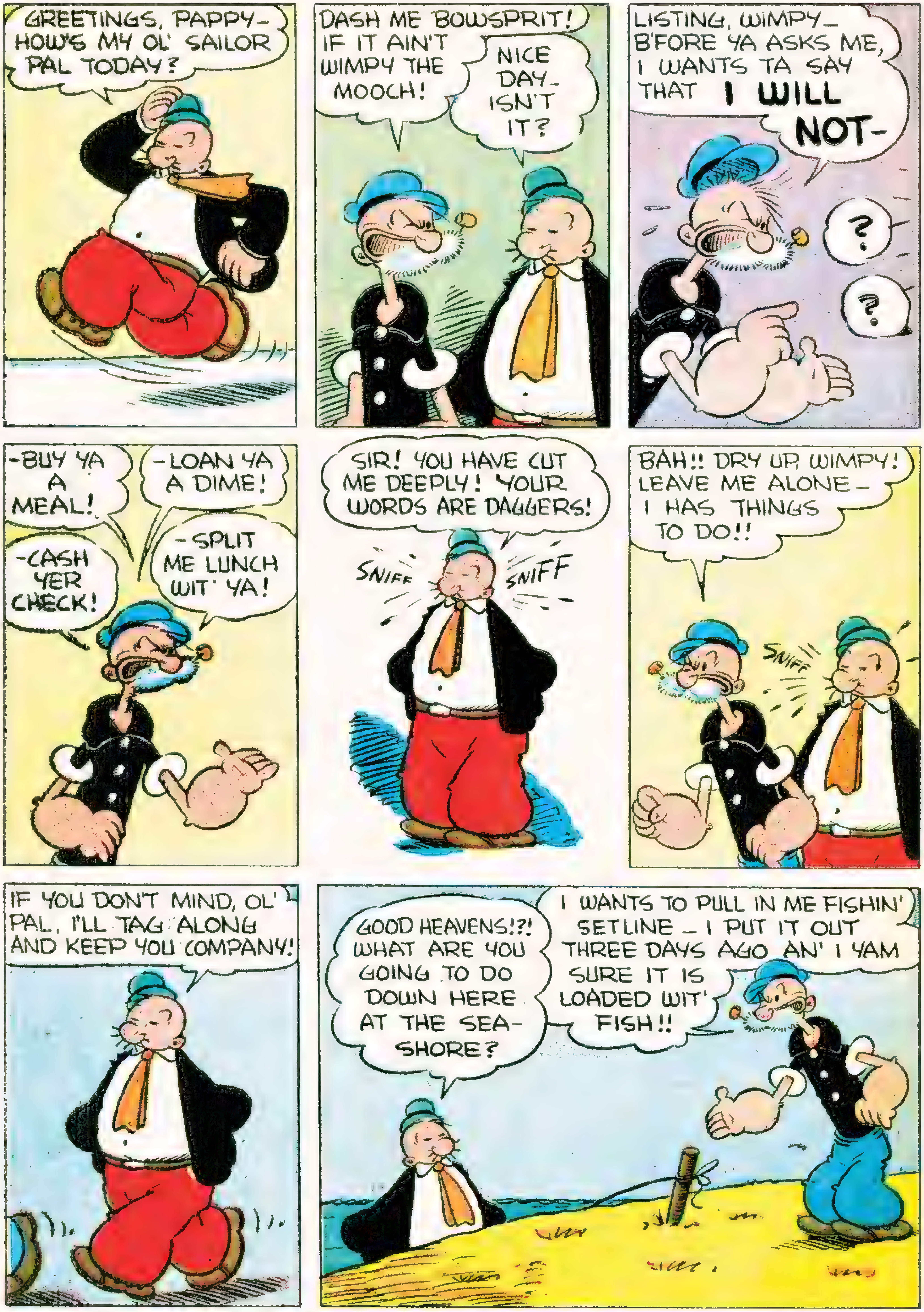
With a laugh of glee and relief, Swee'pea grabbed ahold of the side of the boat and hung on. The sudden jerk snapped the kite string and the kite sailed away and Swee'pea dropped into the boat.

"ARF! ARF!" he laughed, "I bet Popeye will be susprized to see me wit' the lifeboat. I jus' hopes he will buy me a new kite when we reaches land."

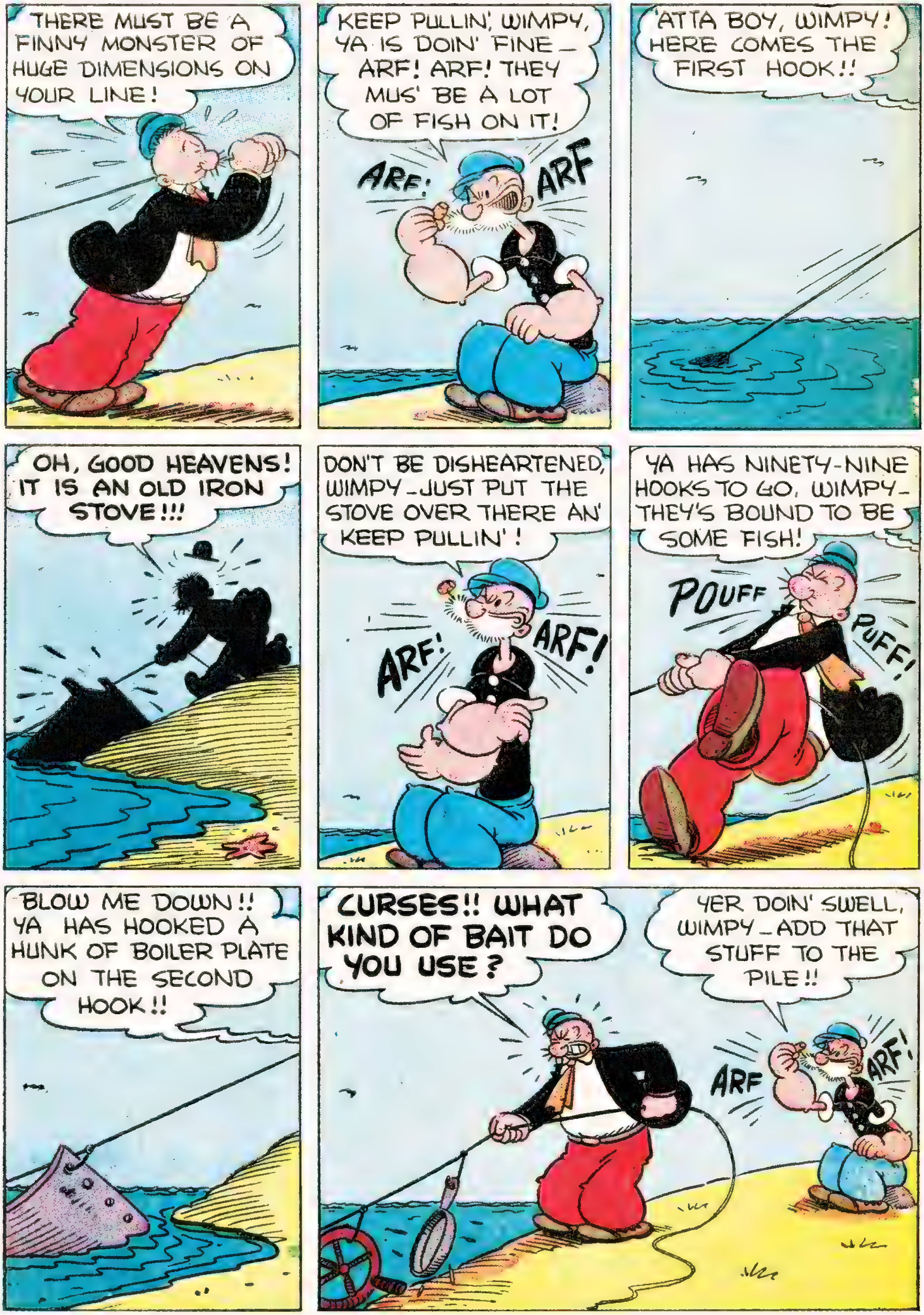
Needless to say he did.

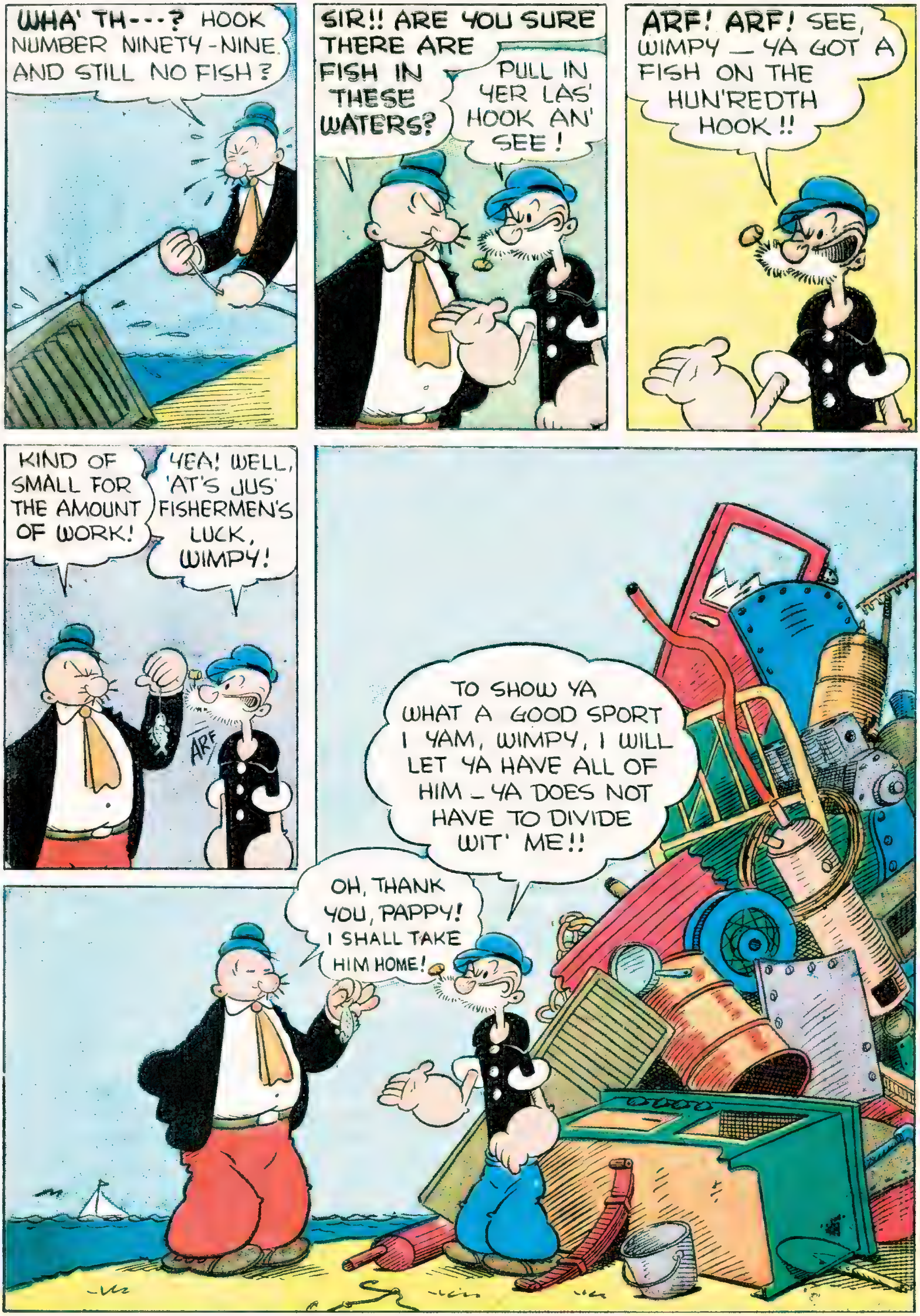


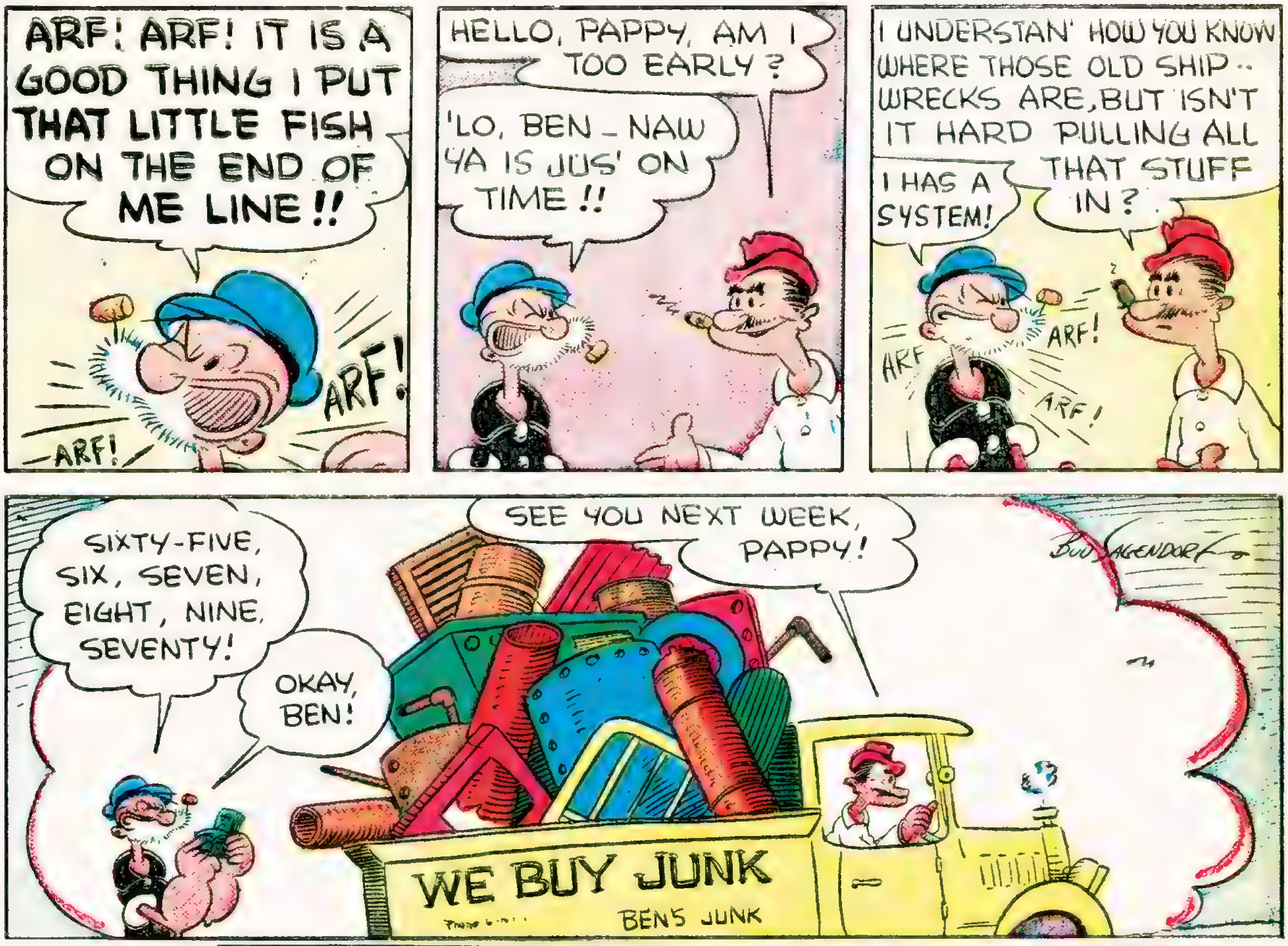
WIMPY
IN
"THE DOUBLE MOOCH!"
'TIS A VERY EMPTY DAY! EMPTY OF MOOCHING OPPORTUNITIES!
EMPTY, TOO, IS MY TUMMY AND NO ONE SEEMS WILLING TO TRUST ME FOR THE PRICE OF A MEAL!
BUT I TAKE HEART IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT THERE IS ALWAYS ONE MORE SUCKER TO CHISEL!
..ONE MUST JUST BE PATIENT AND SOONER OR LATER AN EASY TOUCH WILL COME ALONG!!
TUM-DE-TUM! BE-BOP-BO-AN' A DE TUM TUM!
HM? IT SEEMS I DIDN'T HAVE TO BE AS PATIENT AS I FEARED!


GREETINGS, PAPPY–
HOW'S MY OL' SAILOR
PAL TODAY?
DASH ME BOWSPRIT!
IF IT AIN'T
WIMPY THE
MOOCH!
NICE
DAY–
ISN'T
IT?
LISTING, WIMPY–
B'FORE YA ASKS ME,
I WANTS TA SAY
THAT I WILL
NOT–
?
?
–BUY YA
A
MEAL!
–LOAN YA
A DIME!
–CASH
YER
CHECK!
–SPLIT
ME LUNCH
WIT' YA!
SIR! YOU HAVE CUT
ME DEEPLY! YOUR
WORDS ARE DAGGERS!
SNIFF
SNIFF
BAH!! DRY UP, WIMPY!
LEAVE ME ALONE–
I HAS THINGS
TO DO!!
SNIFF
IF YOU DON'T MIND, OL'
PAL, I'LL TAG ALONG
AND KEEP YOU COMPANY!
GOOD HEAVENS!?!
WHAT ARE YOU
GOING TO DO
DOWN HERE
AT THE SEA-
SHORE?
I WANTS TO PULL IN ME FISHIN'
SETLINE – I PUT IT OUT
THREE DAYS AGO AN' I YAM
SURE IT IS
LOADED WIT'
FISH!!

I HAS A HUN'RED HOOKS ON ME LINE_I SHOULD GIT A LOT OF FISH!
INDEED, YES!
BOY! OH BOY! I HAS SURE CAUGHT SUMPIN'!
I, TOO, LIKE FISH!
FRIED IN BUTTER THEY'RE QUITE NICE!
YEOUWW! OOOH!
GOOD HEAVENS, PAPPY, WHAT IS WRONG?
ME BACK!! I HAS TWISTID ME SPINE PULLIN' IN ME LINE!
HM?
BAD BACK!
PULLING A FISHLINE ISN'T LIKE REAL WORK!
POOP-DECK, OL' FRIEND, ALLOW ME TO OFFER MY SERVICES_IF YOU'LL DIVIDE THE FISH WITH ME, I'LL PULL IN YOUR LINE!
I WILL BE GLAD TO DIVIDE THE FISH WIT' YA, WIMPY_ IF YA PULLS IN ME LINE!
ARF!
ARF!


THERE MUST BE A FINNY MONSTER OF HUGE DIMENSIONS ON YOUR LINE!
KEEP PULLIN', WIMPY, YA IS DOIN' FINE — ARF! ARF! THEY MUS' BE A LOT OF FISH ON IT!
ARF! ARF
'ATTA BOY, WIMPY! HERE COMES THE FIRST HOOK!!
OH, GOOD HEAVENS! IT IS AN OLD IRON STOVE!!!
DON'T BE DISHEARTENED, WIMPY — JUST PUT THE STOVE OVER THERE AN' KEEP PULLIN'!
ARF! ARF!
YA HAS NINETY-NINE HOOKS TO GO, WIMPY — THEY'S BOUND TO BE SOME FISH!
POUFF PUFF!
BLOW ME DOWN!! YA HAS HOOKED A HUNK OF BOILER PLATE ON THE SECOND HOOK!!
CURSES!! WHAT KIND OF BAIT DO YOU USE?
YER DOIN' SWELL, WIMPY — ADD THAT STUFF TO THE PILE!!
ARF ARF!


WHA' TH---? HOOK NUMBER NINETY-NINE AND STILL NO FISH?
SIR!! ARE YOU SURE THERE ARE FISH IN THESE WATERS?
PULL IN YER LAS' HOOK AN' SEE!
ARF! ARF! SEE, WIMPY — YA GOT A FISH ON THE HUN'REDTH HOOK!!
KIND OF SMALL FOR THE AMOUNT OF WORK!
YEA! WELL, 'AT'S JUS' FISHERMEN'S LUCK, WIMPY!
ARF
TO SHOW YA WHAT A GOOD SPORT I YAM, WIMPY, I WILL LET YA HAVE ALL OF HIM — YA DOES NOT HAVE TO DIVIDE WIT' ME!!
OH, THANK YOU, PAPPY! I SHALL TAKE HIM HOME!



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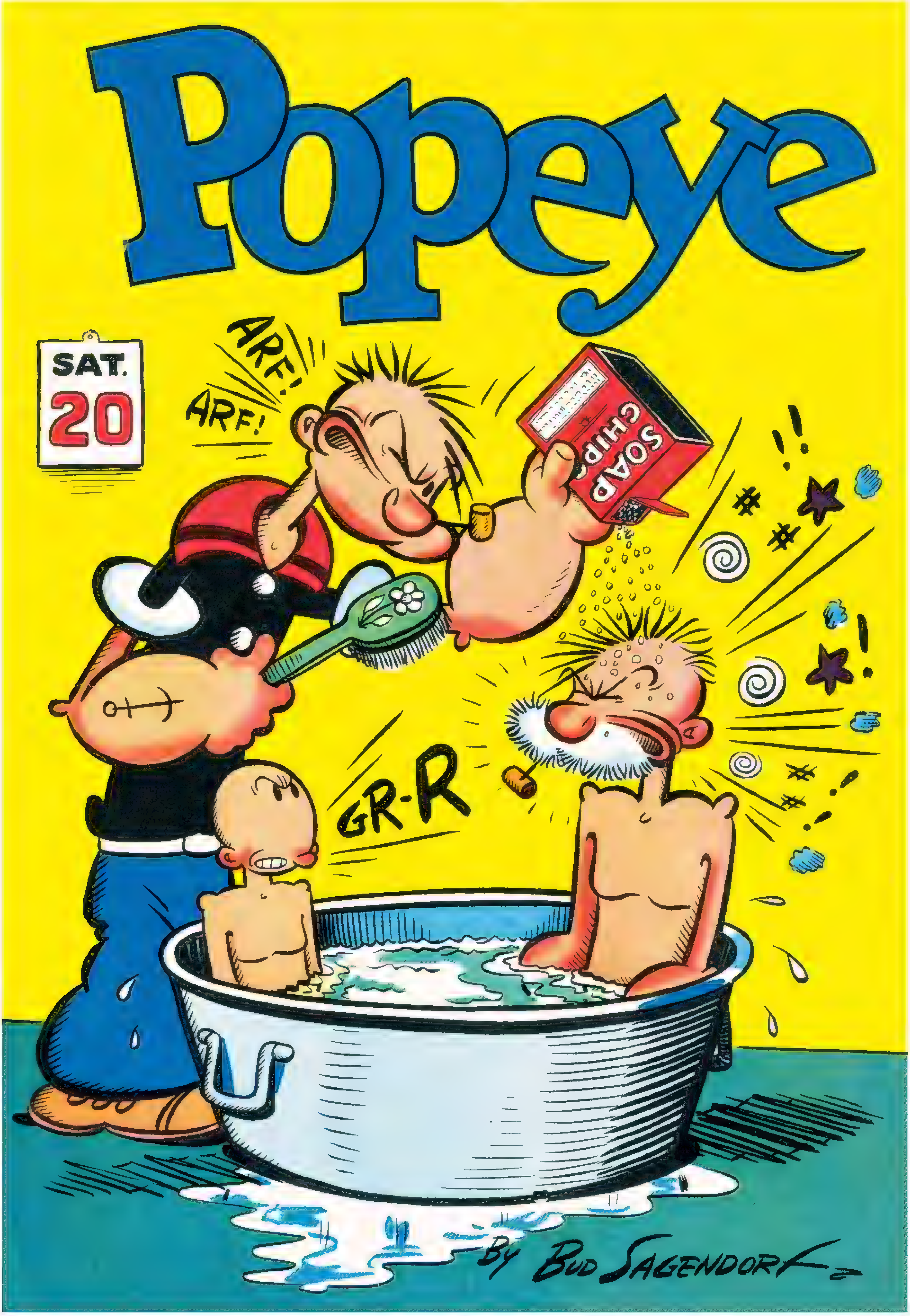
Relationship

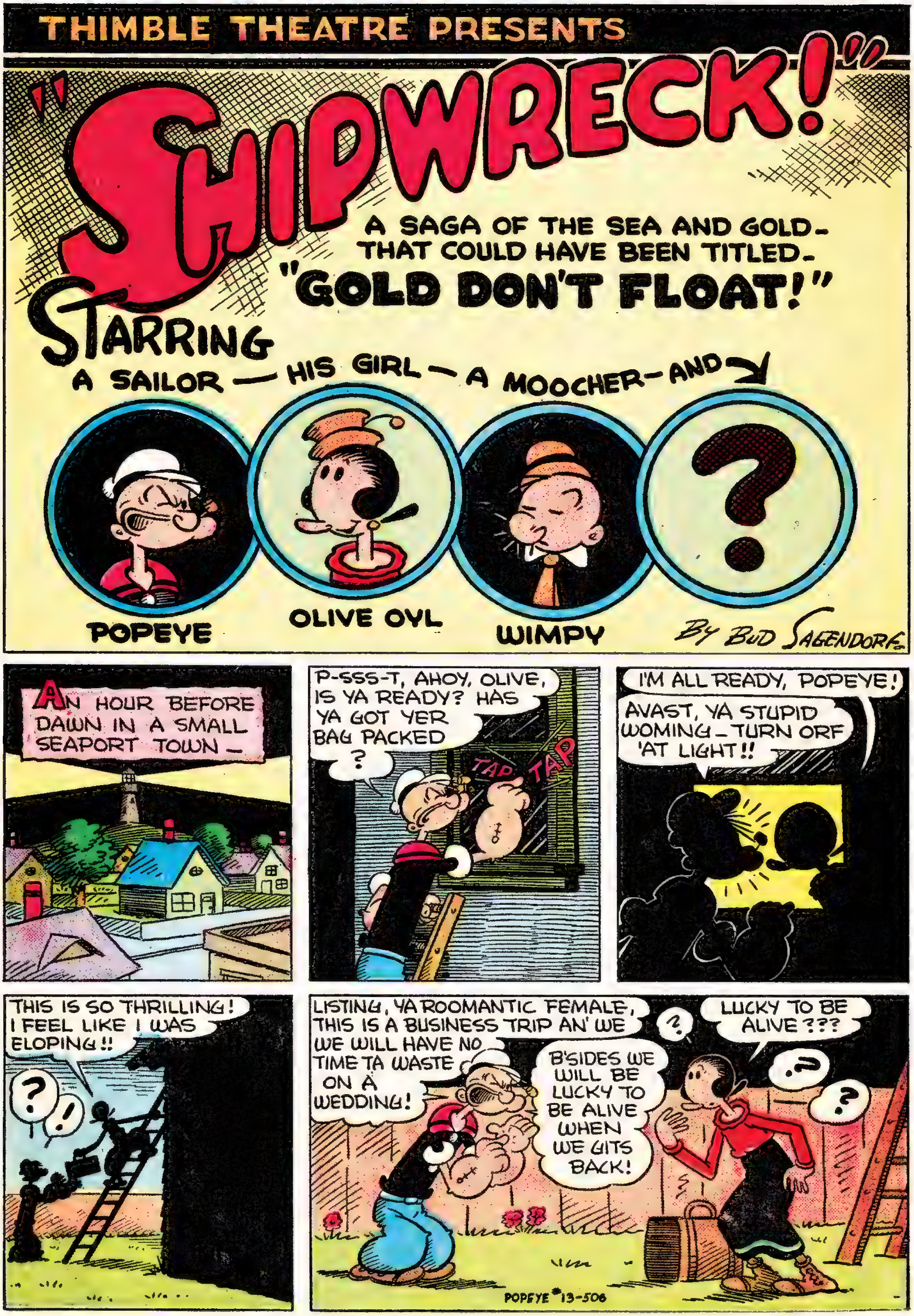
DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

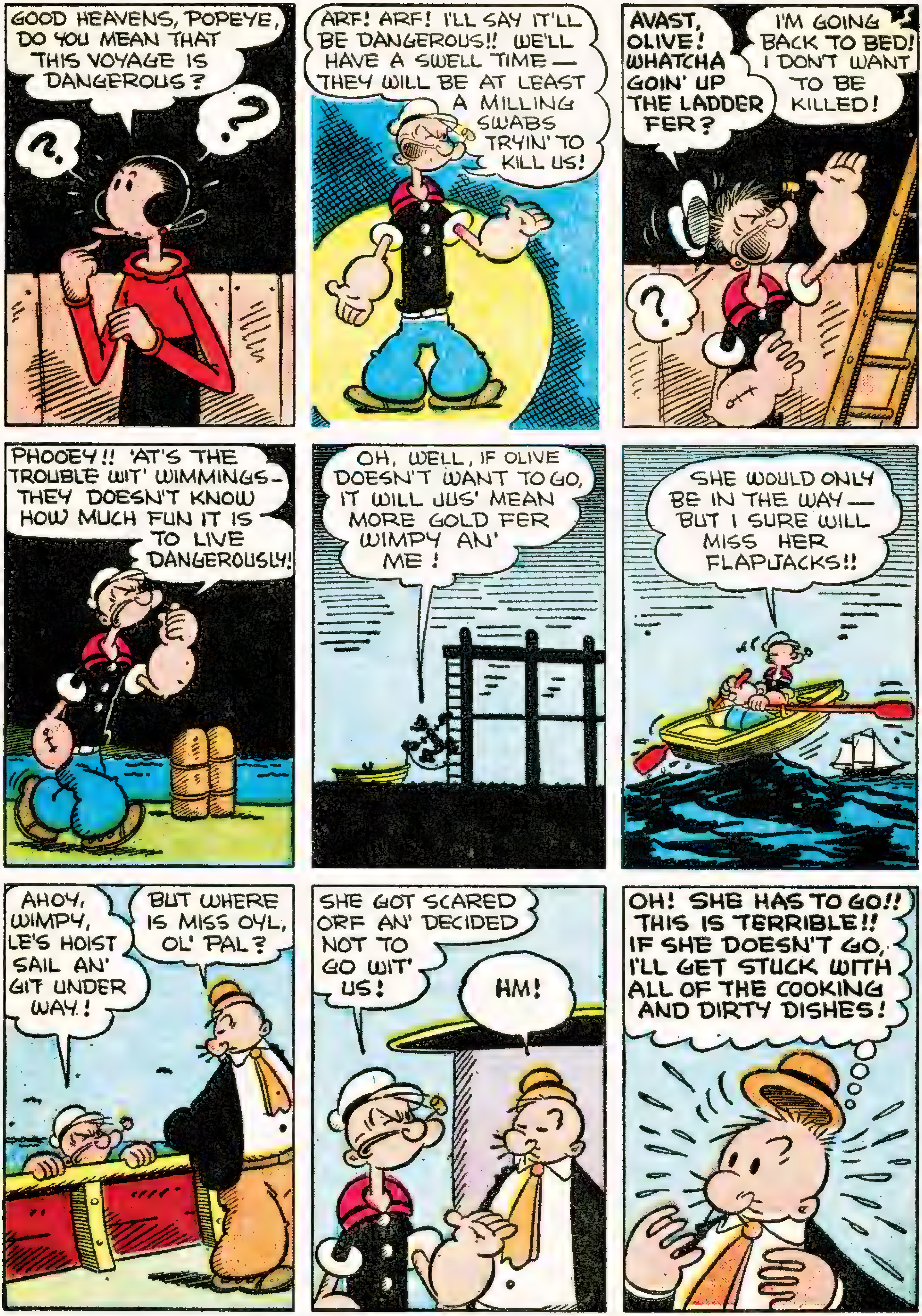
POPEYE
THERE'S POPEYE — I'M DYING TO SHOW HIM MY NEW HAT!
OH, MY GORSH!?! WHA'S OLIVE GOT ON HER HEAD?
?
?
HELLO, POPEYE DEAR — HOW DO YOU LIKE MY NEW HAT?
HAT!?! -ER-A-
YOU'RE MY ONE AND ONLY AND I WOULDN'T WANT TO WEAR ANYTHING THAT YOU THOUGHT WASN'T BECOMING!
AFTER ALL, I DO DRESS TO PLEASE YOU, SO TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK OF IT!!
NOW, BE HONEST — I WANT TO KNOW THE TRUTH ---
OKAY, OLIVE, IF YA WANTS THE TRUTH, I WILL GIVE IT TO YA!
ARF!
ARF!
I THINK YER HAT IS --ER--ER---
YES ?
?
!
---THE PURTIEST BONNET I HAS EVER SEEN!!
BUD SAGENDORF

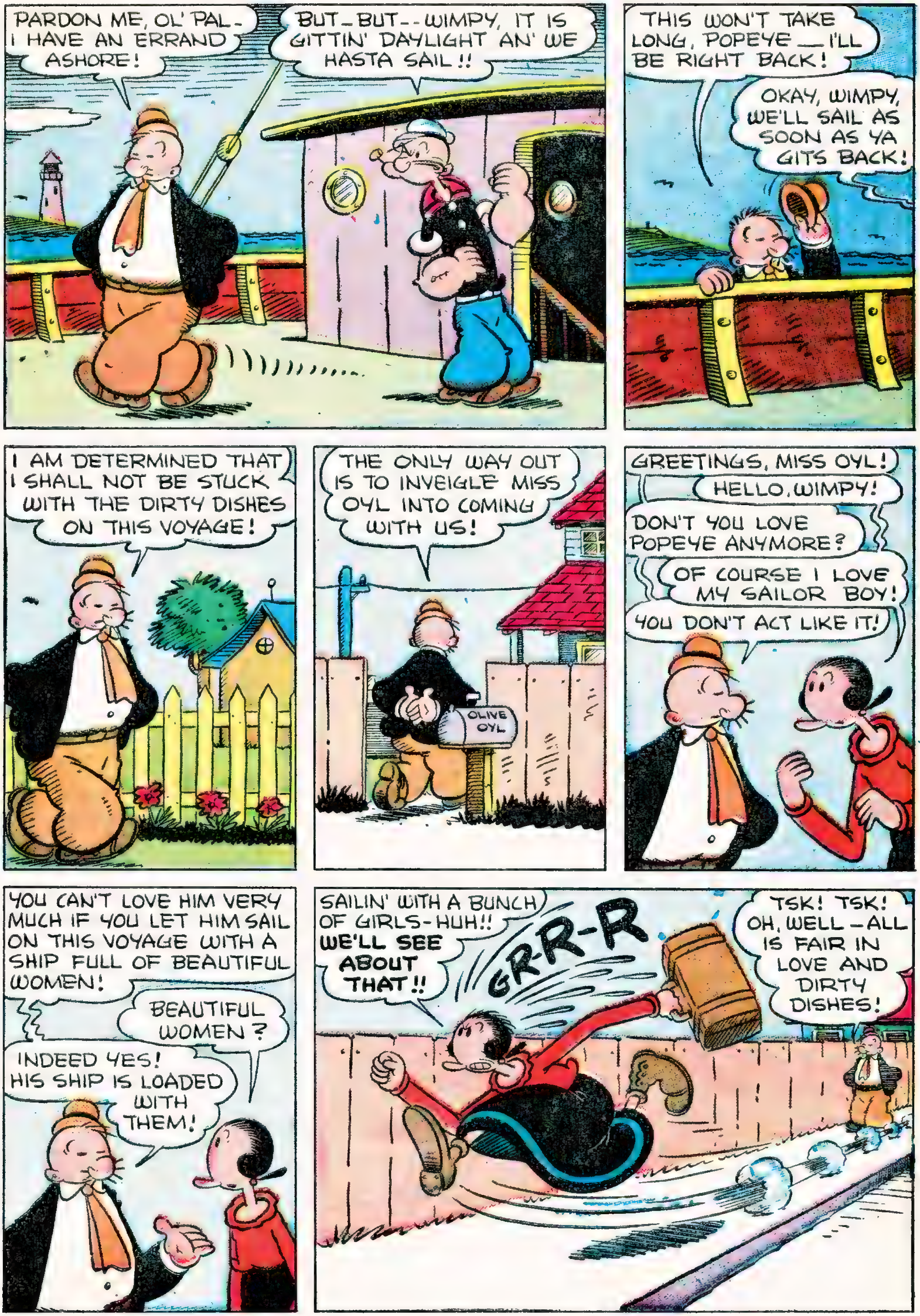


Popeye #13, June-August 1950

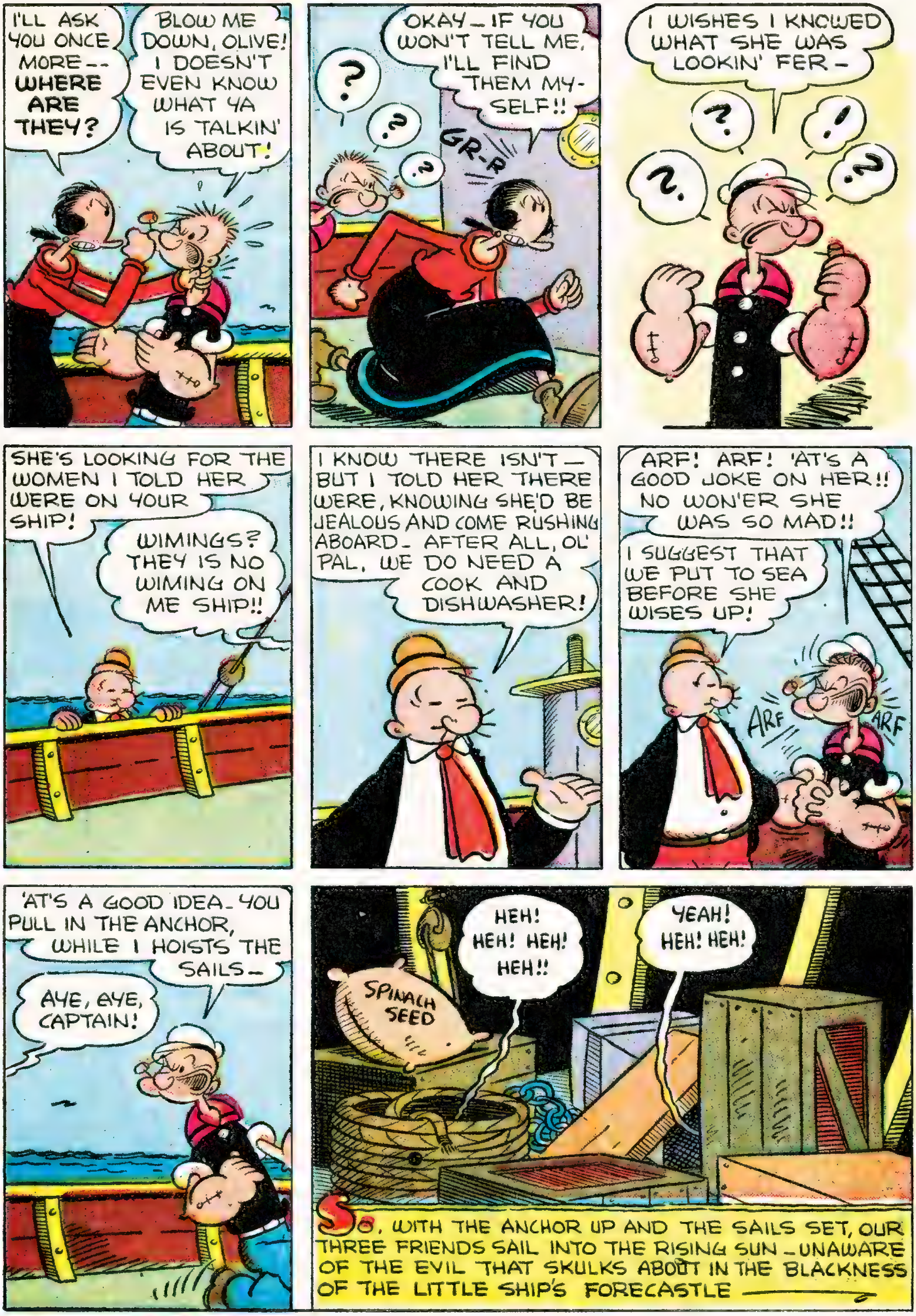
POPEYE
WE'RE GOING AWAY FOR TWO MONTHS, POPEYE - WOULD YOU TAKE CARE OF MY GOLDFISH FOR ME?
SURE, OLIVE!
I WILL TAKE GOOD CARE OF YA, LI'L GOLDIE FISHIES — YA IS ME SWEETIE'S FAVORITE PETS!
YA SURE DOESN'T HAVE MUCH ROOM TO SWIM IN 'AT LI'L BOWL!
I THINKS I WILL GIVE YA A TREAT!
I WILL BUILD 'EM A NICE BIG FISHPOND TO SWIM AROUN' IN UNTIL OLIVE GITS BACK!
CEMENT
THERE YA IS, LI'L FISHIES - SWIM AROUN' AN' HAVE FUN!
THE NEXT MORNING —
I THINKS I'LL GO OUT AN' SEE HOW OLIVE'S FISH IS DOIN'!
AHOY, POPEYE, THIS IS A SWELL SWIMMIN' POOL YA BUILT!
THE FISHIN'S SWELL, TOO - I'VE ALREADY CAUGHT TWO BEAUTIES!!
OH MY GORSH! NO! NO! NO!

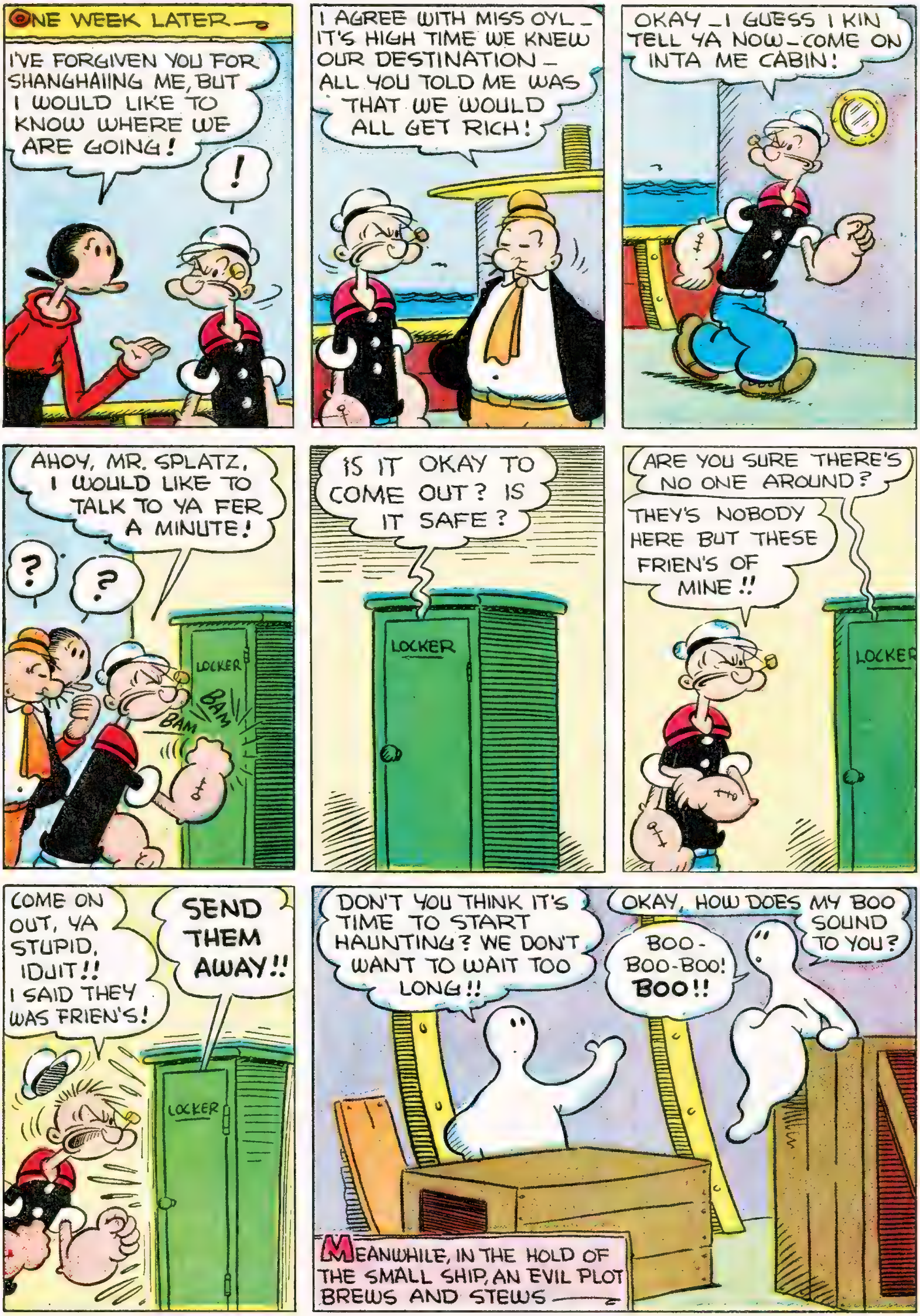

THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS
"SHIPWRECK!"
A SAGA OF THE SEA AND GOLD-
THAT COULD HAVE BEEN TITLED-
"GOLD DON'T FLOAT!"
STARRING
A SAILOR — HIS GIRL — A MOOCHER — AND
?
POPEYE
OLIVE OYL
WIMPY
BY BUD SAGENDORF
AN HOUR BEFORE DAWN IN A SMALL SEAPORT TOWN —
P-SSS-T, AHOY, OLIVE, IS YA READY? HAS YA GOT YER BAG PACKED
?
TAP TAP
I'M ALL READY, POPEYE!
AVAST, YA STUPID WOMING — TURN ORF 'AT LIGHT!!
THIS IS SO THRILLING! I FEEL LIKE I WAS ELOPING!!
?
!
LISTING, YA ROOMANTIC FEMALE, THIS IS A BUSINESS TRIP AN' WE WE WILL HAVE NO TIME TA WASTE ON A WEDDING!
?
LUCKY TO BE ALIVE???
B'SIDES WE WILL BE LUCKY TO BE ALIVE WHEN WE GITS BACK!
?
?
POPEYE 13-506

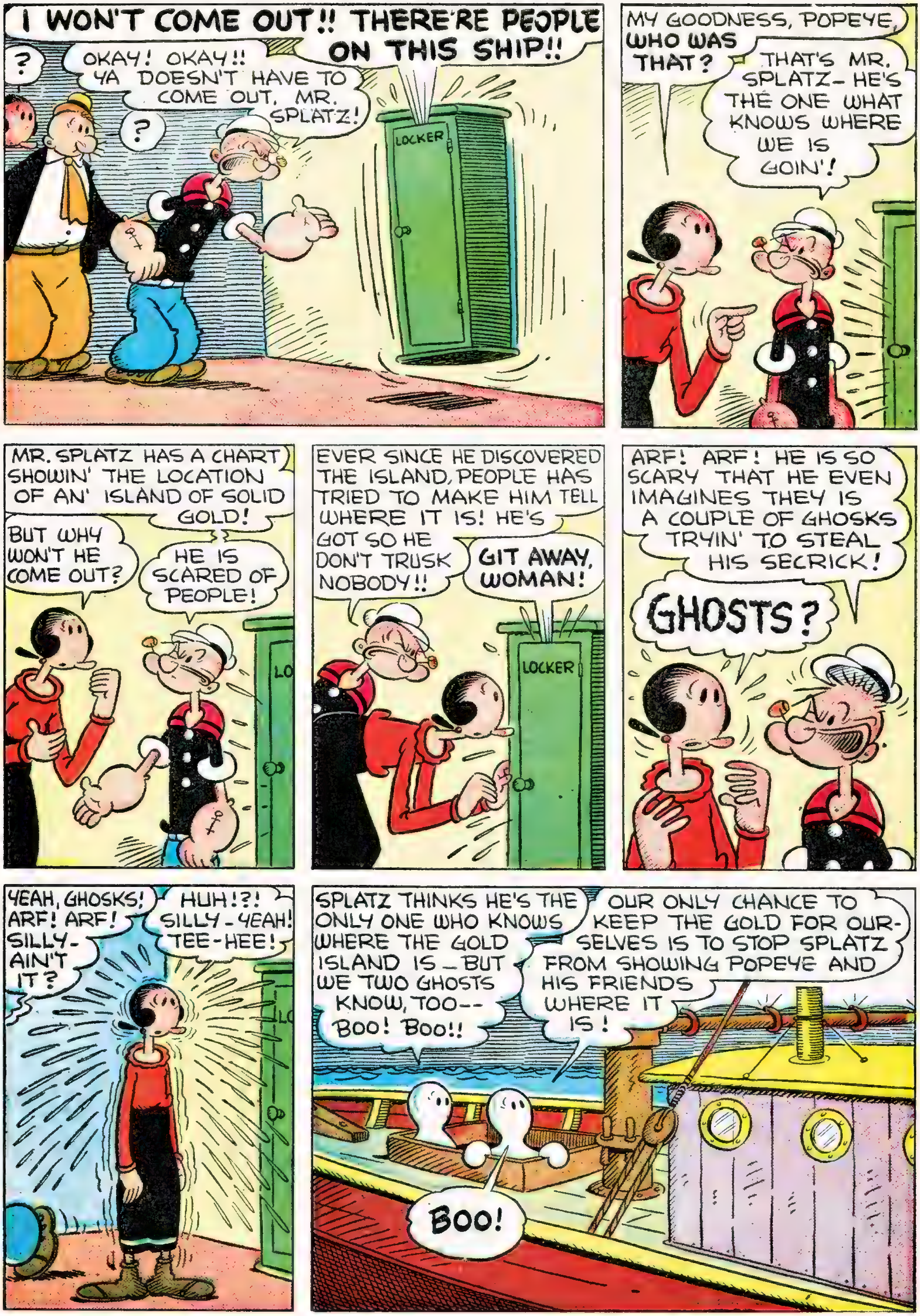

GOOD HEAVENS, POPEYE, DO YOU MEAN THAT THIS VOYAGE IS DANGEROUS?
?
?
ARF! ARF! I'LL SAY IT'LL BE DANGEROUS!! WE'LL HAVE A SWELL TIME — THEY WILL BE AT LEAST A MILLING SWABS TRYIN' TO KILL US!
AVAST, OLIVE! WHATCHA GOIN' UP THE LADDER FER?
I'M GOING BACK TO BED! I DON'T WANT TO BE KILLED!
?
PHOOEY!! 'AT'S THE TROUBLE WIT' WIMMINGS — THEY DOESN'T KNOW HOW MUCH FUN IT IS TO LIVE DANGEROUSLY!
OH, WELL, IF OLIVE DOESN'T WANT TO GO, IT WILL JUS' MEAN MORE GOLD FER WIMPY AN' ME!
SHE WOULD ONLY BE IN THE WAY — BUT I SURE WILL MISS HER FLAPJACKS!!
AHOY, WIMPY, LE'S HOIST SAIL AN' GIT UNDER WAY!
BUT WHERE IS MISS OYL, OL' PAL?
SHE GOT SCARED ORF AN' DECIDED NOT TO GO WIT' US!
HM!
OH! SHE HAS TO GO!! THIS IS TERRIBLE!! IF SHE DOESN'T GO, I'LL GET STUCK WITH ALL OF THE COOKING AND DIRTY DISHES!


PARDON ME, OL' PAL - I HAVE AN ERRAND ASHORE!
BUT - BUT - - WIMPY, IT IS GITTIN' DAYLIGHT AN' WE HASTA SAIL !!
THIS WON'T TAKE LONG, POPEYE — I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!
OKAY, WIMPY, WE'LL SAIL AS SOON AS YA GITS BACK!
I AM DETERMINED THAT I SHALL NOT BE STUCK WITH THE DIRTY DISHES ON THIS VOYAGE!
THE ONLY WAY OUT IS TO INVEIGLE MISS OYL INTO COMING WITH US!
OLIVE OYL
GREETINGS, MISS OYL!
HELLO, WIMPY!
DON'T YOU LOVE POPEYE ANYMORE?
OF COURSE I LOVE MY SAILOR BOY!
YOU DON'T ACT LIKE IT!
YOU CAN'T LOVE HIM VERY MUCH IF YOU LET HIM SAIL ON THIS VOYAGE WITH A SHIP FULL OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN!
BEAUTIFUL WOMEN?
INDEED YES! HIS SHIP IS LOADED WITH THEM!
SAILIN' WITH A BUNCH OF GIRLS - HUH!! WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!!
GR-R-R
TSK! TSK! OH, WELL - ALL IS FAIR IN LOVE AND DIRTY DISHES!

I WISH WIMPY WOULD HURRY UP AN' COME BACK– I WANTS TO GIT OUTA PORT B'FORE THE WHOLE TOWN IS AWAKE!
THEY'S A THOUSING SWABS WHAT WOULD GIVE A MILLING BUCKS TA KNOW WHERE I YAM GOIN'!
IF THEY SEES US SAIL THEY WILL ALL FOLLOW AN' THEN WE WILL HAVE TROUBLE!
HOT DORG!! THEY'S A ROWER BOAT LEAVIN' THE DOCK — IT MUS' BE WIMPY — I'LL GO B'LOW AN' GIT ME CHARTS!!
AS SOON AS WIMPY GITS ABOARD, WE KIN GIT UNDER WAY — THE SOONER THE BETTER!!
WHERE ARE THEY??? I'LL TEAR THEM TO PIECES!!
?
?
WHA' TH'--?
BLOW ME DOWN!?! OLIVE!!! SO YA CHANGED YER MIND!!
WHERE ARE THEY? WHERE ARE YOU HIDING THEM?
GR-R-
YOU MULTIPLE TIMING ONE-EYED SAILOR!!! I'LL TEACH YOU TO MAKE LIGHT OF MY LOVE!!!
I SAID – WHERE ARE THEY??
SPLAT
MY GORSH, OLIVE, YA IS ACTIN' ALMOS' UNDOMESTICATID! IF YA DOESN'T WATCH OUT, YA IS GONER LOSE YER TEMPER!


I'LL ASK YOU ONCE MORE-- WHERE ARE THEY?
BLOW ME DOWN, OLIVE! I DOESN'T EVEN KNOW WHAT YA IS TALKIN' ABOUT!
OKAY - IF YOU WON'T TELL ME, I'LL FIND THEM MYSELF!!
GR-R
I WISHES I KNOWED WHAT SHE WAS LOOKIN' FER -
SHE'S LOOKING FOR THE WOMEN I TOLD HER WERE ON YOUR SHIP!
WIMINGS? THEY IS NO WIMING ON ME SHIP!!
I KNOW THERE ISN'T - BUT I TOLD HER THERE WERE, KNOWING SHE'D BE JEALOUS AND COME RUSHING ABOARD - AFTER ALL, OL' PAL, WE DO NEED A COOK AND DISHWASHER!
ARF! ARF! 'AT'S A GOOD JOKE ON HER!! NO WON'ER SHE WAS SO MAD!!
I SUGGEST THAT WE PUT TO SEA BEFORE SHE WISES UP!
ARF
ARF
'AT'S A GOOD IDEA - YOU PULL IN THE ANCHOR, WHILE I HOISTS THE SAILS -
AYE, AYE, CAPTAIN!
SPINACH SEED
HEH! HEH! HEH! HEH!!
YEAH! HEH! HEH!
SO, WITH THE ANCHOR UP AND THE SAILS SET, OUR THREE FRIENDS SAIL INTO THE RISING SUN - UNAWARE OF THE EVIL THAT SKULKS ABOUT IN THE BLACKNESS OF THE LITTLE SHIP'S FORECASTLE —

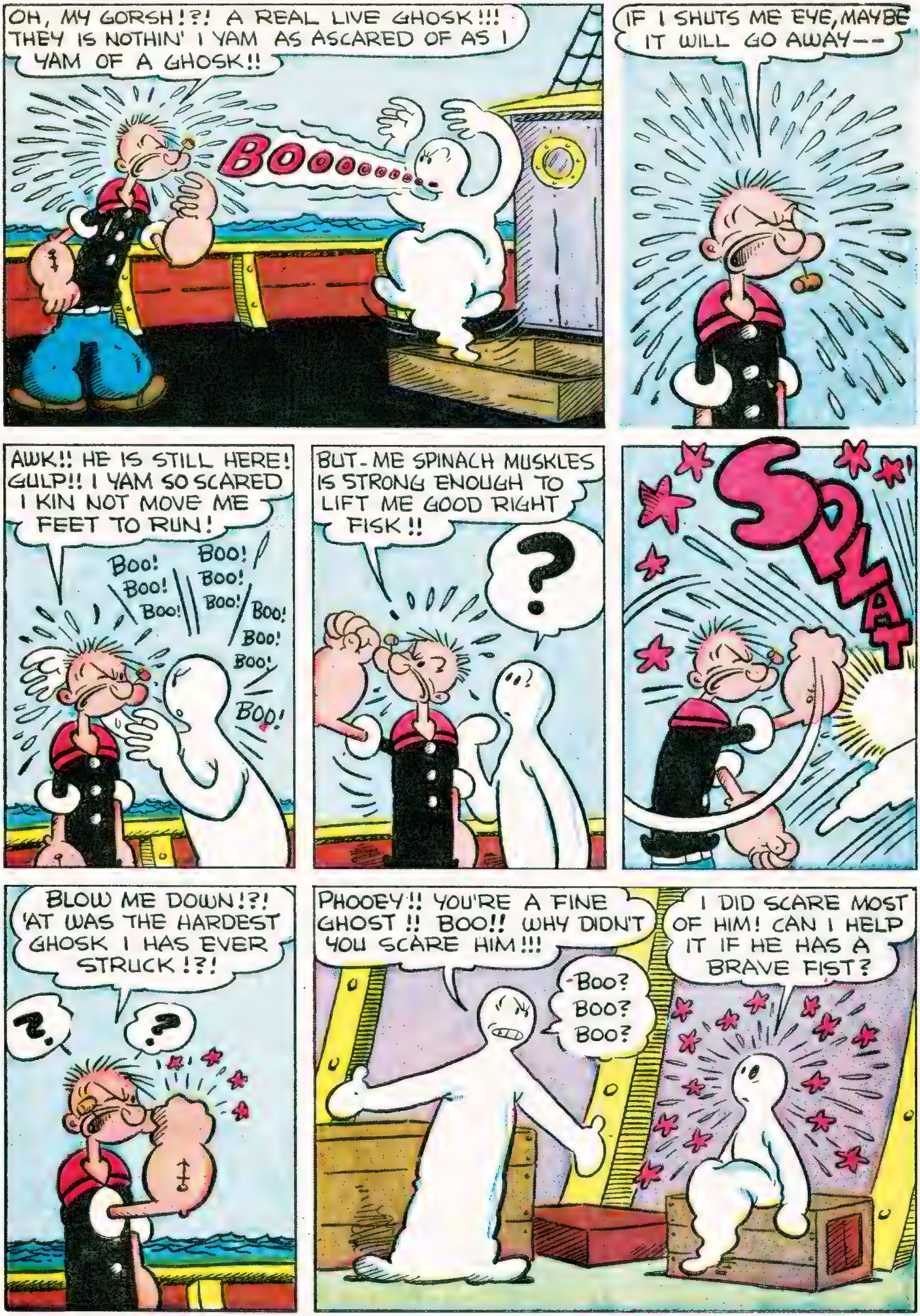

ONE WEEK LATER
I'VE FORGIVEN YOU FOR SHANGHAIING ME, BUT I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHERE WE ARE GOING!
!
I AGREE WITH MISS OYL – IT'S HIGH TIME WE KNEW OUR DESTINATION – ALL YOU TOLD ME WAS THAT WE WOULD ALL GET RICH!
OKAY – I GUESS I KIN TELL YA NOW – COME ON INTA ME CABIN!
AHOY, MR. SPLATZ, I WOULD LIKE TO TALK TO YA FER A MINUTE!
?
?
LOCKER
BAM
BAM
IS IT OKAY TO COME OUT? IS IT SAFE?
LOCKER
ARE YOU SURE THERE'S NO ONE AROUND?
THEY'S NOBODY HERE BUT THESE FRIEN'S OF MINE!!
LOCKER
COME ON OUT, YA STUPID, IDJIT!! I SAID THEY WAS FRIEN'S!
SEND THEM AWAY!!
LOCKER
DON'T YOU THINK IT'S TIME TO START HAUNTING? WE DON'T WANT TO WAIT TOO LONG!!
OKAY, HOW DOES MY BOO SOUND TO YOU?
BOO-BOO-BOO! BOO!!
MEANWHILE, IN THE HOLD OF THE SMALL SHIP, AN EVIL PLOT BREWS AND STEWS


I WON'T COME OUT!! THERE'RE PEOPLE ON THIS SHIP!!
?
OKAY! OKAY!! YA DOESN'T HAVE TO COME OUT, MR. SPLATZ!
?
LOCKER
MY GOODNESS, POPEYE, WHO WAS THAT?
THAT'S MR. SPLATZ– HE'S THE ONE WHAT KNOWS WHERE WE IS GOIN'!
MR. SPLATZ HAS A CHART SHOWIN' THE LOCATION OF AN' ISLAND OF SOLID GOLD!
BUT WHY WON'T HE COME OUT?
HE IS SCARED OF PEOPLE!
EVER SINCE HE DISCOVERED THE ISLAND, PEOPLE HAS TRIED TO MAKE HIM TELL WHERE IT IS! HE'S GOT SO HE DON'T TRUSK NOBODY!!
GIT AWAY, WOMAN!
LOCKER
ARF! ARF! HE IS SO SCARY THAT HE EVEN IMAGINES THEY IS A COUPLE OF GHOSKS TRYIN' TO STEAL HIS SECRICK!
GHOSTS?
YEAH, GHOSKS! ARF! ARF! SILLY- AIN'T IT?
HUH!?! SILLY-YEAH! TEE-HEE!
SPLATZ THINKS HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS WHERE THE GOLD ISLAND IS – BUT WE TWO GHOSTS KNOW, TOO-- BOO! BOO!!
OUR ONLY CHANCE TO KEEP THE GOLD FOR OUR-SELVES IS TO STOP SPLATZ FROM SHOWING POPEYE AND HIS FRIENDS WHERE IT IS!
BOO!

POPEYE SAYS MR. SPLATZ THINKS HE IS BEING FOLLOWED BY TWO HORRIBLE GHOSTS!
I WOULDN'T WORRY, MISS OYL!
'TIS WELL KNOWN THAT SEAFARING HAUNTS ONLY SPOOK AROUND ON GHOST SHIPS — AND THIS IS NO GHOST SHIP — IF IT WERE, I WOULDN'T BE HERE!!
THANKS, WIMPY — YOU'VE REASSURED ME — I THINK I'LL GO OUT ON DECK AND SEE POPEYE!
FEEL AT EASE, MISS OYL, THERE ARE NO GHOSTS VOYAGING WITH US!!
AHOY, OLIVE, I YAM GLAD YA COMED ON DECK — YA KIN TAKE THE WHEEL WHILE I CHECKS OUR COURSE WIT' MR. SPLATZ!
OKAY, POPEYE!
AVAST, MR. SPLATZ, HOW'S OUR COURSE?
HAS YA ANY ORDERS?
YES — AT MIDNIGHT TAKE A SOUTHEAST TACK FOR TWO HOURS!
WHAT A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT!! HA! HA! WIMPY WAS RIGHT — THERE JUST COULDN'T BE ANY GHOSTS!
LA-DA DE-DA
BOO
AHOY, YA BLASTID FEMALE, WHA'CHA DOIN' UP THERE?? YA LOOKS LIKE A STUPID PELICAN!
COME ON DOWN! THIS IS NO TIME FER GAMES!

YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT MISS OYL THINKS SHE SAW A GHOST LAST NIGHT?
YEA, WIMPY! SHE IS HIDIN' IN HER CABIN HALF SCARED TO DEATH!
I HOPE SHE GETS OVER SEEING THINGS IN TIME TO FIX DINNER!
'TIS AMAZING HOW THE FAIRER ONES ALLOW THEIR IMAGINATIONS TO GET THE BEST OF THEM!
GOOD HEAVENS!?! WHAT'S THIS? MY BAG ALL PACKED AND ON THE TABLE!
HM? A NOTE PINNED TO IT?
MR. WIMPY— WE HAVE PACKED YOUR BAG FOR YOU SO YOU CAN LEAVE IMMEDIATELY.
SIGNED BY BOTH HORRIBLE GHOSTS
P.S. SORRY WE COULDN'T FIND YOUR TOOTH-BRUSH—
WHA' TH'--?
AVAST, WIMPY, WHAT IS YA DOIN'?
COME ON BACK HERE, YA WIT!! YA KIN NOT WALK HOME ACROSS A THOUSING MILES OF WATER!!
UNHAND ME, SIR!! WE WIMPYS KNOW WHEN WE'RE NOT WANTED — WE CAN TAKE A HINT!!!

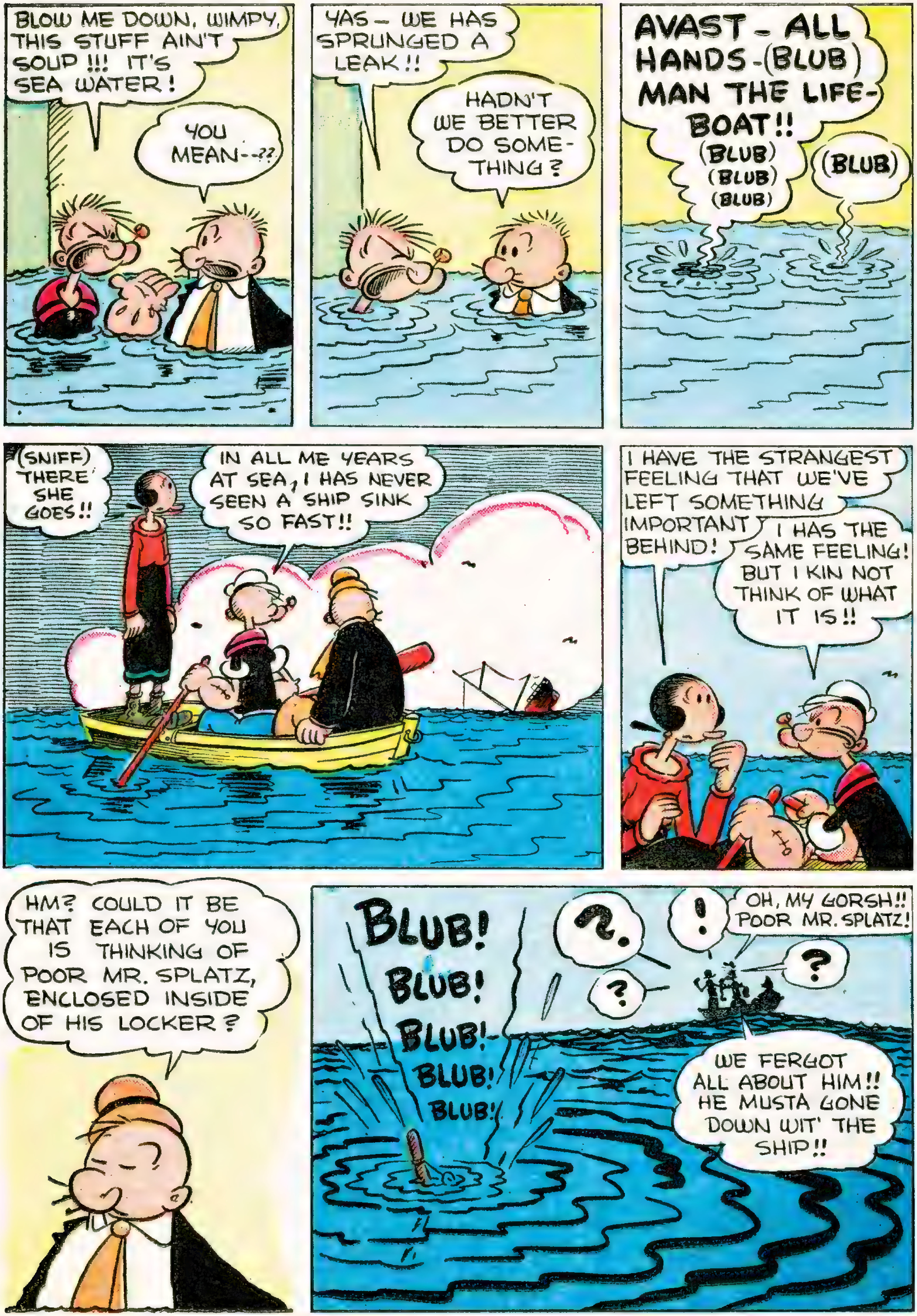
HA! HA! BOY! WE'VE SURE GOT THEM ON THE RUN NOW!!
THEY'RE ALL BOO-HAPPY!
YEAH! IF POPEYE HADN'T STOPPED HIM, THAT FAT GUY WOULD BE SHARK BAIT BY NOW!!
HA-BOO!
BOO!!
WE'VE GOT WIMPY AND OLIVE OYL SCARED - BUT OUR ONLY CHANCE TO MAKE THEM TURN BACK IS TO SCARE THAT ONE-EYED SAILOR!
HE'S TOUGH!
I KNOW HE'S TOUGH--- SO-- AS LONG AS YOU ARE SO PROUD OF YOUR "BOO", I THINK YOU'RE THE ONE TO SPOOK HIM!
ME?
NOW RUN ALONG AND GIVE HIM YOUR BEST BOO - SAILORS ARE SUPERSTITIOUS, SO YOU WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE!
I HOPE NOT!
THERE HE IS - I HOPE HE'LL BE REASONABLE AND BE SCARED!
BOOOOOO



OH, MY GORSH!?! A REAL LIVE GHOSK!!! THEY IS NOTHIN' I YAM AS ASCARED OF AS I YAM OF A GHOSK!!
BOOOOOOOO
IF I SHUTS ME EYE, MAYBE IT WILL GO AWAY--
AWK!! HE IS STILL HERE! GULP!! I YAM SO SCARED I KIN NOT MOVE ME FEET TO RUN!
Boo! Boo! Boo! Boo! Boo! Boo! Boo! Boo! Boo! Boo!
BUT-ME SPINACH MUSKLES IS STRONG ENOUGH TO LIFT ME GOOD RIGHT FISK!!
?
SPLAT
BLOW ME DOWN!?! 'AT WAS THE HARDEST GHOSK I HAS EVER STRUCK!?!
?
?
PHOOEY!! YOU'RE A FINE GHOST!! BOO!! WHY DIDN'T YOU SCARE HIM!!!
Boo? Boo? Boo?
I DID SCARE MOST OF HIM! CAN I HELP IT IF HE HAS A BRAVE FIST?

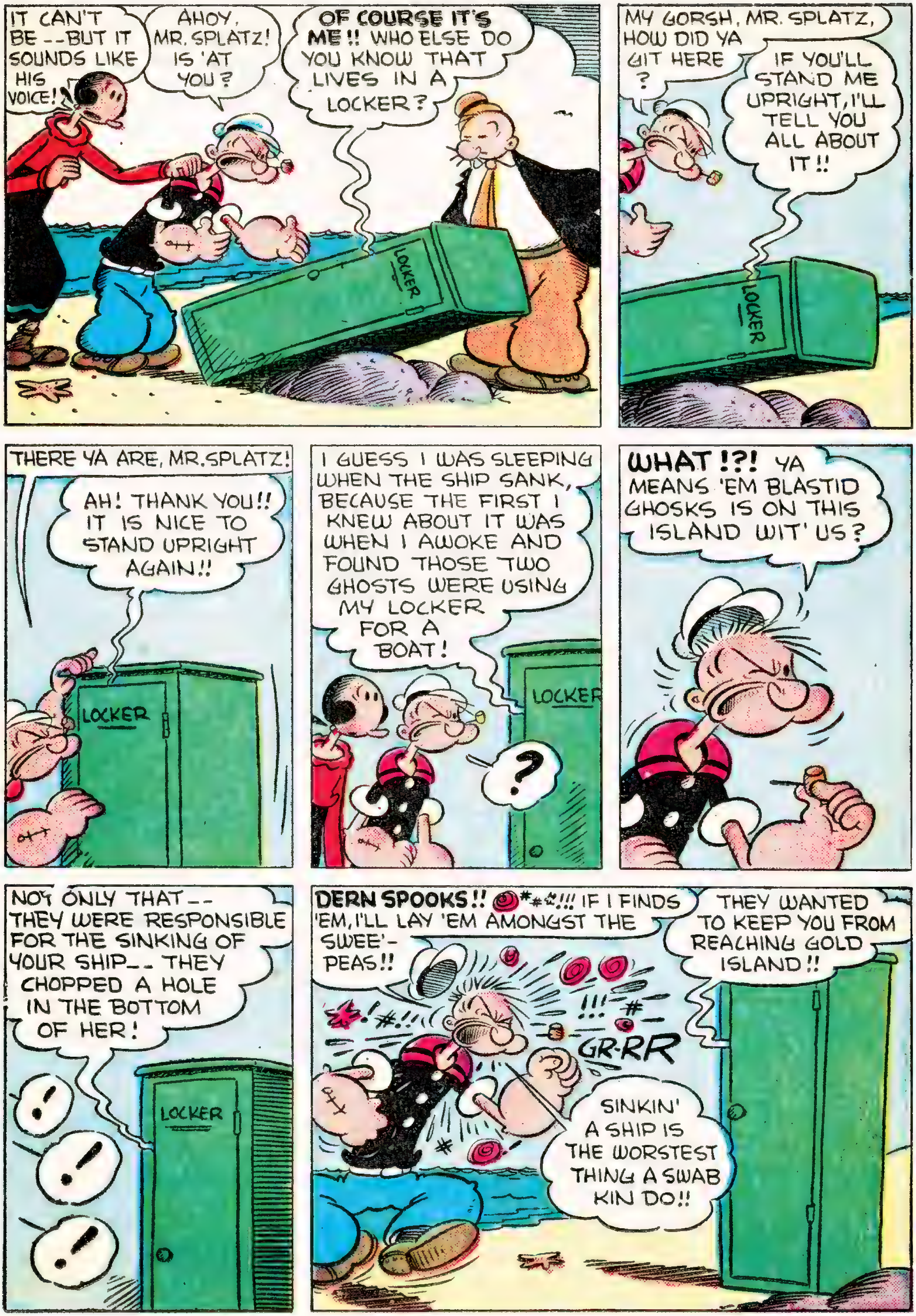
OH, THERE YOU ARE, POPEYE _ GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT YOUR FIST LIKE THAT FOR?
I YAM PUZZLED-- I JUS' SMACKED A GHOSK AN' IT HURTED ME FISK! A GHOSK IS JUS' AIR - IT SHOULDN'T ORTA HURT TO HIT IT!
MAYBE IT ISN'T A REAL GHOST AT ALL!!
'AT'S WHAT I YAM B'GINNIN' TA THINK -- I HAS A HUNCH THEY IS REAL LIVE HUMANS!!
WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM SOME WAY! WE CAN'T LET THEM GET TO GOLD ISLAND!
HM?
HM?
HM?
HEY!! I KNOW WHAT WE CAN DO!!
YEAH? WHAT?
WE CAN SINK THE SHIP!!
SINK THE SHIP!?!
?
SURE! THEY CAN'T SAIL TO THE ISLAND IF THE SHIP'S FULL OF WATER!
SINK THE SHIP? HM! HA! HA!
HA!
HA!
NOT BAD --NOT BAD AT ALL!
BOO! BOO!
YEAH! WON'T THEY BE SURPRISED WHEN THEY START GETTING WET!

THAT'S THE WAY!! GIVE IT ANOTHER ONE – WE WANT TO BE SURE SHE SINKS!!
THEY'LL NEVER GET TO GOLD ISLAND NOW!
YOO-HOO! BOYS– LUNCH IS READY!
YA MAKES A SWELL BOWL OF SOUP, OLIVE!
INDEED YOU DO, MISS OYL!
BLAST YA, WIMPY– STOP SPILLIN' YER SOUP!!
?
HUH? SIR! I AM NOT SPILLING A DROP!!
I YAM SORRY, WIMPY– I THOUGHT I FELT SUMPIN' WET ON ME FEET--BUT I MUS' OF BEEN MISTOOKEN!
THAT'S OKAY, POPEYE OL' PAL!
DOG-GON-IT!!! THERE YA GOES AGIN – STOP SPLASHIN' 'AT SOUP!! YA IS GITTIN' ME ALL WET!!
?
WHA' TH'---??
LOOK AT THE TABLE!
?
GOOD HEAVENS!!! IT'S FLOATING ACROSS THE ROOM!!

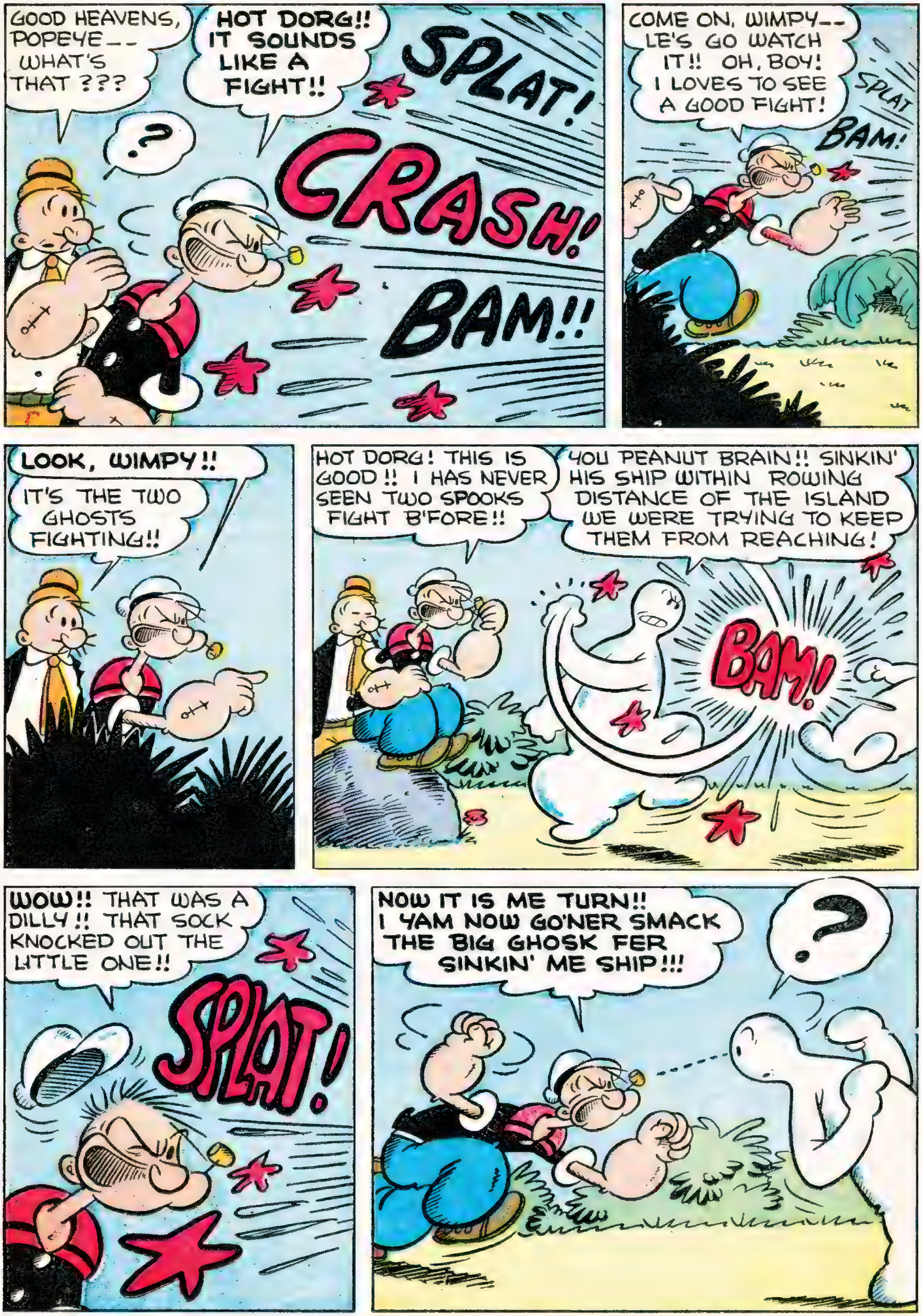

BLOW ME DOWN, WIMPY, THIS STUFF AIN'T SOUP !!! IT'S SEA WATER!
YOU MEAN--??
YAS - WE HAS SPRUNGED A LEAK!!
HADN'T WE BETTER DO SOME-THING?
AVAST - ALL HANDS -(BLUB) MAN THE LIFE-BOAT!!
(BLUB) (BLUB) (BLUB)
(BLUB)
(SNIFF) THERE SHE GOES!!
IN ALL ME YEARS AT SEA, I HAS NEVER SEEN A SHIP SINK SO FAST!!
I HAVE THE STRANGEST FEELING THAT WE'VE LEFT SOMETHING IMPORTANT BEHIND!
I HAS THE SAME FEELING! BUT I KIN NOT THINK OF WHAT IT IS!!
HM? COULD IT BE THAT EACH OF YOU IS THINKING OF POOR MR. SPLATZ, ENCLOSED INSIDE OF HIS LOCKER?
BLUB! BLUB! BLUB! BLUB! BLUB!
?
!
OH, MY GORSH!! POOR MR. SPLATZ!
?
?
WE FERGOT ALL ABOUT HIM!! HE MUSTA GONE DOWN WIT' THE SHIP!!

(SNIFF) MY GORSH! THIS IS TERRIBLE -- (SNIFF) POOR MR. SPLATZ!
OH, DEAR -- WHAT A CRUEL WAY TO DIE !! (SNIFF) HE PROBABLY DIDN'T EVEN KNOW WHAT HAPPENED! (SNIFF)
AS LONG AS IT IS NOW TOO LATE TO BE OF ANY HELP TO MR. SPLATZ, DON'T YOU THINK IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA TO START PROPELLING OURSELVES TOWARD THE NEAREST LAND ?
(SNIFF) POOR MR. SPLATZ!
WIMPY IS RIGHT, OLIVE! WE HASTA START THINKIN' OF OURSELVES!
SNIFF
FOR SIX DAYS AND SEVEN NIGHTS OUR BRAVE FRIENDS ROW, ROW, ROW, ROW, ROW, AND ROW —
ON THE MORNING OF THE SEVENTH DAY THERE IS THE HAPPY CRY OF --
-LAND!! LAND! LAND! LAND!
WATER! WATER!
(SNIFF) (SNIFF) OH! IF ONLY MR. SPLATZ WERE HERE WITH US — WHAT A HAPPY MOMENT THIS WOULD BE ---
DON'T THINK ABOUT IT, OLIVE — WHAT IS DONE IS DONE!
SNIFF
SNIFF
YOU !!!! YOU DIDN'T GIVE US TIME TO GET A LIFE-BOAT!
IT'S LUCKY FOR US WE FOUND THIS LOCKER FLOATING AROUND!
BOO!
LOCKER
?
IF POPEYE AND HIS FRIENDS COULD SEE OVER THE HORIZON, THEY WOULD SEE A SIGHT TO BOTH CHILL AND GLADDEN THEIR HEARTS —

AVAST, YA SILLY WOMING. PULL YERSELF TOGETHER! THEY IS NOTHIN' WE KIN DO TO HELP MR. SPLATZ!
WE HAVE TO THINK OF OURSELVES NOW—
POOR-POOR MR. SPLATZ. HE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE!!
HERE WE ARE ALL ALONE ON THIS ISLAND AND WE MUST CONCENTRATE ON SURVIVING!!
I KNOW YOU BOYS ARE RIGHT— IT'S JUST THAT POOR MR. SPLATZ LIVING IN THAT LOCKER DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THE SHIP WAS SINKING!
SNIFF!
HOORAY!! WE'RE SAVED!! THERE'S AN ISLAND STRAIGHT AHEAD!!
PUFF! PUFF! PUFF!
?
PUT ON SOME SPEED! YOU'VE ONLY BEEN PADDLING FOR SEVEN DAYS!! THIS IS NO TIME TO SLOW UP!
LOCKER
LATER
WE'D BETTER DO A LITTLE EXPLORING. SEE WHAT THIS ISLAND LOOKS LIKE!
(SNIFF) I JUST CAN'T GET HIM OFF MY MIND!
PLEASE, MISS OYL, WE MUST THINK OF MR. SPLATZ AS A THING OF THE PAST!
AWK!?!
? ? ?
HELLO, OUT THERE! IS THAT YOU, POPEYE?
LOCKER

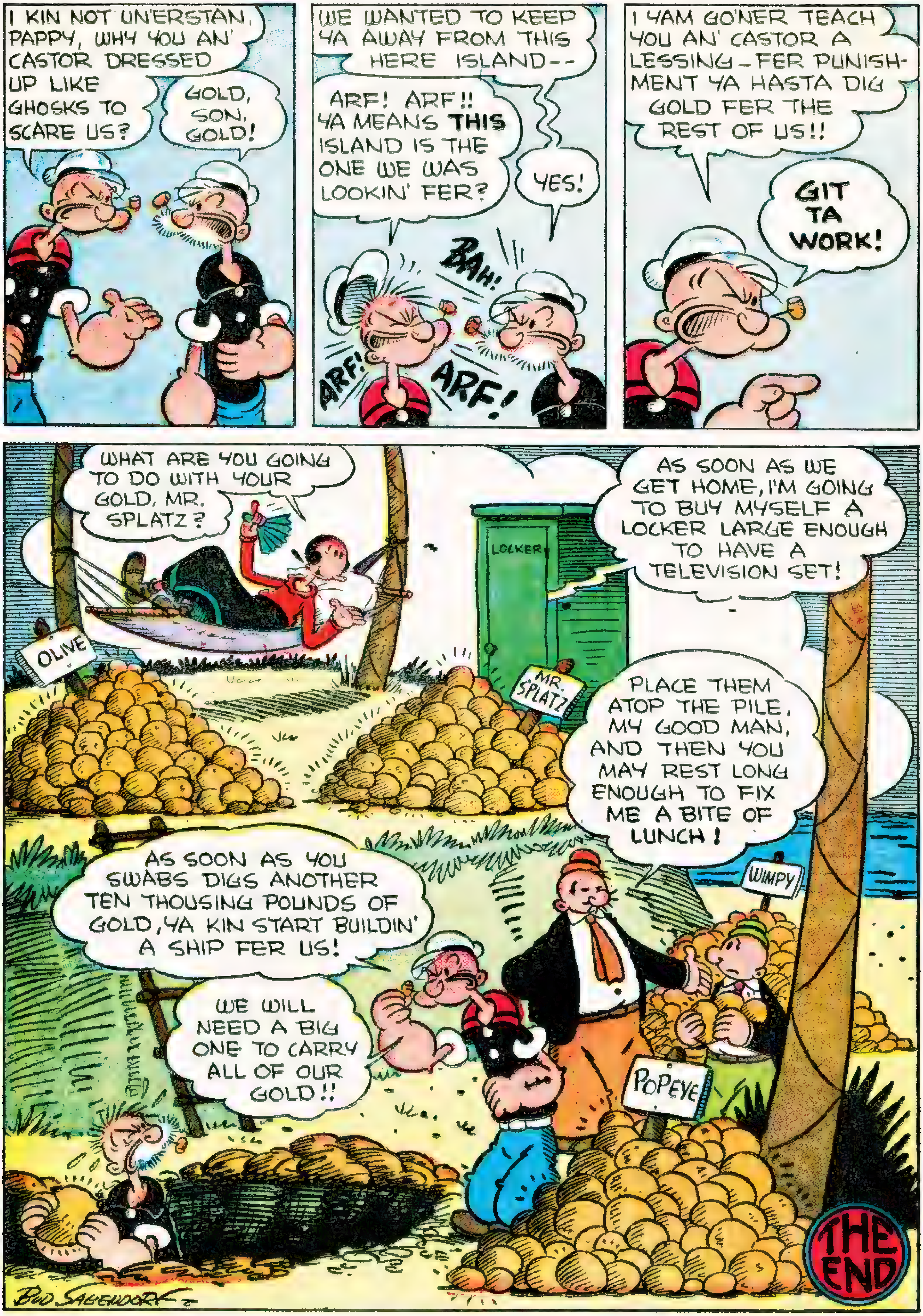

IT CAN'T BE --BUT IT SOUNDS LIKE HIS VOICE!
AHOY, MR. SPLATZ! IS 'AT YOU?
OF COURSE IT'S ME!! WHO ELSE DO YOU KNOW THAT LIVES IN A LOCKER?
LOCKER
MY GORSH, MR. SPLATZ, HOW DID YA GIT HERE?
IF YOU'LL STAND ME UPRIGHT, I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT!!
LOCKER
THERE YA ARE, MR. SPLATZ!
AH! THANK YOU!! IT IS NICE TO STAND UPRIGHT AGAIN!!
LOCKER
I GUESS I WAS SLEEPING WHEN THE SHIP SANK, BECAUSE THE FIRST I KNEW ABOUT IT WAS WHEN I AWOKE AND FOUND THOSE TWO GHOSTS WERE USING MY LOCKER FOR A BOAT!
?
LOCKER
WHAT!?! YA MEANS 'EM BLASTID GHOSKS IS ON THIS ISLAND WIT' US?
NOT ONLY THAT -- THEY WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SINKING OF YOUR SHIP -- THEY CHOPPED A HOLE IN THE BOTTOM OF HER!
LOCKER
DERN SPOOKS!! IF I FINDS 'EM, I'LL LAY 'EM AMONGST THE SWEE'-PEAS!!
THEY WANTED TO KEEP YOU FROM REACHING GOLD ISLAND!!
GR-RR
SINKIN' A SHIP IS THE WORSTEST THING A SWAB KIN DO!!

A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY, ON THE SAME ISLAND!
HA! HA! WE SURE PUT A STOP TO THAT ONE-EYED SAILOR'S PLANS!!
YEAH!! HA! HA!! IT WAS PRETTY CLEVER OF ME TO THINK OF SINKIN' THEIR SHIP!!
HA!
HA!
HA! HA!
HA!
I HAVE TO HAND IT TO YOU -- IT WAS BRILLIANT -- THE ONLY WAY TO KEEP THEM FROM REACHING GOLD ISLAND!! THEY'LL BE STUCK HERE FOR YEARS!
JUST THINK! WE NOW HAVE ALL OF GOLD ISLAND TO OURSELVES - POPEYE WILL NEVER FIND IT NOW!!
ALL WE'LL HAVE TO DO ON GOLD ISLAND IS PICK UP ANY STONE AND ---
-- RUB OFF THE DIRT AND DUST, AND WE'LL HAVE A HUNK OF ---
- GOLD - GOLD? GOLD!!
!
?
YOU SAP!! THIS IS GOLD ISLAND!! YOU SANK THEIR SHIP RIGHT NEXT TO IT!!
SPLAT


GOOD HEAVENS, POPEYE-- WHAT'S THAT ???
HOT DORG!! IT SOUNDS LIKE A FIGHT!!
?
SPLAT!
CRASH!
BAM!!
COME ON, WIMPY-- LE'S GO WATCH IT!! OH, BOY! I LOVES TO SEE A GOOD FIGHT!
SPLAT
BAM!
LOOK, WIMPY!!
IT'S THE TWO GHOSTS FIGHTING!!
HOT DORG! THIS IS GOOD!! I HAS NEVER SEEN TWO SPOOKS FIGHT B'FORE!!
YOU PEANUT BRAIN!! SINKIN' HIS SHIP WITHIN ROWING DISTANCE OF THE ISLAND WE WERE TRYING TO KEEP THEM FROM REACHING!
BAM!
WOW!! THAT WAS A DILLY!! THAT SOCK KNOCKED OUT THE LITTLE ONE!!
SPLAT!
NOW IT IS ME TURN!! I YAM NOW GO'NER SMACK THE BIG GHOSK FER SINKIN' ME SHIP!!!
?

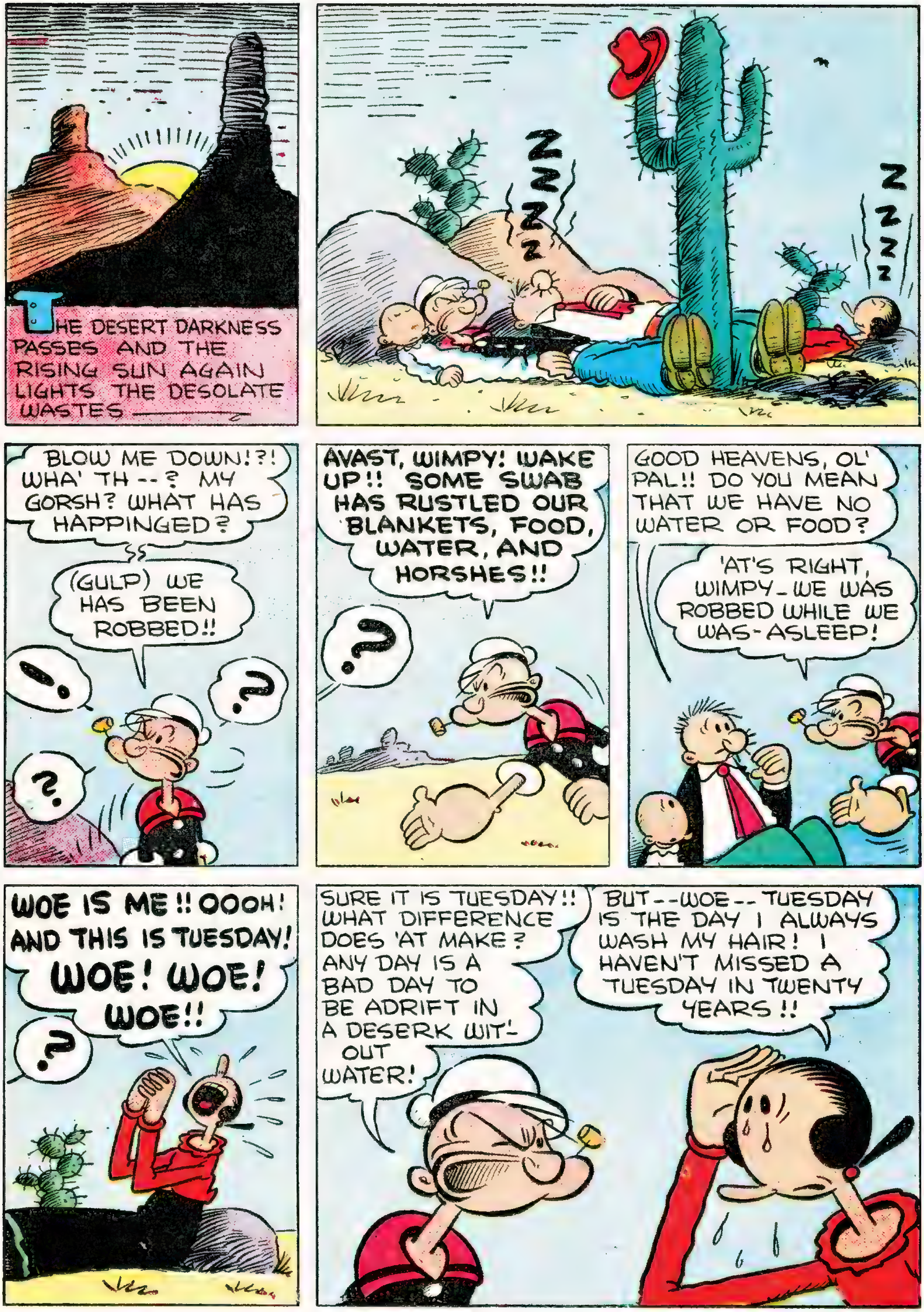
PHOOEY!! I MISSED!!! @!!*※!! I YAM SO MAD I GUESS I YAM OVER ANXTIOUS!!!
GULP!
SWISH!
BUT I WILL NOT MISS THIS TIME, YA SPOOKY SWAB! THIS TIME I YAM GO'NER BLAST YA GOOD!!
?
!
STOP!!
?
BLOW ME DOWN!?! WHA'CHA MEAN-STOP? I DOES NOT LIKE TO BE INTERRUPTID WHEN I YAM ABOUT TO THROW A PUNCH!
I STOPPED YOU BEFORE YOU COMMITTED A GRAVE ERROR -- YOU CAN'T STRIKE ME!
WHAT? I KIN SMACK ANY SWAB WHAT SINKS ME SHIP!!
SORRY - BUT YOU CANNOT STRIKE ME BECAUSE --
?
-AN ORFSPRING CANNOT SMACK HIS PARENT, EVEN IF HE IS A NO GOOD, UNPRINCIPLED SWAB LIKE ME!!
PAPPY?
ERF!
ERF!
ERF!

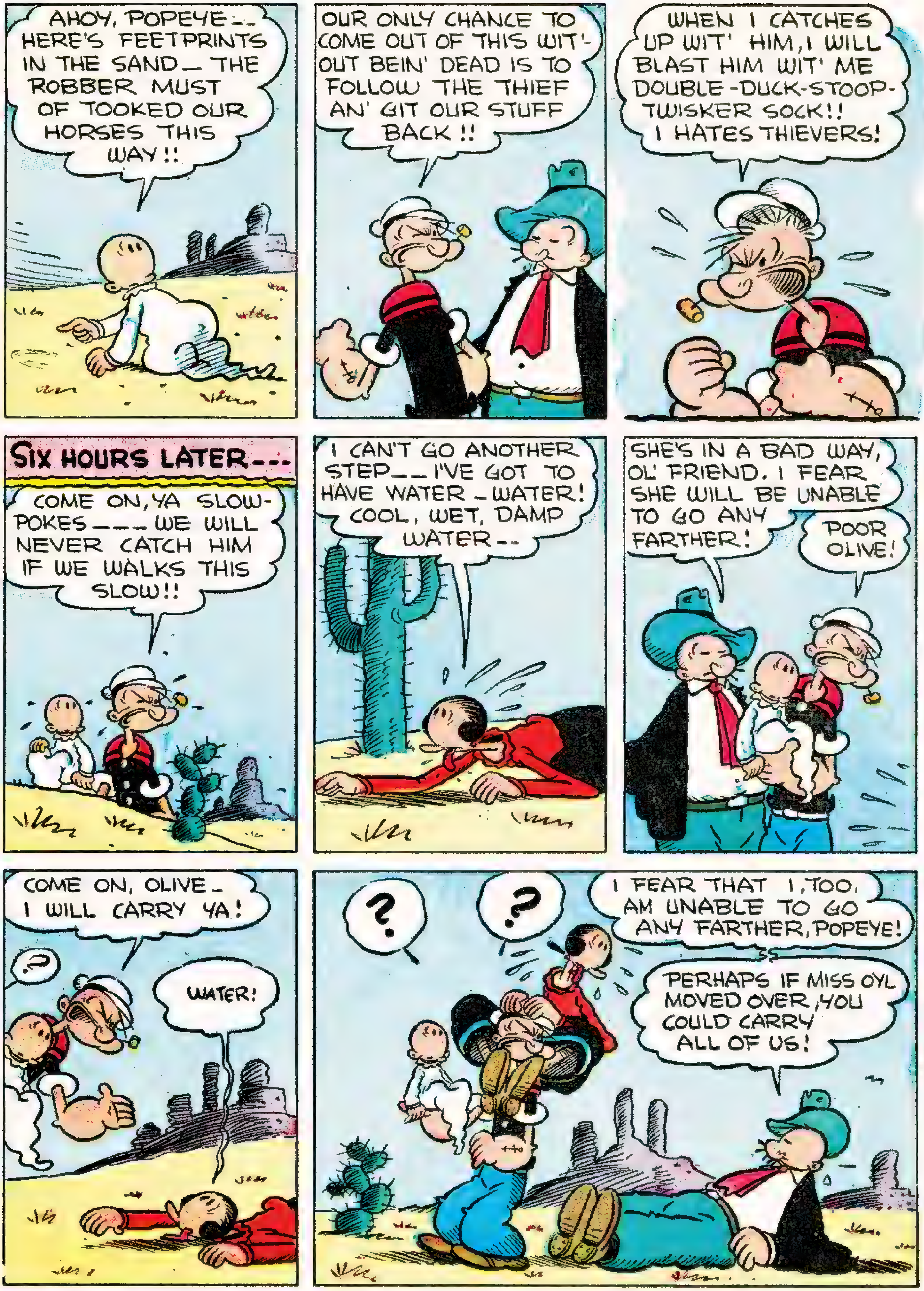
MAYBE YOU CAN'T SMACK HIM, POPEYE _ BUT THERE'S NO RULE AGAINST MY DOING IT!
GR-R
YOU OLD GOAT !! I'LL TEACH YOU TO SCARE ME AND SINK YOUR SON'S SHIP !! TAKE THAT- AND THAT !!
SMACK!
ARF! ARF! YA IS DOIN' SWELL, OLIVE!
I HOPE THAT WILL TEACH YOU A LESSON!
BAH!!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING, POPEYE?
I WANTS TO TAKE A LOOK AT THIS OTHER GHOSK!!
IMAGINE DRESSING UP LIKE A GHOST--GR-R! IF YOU WERE A RELATION OF MINE, I'D HAVE MY NAME CHANGED!
DRY UP, LATH-LEGS!
SPEAKIN' OF RELATIVES, OLIVE, I WOULD LIKE TO HAVE YA MEET THE OTHER GHOSK!!
ARF! ARF!
CASTOR!!!
?
?
'TIS INDEED YOUR BROTHER, MISS OYL!
HELLO, SIS!!
ARF! ARF! ARF!



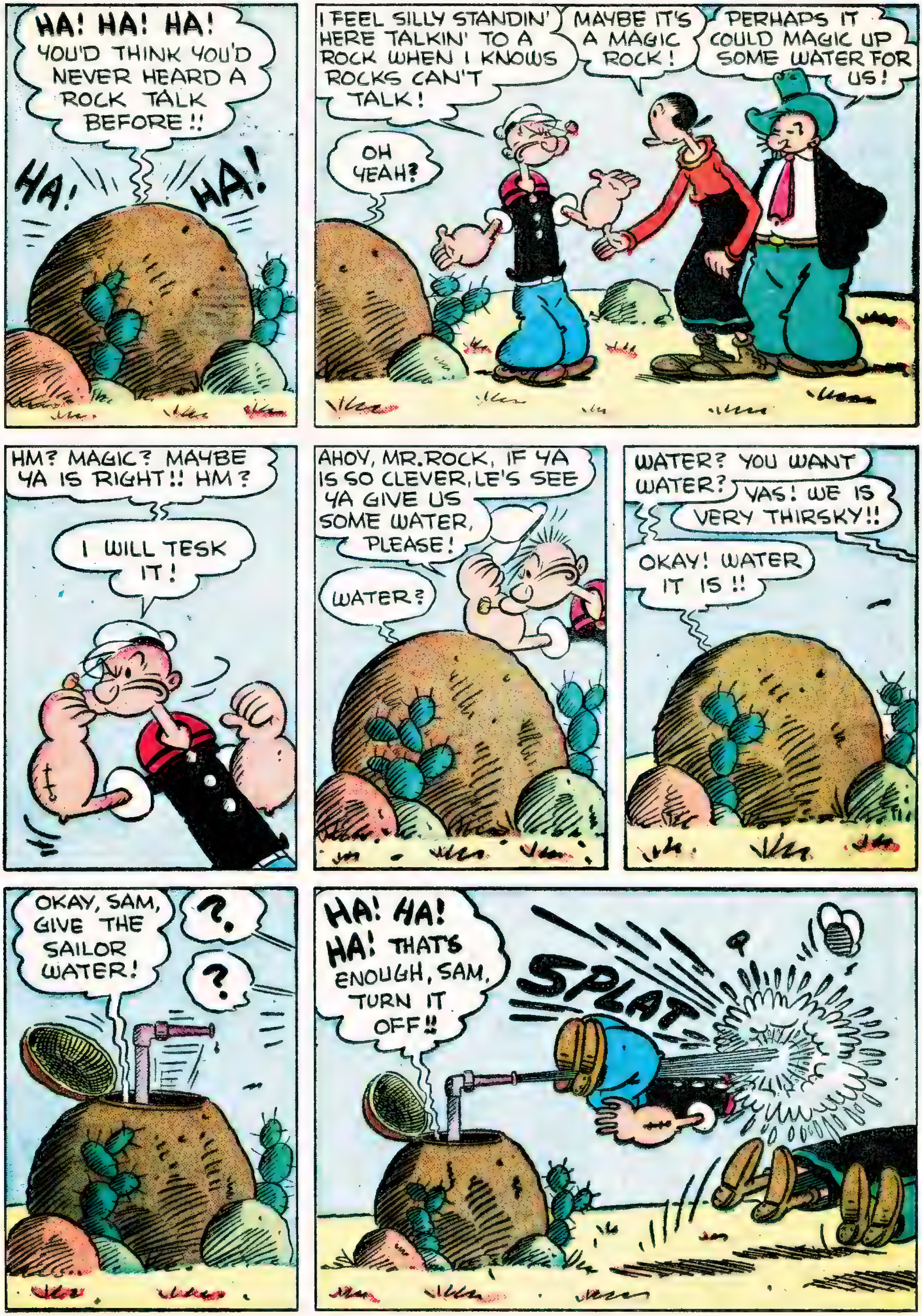
I KIN NOT UN'ERSTAN, PAPPY, WHY YOU AN' CASTOR DRESSED UP LIKE GHOSKS TO SCARE US?
GOLD, SON, GOLD!
WE WANTED TO KEEP YA AWAY FROM THIS HERE ISLAND--
ARF! ARF!! YA MEANS **THIS** ISLAND IS THE ONE WE WAS LOOKIN' FER?
YES!
BAH!
ARF!
ARF!
I YAM GO'NER TEACH YOU AN' CASTOR A LESSING—FER PUNISHMENT YA HASTA DIG GOLD FER THE REST OF US!!
GIT TA WORK!
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH YOUR GOLD, MR. SPLATZ?
AS SOON AS WE GET HOME, I'M GOING TO BUY MYSELF A LOCKER LARGE ENOUGH TO HAVE A TELEVISION SET!
LOCKER
OLIVE
MR. SPLATZ
PLACE THEM ATOP THE PILE, MY GOOD MAN, AND THEN YOU MAY REST LONG ENOUGH TO FIX ME A BITE OF LUNCH!
WIMPY
AS SOON AS YOU SWABS DIGS ANOTHER TEN THOUSING POUNDS OF GOLD, YA KIN START BUILDIN' A SHIP FER US!
WE WILL NEED A BIG ONE TO CARRY ALL OF OUR GOLD!!
POPEYE
THE END
BUD SAGENDORF

THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS -
"ADRIFT!"
OR
"HERE'S DIRT IN YOUR FACE!"
OR
"I LIKE YOU, TOO!"
SOMETIME AGO POPEYE AND HIS PALS WERE ON A LITTLE TRIP ACROSS THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT, AND THEY RAN INTO ---
BY BUD SAGENDORF
IT WILL BE DARK IN A HALF HOUR - I THINKS WE SHOULD CAMP HERE FER THE NIGHT!
AT LAST! I'M TIRED OUT -- WE'VE BEEN RIDING SINCE MORNING!
UGH! WHAT A PLACE! WE MUST BE A HUNDRED MILES FROM A RESTAURANT!
WATER
TIE THE HORSHES TO ONE OF 'EM CACTISES WHILE OLIVE AN' I FIXES SOME GRUB!
VERY WELL -- HEAP MY PLATE HIGH - I'M FAMISHED!
AFTER A QUICK MEAL THE WEARY NOMADS TURN IN FOR THE NIGHT

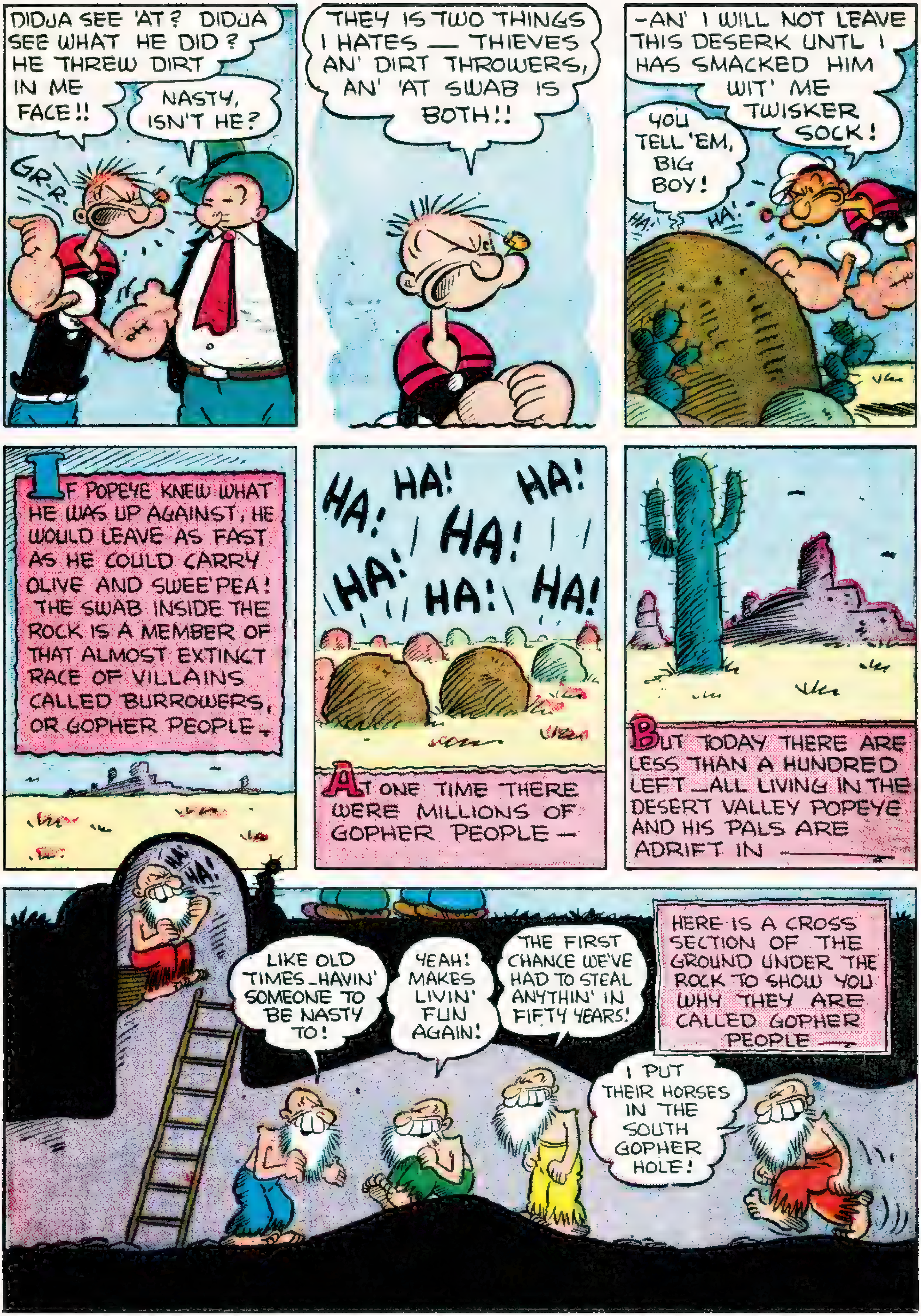

THE DESERT DARKNESS PASSES AND THE RISING SUN AGAIN LIGHTS THE DESOLATE WASTES ——
BLOW ME DOWN!?! WHA' TH --? MY GORSH? WHAT HAS HAPPINGED?
(GULP) WE HAS BEEN ROBBED!!
AVAST, WIMPY! WAKE UP!! SOME SWAB HAS RUSTLED OUR BLANKETS, FOOD, WATER, AND HORSHES!!
GOOD HEAVENS, OL' PAL!! DO YOU MEAN THAT WE HAVE NO WATER OR FOOD?
'AT'S RIGHT, WIMPY_WE WAS ROBBED WHILE WE WAS-ASLEEP!
WOE IS ME!! OOOH! AND THIS IS TUESDAY! WOE! WOE! WOE!!
SURE IT IS TUESDAY!! WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES 'AT MAKE? ANY DAY IS A BAD DAY TO BE ADRIFT IN A DESERK WIT'-OUT WATER!
BUT--WOE--TUESDAY IS THE DAY I ALWAYS WASH MY HAIR! I HAVEN'T MISSED A TUESDAY IN TWENTY YEARS!!


AHOY, POPEYE-- HERE'S FEETPRINTS IN THE SAND_ THE ROBBER MUST OF TOOKED OUR HORSES THIS WAY!!
OUR ONLY CHANCE TO COME OUT OF THIS WIT'-OUT BEIN' DEAD IS TO FOLLOW THE THIEF AN' GIT OUR STUFF BACK!!
WHEN I CATCHES UP WIT' HIM, I WILL BLAST HIM WIT' ME DOUBLE-DUCK-STOOP-TWISKER SOCK!! I HATES THIEVERS!
SIX HOURS LATER---
COME ON, YA SLOW-POKES--- WE WILL NEVER CATCH HIM IF WE WALKS THIS SLOW!!
I CAN'T GO ANOTHER STEP-- I'VE GOT TO HAVE WATER - WATER! COOL, WET, DAMP WATER--
SHE'S IN A BAD WAY, OL' FRIEND. I FEAR SHE WILL BE UNABLE TO GO ANY FARTHER!
POOR OLIVE!
COME ON, OLIVE - I WILL CARRY YA!
?
WATER!
?
?
I FEAR THAT I, TOO, AM UNABLE TO GO ANY FARTHER, POPEYE!
PERHAPS IF MISS OYL MOVED OVER, YOU COULD CARRY ALL OF US!

BLAST YA, WIMPY, GIT UP ON YER FEET! YA IS NOT GOING TO MOOCH NO RIDE!!
BAH! YOU ARE A CAD, SIR!
HA! HA! HA! FAT MAN TRY TO MOOCH RIDE!! HA!
?.
WHA'--TH'--??
?
WHO EVER YA IS _ COME ON OUT FROM B'HIND 'AT ROCK!!
?
HA! HA! HA! HA!
POPEYE, THEY IS NO PERSING B'HIND THIS ROCK!
HUH?
BUT THEY HASTA BE-WE HEARD HIM LAUGHING!!
THE HEAT MUSTA MADE US HEAR THINGS!!
YIPE!
HA! HA! YEAH! YOU'RE HEARIN' THINGS!
HA! HA!
IT'S 'AT BIG ROCK WHAT IS TALKIN'!
HA! HA! OF COURSE I'M TALKING! HA! HA! HA!
BLOW ME DOWN! A TALKING ROCK!!

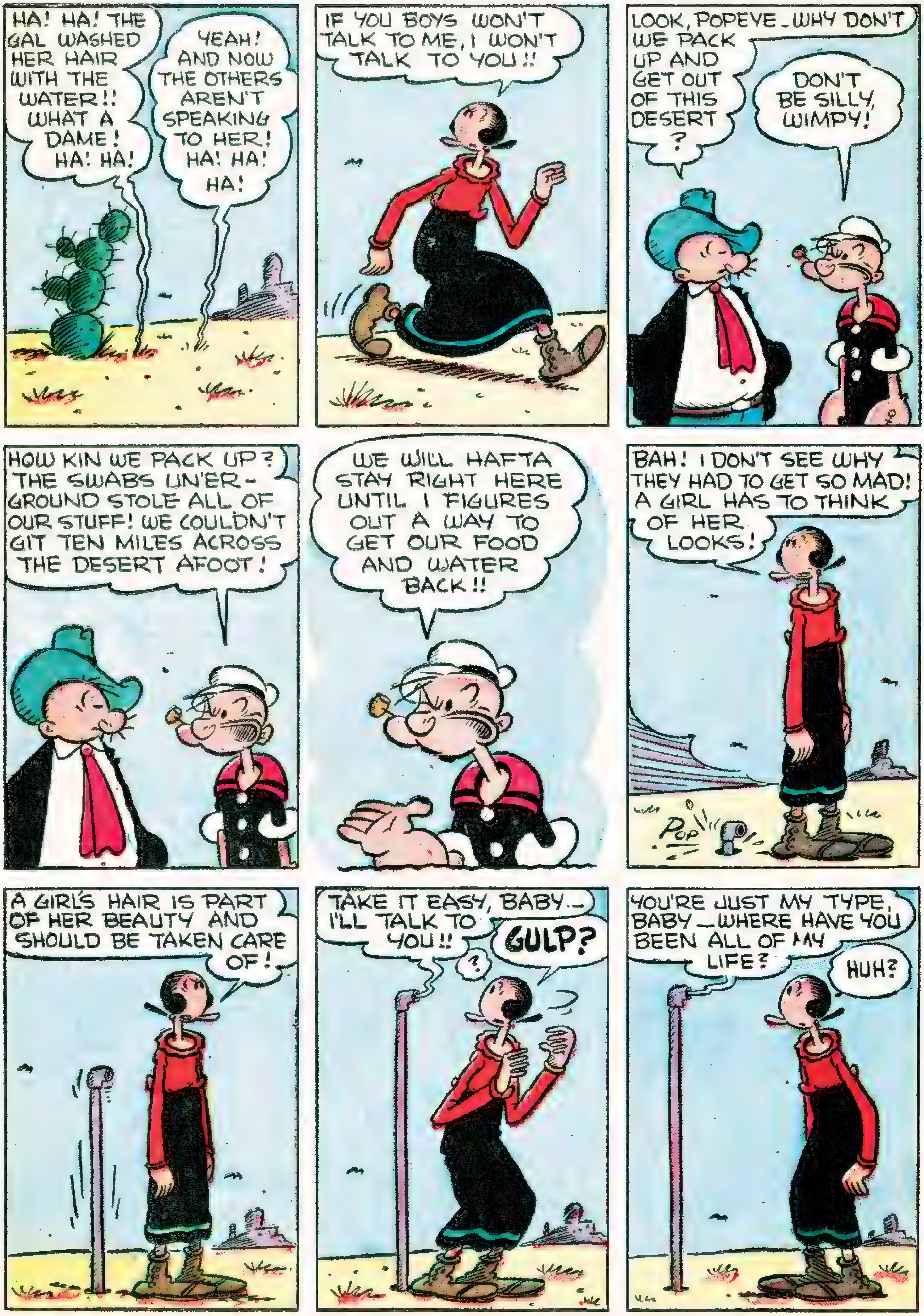

HA! HA! HA! YOU'D THINK YOU'D NEVER HEARD A ROCK TALK BEFORE!!
HA! HA!
I FEEL SILLY STANDIN' HERE TALKIN' TO A ROCK WHEN I KNOWS ROCKS CAN'T TALK!
MAYBE IT'S A MAGIC ROCK!
PERHAPS IT COULD MAGIC UP SOME WATER FOR US!
OH YEAH?
HM? MAGIC? MAYBE YA IS RIGHT!! HM?
I WILL TESK IT!
AHOY, MR. ROCK, IF YA IS SO CLEVER, LE'S SEE YA GIVE US SOME WATER, PLEASE!
WATER?
WATER? YOU WANT WATER?
YAS! WE IS VERY THIRSKY!!
OKAY! WATER IT IS!!
OKAY, SAM, GIVE THE SAILOR WATER!
?
?
HA! HA! HA! THAT'S ENOUGH, SAM, TURN IT OFF!!
SPLAT

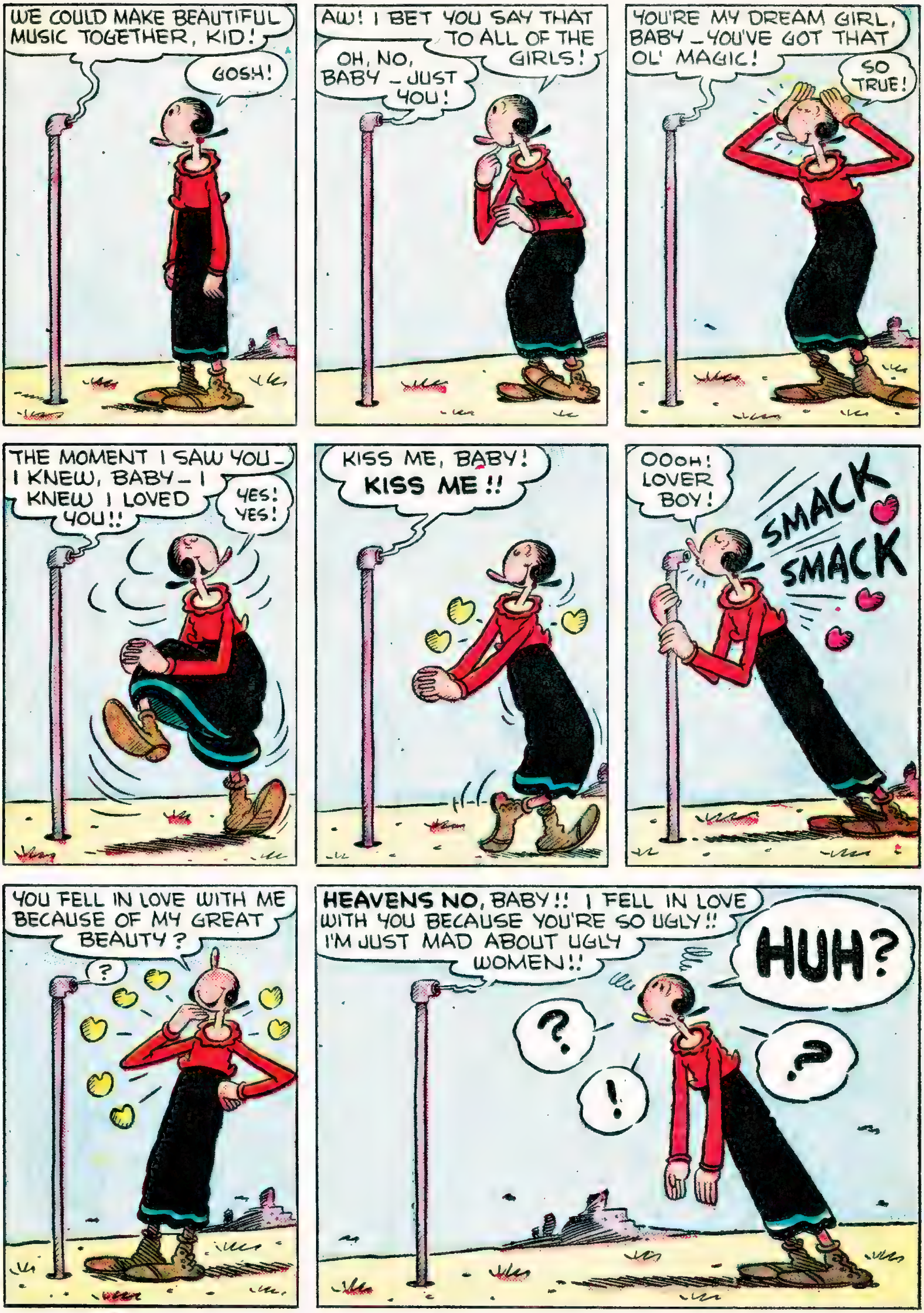
HA! HA! CLOSE UP QUICK!! HE'S LIABLE TO BE MAD! HA! HA!
PLOP
I SAW YA! YA OPINGED UP LIKE A CLAM -- YA IS NOT A TALKIN' ROCK!! YA IS JUS' A SHELL FER SOME SWAB HIDIN' INSIDE!
PLUNK
HM? WELL I'LL BE--? 'AT STONE IS JUS' THE SAME HARDNESS AS ME FISK!!
?
HA! HA! HA!
MAYBE YER ROCK IS TOO HARD TO BUST, BUT I WILL FIND A WAY TO GIT TO YA!!
WIMPY, I'LL BETCHA THE SWAB WHAT IS IN 'AT ROCK IS THE ONE WHAT ROBBED US!
AND ANY SWAB WHAT ROBS ME IS ME EMENIE AN' I WILL TEAR HIM TO PIECES!!
YOU'LL HAVE TO CATCH ME FIRST, BLABBER-MOUTH!
SPLAT


DIDJA SEE 'AT? DIDJA SEE WHAT HE DID? HE THREW DIRT IN ME FACE!!
NASTY, ISN'T HE?
GR-R
THEY IS TWO THINGS I HATES — THIEVES AN' DIRT THROWERS, AN' 'AT SWAB IS BOTH!!
-AN' I WILL NOT LEAVE THIS DESERK UNTL I HAS SMACKED HIM WIT' ME TWISKER SOCK!
YOU TELL 'EM, BIG BOY!
HA! HA!
IF POPEYE KNEW WHAT HE WAS UP AGAINST, HE WOULD LEAVE AS FAST AS HE COULD CARRY OLIVE AND SWEE'PEA! THE SWAB INSIDE THE ROCK IS A MEMBER OF THAT ALMOST EXTINCT RACE OF VILLAINS CALLED BURROWERS, OR GOPHER PEOPLE.
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!
AT ONE TIME THERE WERE MILLIONS OF GOPHER PEOPLE —
BUT TODAY THERE ARE LESS THAN A HUNDRED LEFT _ ALL LIVING IN THE DESERT VALLEY POPEYE AND HIS PALS ARE ADRIFT IN —
HA! HA!
LIKE OLD TIMES _ HAVIN' SOMEONE TO BE NASTY TO!
YEAH! MAKES LIVIN' FUN AGAIN!
THE FIRST CHANCE WE'VE HAD TO STEAL ANYTHIN' IN FIFTY YEARS!
HERE IS A CROSS SECTION OF THE GROUND UNDER THE ROCK TO SHOW YOU WHY THEY ARE CALLED GOPHER PEOPLE —
I PUT THEIR HORSES IN THE SOUTH GOPHER HOLE!

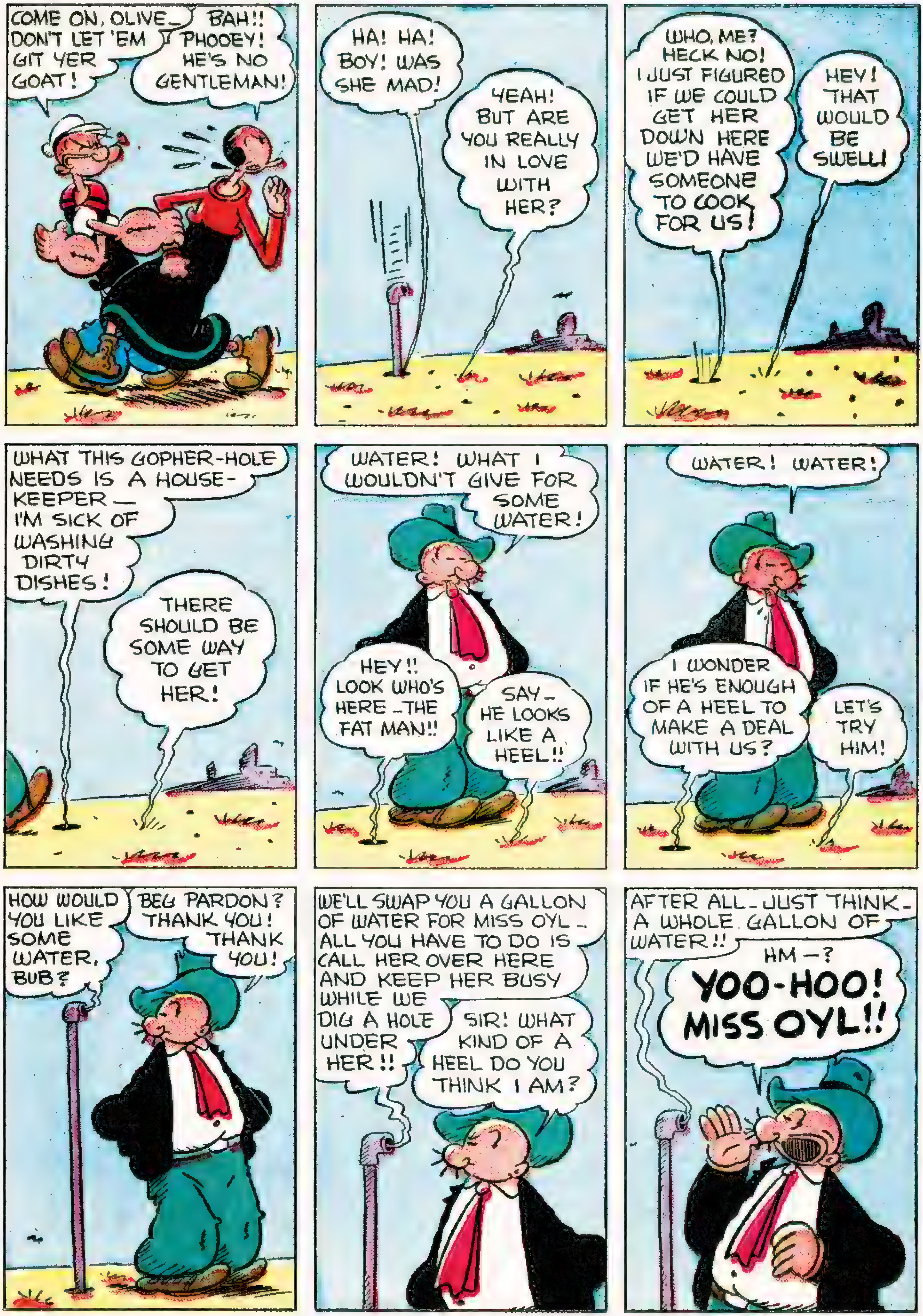
I THINK YOU'D BETTER DO SOMETHING FOR OLIVE _ SHE'S BEGINNING TO FEEL THE THIRST AGAIN!
MY GORSH! I FERGOT ALL ABOUT HER!!
WATER!! GIVE ME WATER! I'LL EVEN TAKE MUDDY WATER! WATER! WATER! WATER!
THAT GAL'S IN A BAD WAY — —!!
SAY! I'VE AN IDEA! LET'S GIVE THEM A GLASS OF WATER!
OH, WE COULDN'T DO THAT! THAT WOULD BE THE NICE THING TO DO AND WE'RE THE NASTY TYPE - WE'RE MEAN!
HA! HA! IT WOULDN'T BE NICE AT ALL!
THEY ARE ALL THIRSTY AND IF WE GIVE THEM **ONE** GLASS OF WATER, THEY'LL ALL WANT IT AND START FIGHTING! OH, BOY! I CAN SEE IT NOW!! KICKING, SCRATCHING, HITTING AND SMASHING EACH OTHER OVER A GLASS OF WATER!!
WE'D BETTER GET WATER SOON OR WE'LL ALL BE DEAD!
I KNOW IT, WIMPY — I YAM ARFUL THIRSKY MESELF!!
LOOK, POPEYE — ON THAT ROCK — — — A GLASS OF WATER!!
!
WATER!!! GIVE US WATER!!
TAKE IT EASY!! WE HASTA BE FAIR ABOUT THIS!!

ARE THEY FIGHTING YET?
NAW! THE SAILOR IS HOLDING THEM BACK!
LE'S ACT LIKE GROWED UP PEOPLE --THEY IS ENOUGH WATER FOR EACH OF US TO HAVE ONE BIG SWALLOW!
GIVE IT TO ME FIRST!
WE WILL BE CIVILIZED AND DRAW STRAWS TO SEE WHICH ONE GITS THE WATER FIRSK!!
YOU HOLD THE WATER, OLIVE - WHILE WIMPY AN' SWEE'PEA HELPS ME FIND SOME STRAWS!
AHOY, WIMPY - WE KIN USE CACTUS NEEDLES FER STRAWS!
AN EXCELLENT IDEA, OL' PAL - LET US GET ON WITH THE DRAWING - MY THIRST IS GROWING!
IT SURE WILL BE SWELL TO TASTE WATER AGAIN!
WHA'--TH'--!?!
OLIVE, WHAT IS YA DOIN'?
?
!
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!
BLOW ME DOWN, WIMPY -- SHE IS WASHIN' HER HAIR WIT' OUR WATER!!
!
PLOP


HA! HA! THE GAL WASHED HER HAIR WITH THE WATER!! WHAT A DAME! HA! HA!
YEAH! AND NOW THE OTHERS AREN'T SPEAKING TO HER! HA! HA! HA!
IF YOU BOYS WON'T TALK TO ME, I WON'T TALK TO YOU!!
LOOK, POPEYE—WHY DON'T WE PACK UP AND GET OUT OF THIS DESERT?
DON'T BE SILLY, WIMPY!
HOW KIN WE PACK UP? THE SWABS UN'ER-GROUND STOLE ALL OF OUR STUFF! WE COULDN'T GIT TEN MILES ACROSS THE DESERT AFOOT!
WE WILL HAFTA STAY RIGHT HERE UNTIL I FIGURES OUT A WAY TO GET OUR FOOD AND WATER BACK!!
BAH! I DON'T SEE WHY THEY HAD TO GET SO MAD! A GIRL HAS TO THINK OF HER LOOKS!
POP
A GIRL'S HAIR IS PART OF HER BEAUTY AND SHOULD BE TAKEN CARE OF!
TAKE IT EASY, BABY— I'LL TALK TO YOU!!
?
GULP?
YOU'RE JUST MY TYPE, BABY—WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ALL OF MY LIFE?
HUH?


WE COULD MAKE BEAUTIFUL MUSIC TOGETHER, KID!
GOSH!
AW! I BET YOU SAY THAT TO ALL OF THE GIRLS!
OH, NO, BABY — JUST YOU!
YOU'RE MY DREAM GIRL, BABY — YOU'VE GOT THAT OL' MAGIC!
SO TRUE!
THE MOMENT I SAW YOU — I KNEW, BABY — I KNEW I LOVED YOU!!
YES! YES!
KISS ME, BABY! KISS ME!!
OOOOH! LOVER BOY!
SMACK
SMACK
YOU FELL IN LOVE WITH ME BECAUSE OF MY GREAT BEAUTY?
?
HEAVENS NO, BABY!! I FELL IN LOVE WITH YOU BECAUSE YOU'RE SO UGLY!! I'M JUST MAD ABOUT UGLY WOMEN!!
HUH?
?
!
?

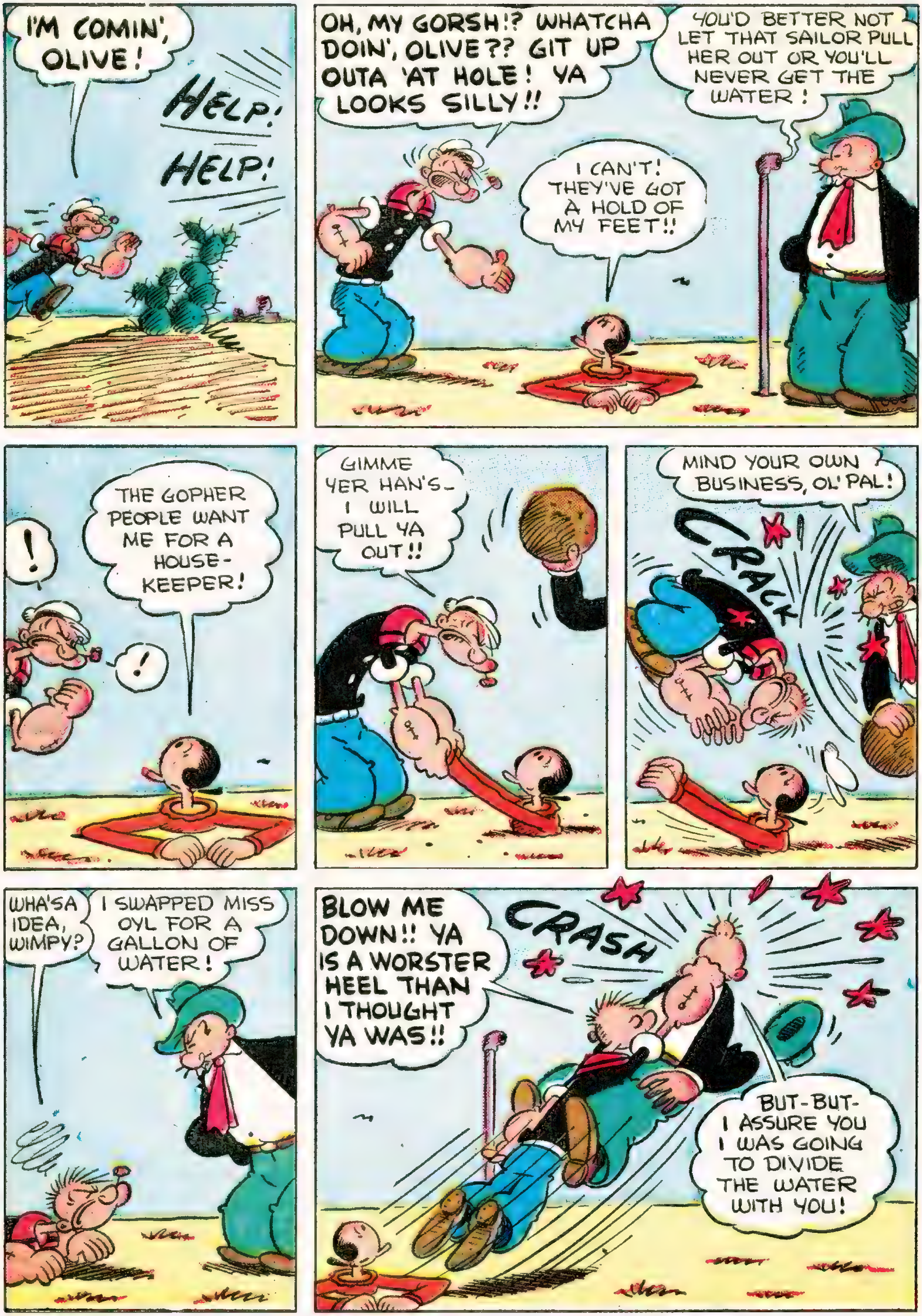
GR-R-R!! YOU FIEND! TOYING WITH A WOMAN'S EMOTIONS!
GOOD GORSH!? WHAT IS WRONG WIT' OLIVE?
?
?
COME ON OUT AND FIGHT LIKE A MAN!
?
AHOY, OLIVE! WHAT IS THE MATTER?
HE INSULTED ME!
WHAT YA TALKIN' ABOUT? WHO INSULTED YA?
HE DID! HE CALLED ME UGLY!
BLOW ME DOWN? YA MEANS ONE OF 'EM GOPHER SWABS WAS TALKIN' TO YA?
HE WHISPERED SWEET NOTHINGS TO ME AND THEN HE INSULTED ME!!
!
?
I DIDN'T INSULT HER!
I JUST TOLD HER THAT I LOVED HER!
CAN I HELP IT IF I'M NUTS ABOUT UGLY DAMES?
SHE'S HORRIBLE! SHE'S EVERYTHING A WOMAN SHOULDN'T BE—SHE'S WONDERFUL!
ARF! ARF! HE'S SURE GOT YER NUMBER, OLIVE!
STOP IT! STOP IT! STOP, YOU CAD!
ARF!
BAM!

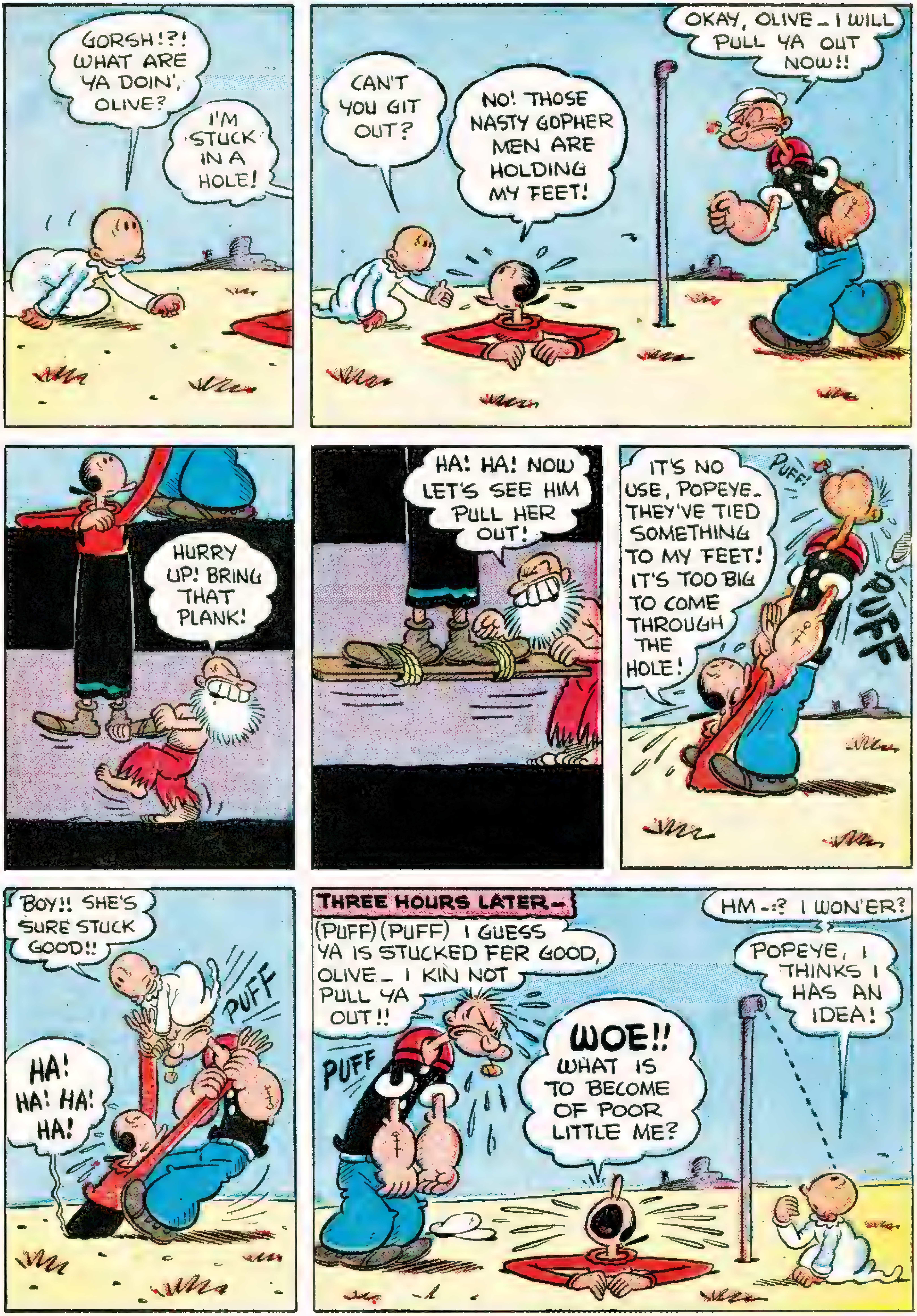


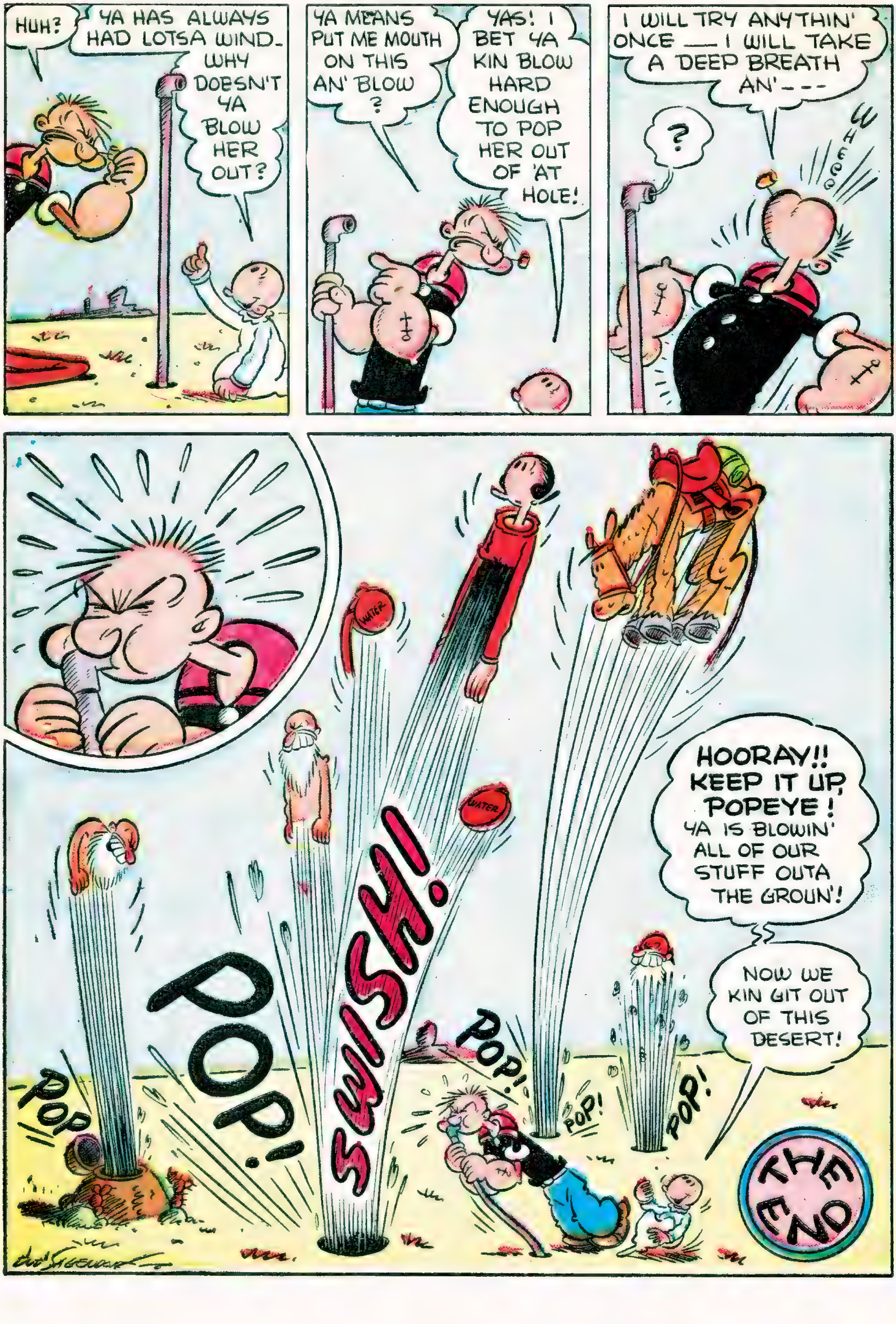
COME ON, OLIVE_ DON'T LET 'EM GIT YER GOAT!
BAH!! PHOOEY! HE'S NO GENTLEMAN!
HA! HA! BOY! WAS SHE MAD!
YEAH! BUT ARE YOU REALLY IN LOVE WITH HER?
WHO, ME? HECK NO! I JUST FIGURED IF WE COULD GET HER DOWN HERE WE'D HAVE SOMEONE TO COOK FOR US!
HEY! THAT WOULD BE SWELL!
WHAT THIS GOPHER-HOLE NEEDS IS A HOUSE-KEEPER — I'M SICK OF WASHING DIRTY DISHES!
THERE SHOULD BE SOME WAY TO GET HER!
WATER! WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE FOR SOME WATER!
HEY!! LOOK WHO'S HERE _THE FAT MAN!!
SAY_ HE LOOKS LIKE A HEEL!!
WATER! WATER!
I WONDER IF HE'S ENOUGH OF A HEEL TO MAKE A DEAL WITH US?
LET'S TRY HIM!
HOW WOULD YOU LIKE SOME WATER, BUB?
BEG PARDON? THANK YOU! THANK YOU!
WE'LL SWAP YOU A GALLON OF WATER FOR MISS OYL_ ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS CALL HER OVER HERE AND KEEP HER BUSY WHILE WE DIG A HOLE UNDER HER!!
SIR! WHAT KIND OF A HEEL DO YOU THINK I AM?
AFTER ALL_JUST THINK_ A WHOLE GALLON OF WATER!!
HM—?
YOO-HOO! MISS OYL!!

WHAT DO YOU WANT, WIMPY?
PLEASANT DAY, ISN'T IT?
HOW'S YOUR MOTHER FEELING?
READ ANY GOOD BOOKS LATELY?
?
?
?
THIS ABOUT RIGHT?
YEAH! START DIGGIN'!
WIMPY, WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
HOW'S YOUR UNCLE'S DOG?
CLOMP
WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?
HAS THE HEAT GOT YOU?
BLA! BLA! BLA! BLA!
CLOMP
OH! I'M BEING PULLED DOWN INTO THE GROUND!
OH! HELP!
I'VE GOT HER FEET!
HELP!! SOMEBODY DO SOMETHING! POPEYE!!
YOO-HOO-POPEYE!! WHERE ARE YOU, POPEYE? HELP ME!
PLEASE, MISS OYL – CAN'T YOU COOPERATE!
SH-H-SHUSH!
PHOOEY!! SHE'S GOT HER ARMS SPREAD OUT!
WE CAN'T GET HER DOWN WHILE SHE HAS HER ARMS SPREAD OUT!

LET'S PUSH HER WAY UP AND THEN JERK HER DOWN, GOOD AND HARD!
!
NOW!
WHOP
SHE'S STILL GOT HER ARMS OUT— WE'LL NEVER GET HER DOWN WITH HER ARMS OUT!
HELP!
PLEASE, MISS OYL— PUT YOUR ARMS UP OVER YOUR HEAD!
YOUR COOPERATION WOULD BE APPRECIATED!
MAY I HAVE MY GALLON OF WATER NOW— I GOT HER OVER HERE FOR YOU. IT'S NOT MY FAULT YOU CAN'T PULL HER DOWN!
YOU DON'T GET YOUR WATER UNTIL WE GET OUR SCULLERY MAID!
HELP!! HELP!! POPEYE!! HELP!!!
MY GORSH! 'AT'S OLIVE CALLIN' FER HELP!!
HELP!


I'M COMIN', OLIVE!
HELP!
HELP!
OH, MY GORSH!? WHATCHA DOIN', OLIVE?? GIT UP OUTA 'AT HOLE! YA LOOKS SILLY!!
YOU'D BETTER NOT LET THAT SAILOR PULL HER OUT OR YOU'LL NEVER GET THE WATER!
I CAN'T! THEY'VE GOT A HOLD OF MY FEET!!
THE GOPHER PEOPLE WANT ME FOR A HOUSE-KEEPER!
!
!
GIMME YER HAN'S- I WILL PULL YA OUT!!
MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS, OL' PAL!
CRACK
WHA'SA IDEA, WIMPY?
I SWAPPED MISS OYL FOR A GALLON OF WATER!
BLOW ME DOWN!! YA IS A WORSTER HEEL THAN I THOUGHT YA WAS!!
CRASH
BUT-BUT- I ASSURE YOU I WAS GOING TO DIVIDE THE WATER WITH YOU!


GORSH!?! WHAT ARE YA DOIN', OLIVE?
I'M STUCK IN A HOLE!
CAN'T YOU GIT OUT?
NO! THOSE NASTY GOPHER MEN ARE HOLDING MY FEET!
OKAY, OLIVE - I WILL PULL YA OUT NOW!!
HURRY UP! BRING THAT PLANK!
HA! HA! NOW LET'S SEE HIM PULL HER OUT!
IT'S NO USE, POPEYE - THEY'VE TIED SOMETHING TO MY FEET! IT'S TOO BIG TO COME THROUGH THE HOLE!
PUFF!
PUFF
BOY!! SHE'S SURE STUCK GOOD!!
HA! HA! HA! HA!
PUFF
THREE HOURS LATER -
(PUFF) (PUFF) I GUESS YA IS STUCKED FER GOOD, OLIVE - I KIN NOT PULL YA OUT!!
PUFF
WOE!! WHAT IS TO BECOME OF POOR LITTLE ME?
HM -:? I WON'ER?
POPEYE, I THINKS I HAS AN IDEA!



HUH?
YA HAS ALWAYS HAD LOTSA WIND— WHY DOESN'T YA BLOW HER OUT?
YA MEANS PUT ME MOUTH ON THIS AN' BLOW?
YAS! I BET YA KIN BLOW HARD ENOUGH TO POP HER OUT OF 'AT HOLE!
I WILL TRY ANYTHIN' ONCE — I WILL TAKE A DEEP BREATH AN'---
?
WHEEE
WATER
WATER
POP
POP!
SWISH!
POP!
POP!
POP!
HOORAY!! KEEP IT UP, POPEYE! YA IS BLOWIN' ALL OF OUR STUFF OUTA THE GROUN'!
NOW WE KIN GIT OUT OF THIS DESERT!
THE END

"Oh, Boy!" yelped Swee'pea with delight as Popeye's ship THE LADY OLIVE rounded the small breakwater and headed for the pier to tie up. "This looks like a swell town. I hopes there is lots of kids to play with."

"Life on a boat ain't much fun fer a li'l boy kid," Popeye said to his father as they watched Swee'pea jumping up and down with excitement. "They never gits to play wit' other kids."

"Ya was the same way yerself when you was a li'l kid," Pappy laughed. "Ya was always in a hurry to git into a new port so ya could find some kids to play wit'."

Popeye's ship was still several yards from the dock when Swee'pea leaped ashore and dashed up the road towards the small town.

Swee'pea crawled as fast as he could. He could hardly wait to find some boys to play with. As he went down the main street, he looked into every empty lot and alley. He was hoping to find a ball or marble game he could join.

It was a puzzled little fellow that pulled up on the other side of town and looked back over the way he had come.

"I kin not figure it out. I hasn't seen a single kid anywhere. I knows they is not in school. This is Saturday. Maybe this town jus' doesn't have any kids in it."

With this terrible thought in mind, he began to retrace his way back to the dock. He was again in the middle of the town when he stopped and a large grin crossed his round face.

"Blow me down! I KNOWS WHERE THEY IS!"

Happy again and full of confidence he crawled over to a man standing on the corner and asked him where the highest hill was in town. The man pointed up a side street and gave him directions on where to find what he was looking for.

Puffing and panting Swee'pea reached the top of the hill and again his face fell as he found no children in sight.

"Oh, my garsh! I yam disgustipated! I was sure they would be some boys up here flyin' kites on such a nice day."

As he dejectedly crawled back down the hill and passed the man on the corner, the man called to him.

"Did you find what you were looking for, young man?"

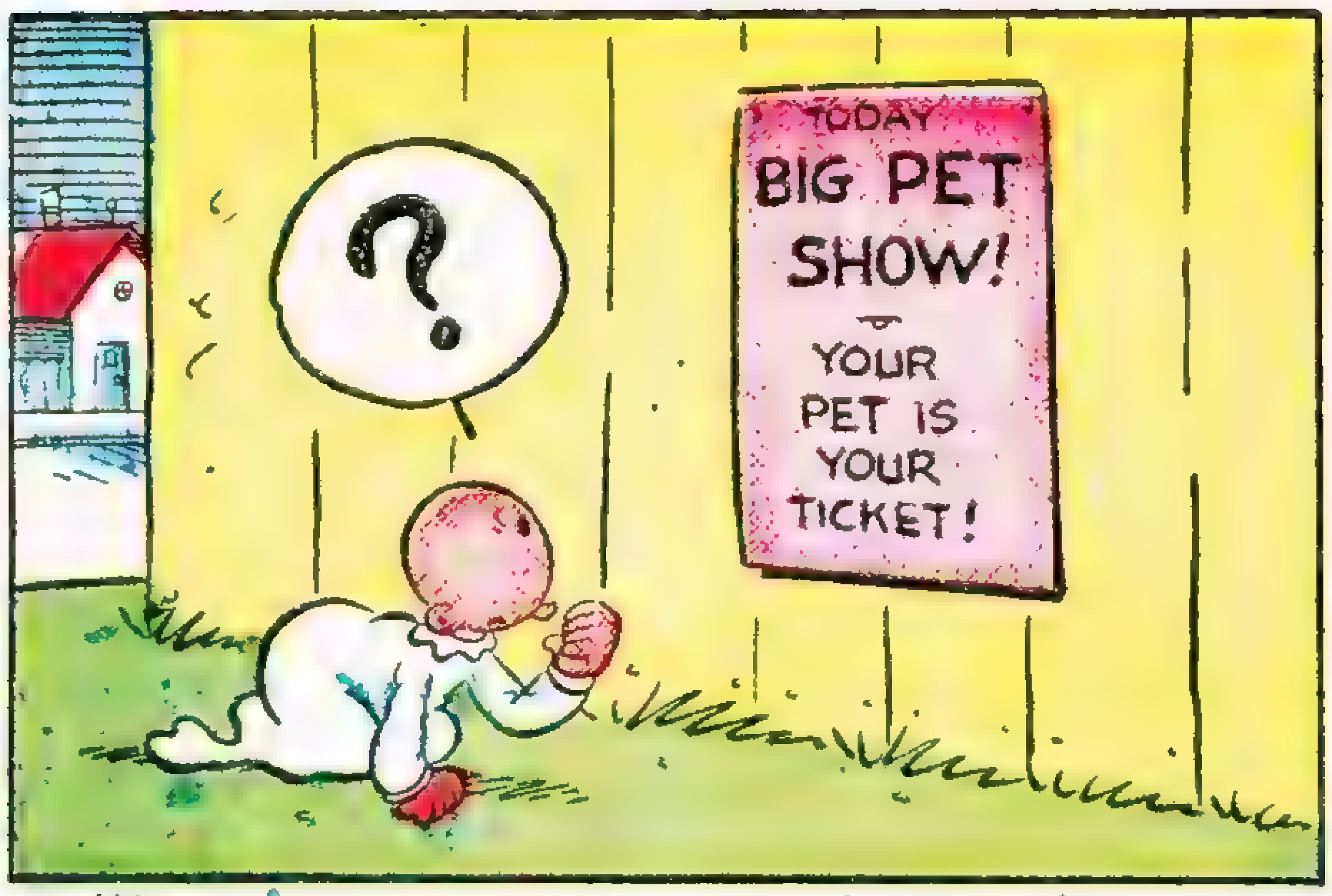
"I found it all right, but they wasn't any kids flyin' kites," Swee'pea answered him.

"Of course there wasn't," the man laughed. "The kids are all out at the ball park today."

"OH, BOY! A BALL GAME," Swee'pea yelled and started off again searching for the town's ball park. He could have saved time by asking the man where it was, but he was so excited that he didn't think of it. After dashing all over the town he finally located it on the other side of the railroad yards.

There was a high fence around the park with several gates for the people to enter by. Swee'pea went up to one of the gates and was about to enter when a man stepped in front of him and held up his hand.

"Now where do you think you are going?" The man laughed as Swee'pea slid to a stop.



"I wants to go in where the rest of the kids is," Swee'pea answered politely. "I would like to see the ball game, too."

"HA! HA!" The man threw back his head and howled, "There isn't any game today."

"No ball game?" Swee'pea was puzzled. "If they is no ball game, what is all the kids doin' in there?"

"Today is the big PET SHOW. Every boy and girl in town has brought his pet to enter in the contest. The one with the oddest pet will win a prize."

"WOW! I yam glad I comed! Please let me in. I does not wish to miss any of the show. I yam wild about aminals, especially pets."

The man at the gate shook his head and sadly explained, "I can't let you in. It's the rules. No child can enter the park today unless he has a pet with him."

Without bothering to say any more to the gateman, Swee'pea turned and crawled as fast as he could towards the dock. Popeye and Pappy had left the ship and there was no one around when the little fellow disappeared into the hold where the cargo was stored.

A few minutes later the man at the gate happened to glance down the street. His hair stood on end and his eyes bulged as he caught sight of Swee'pea returning.

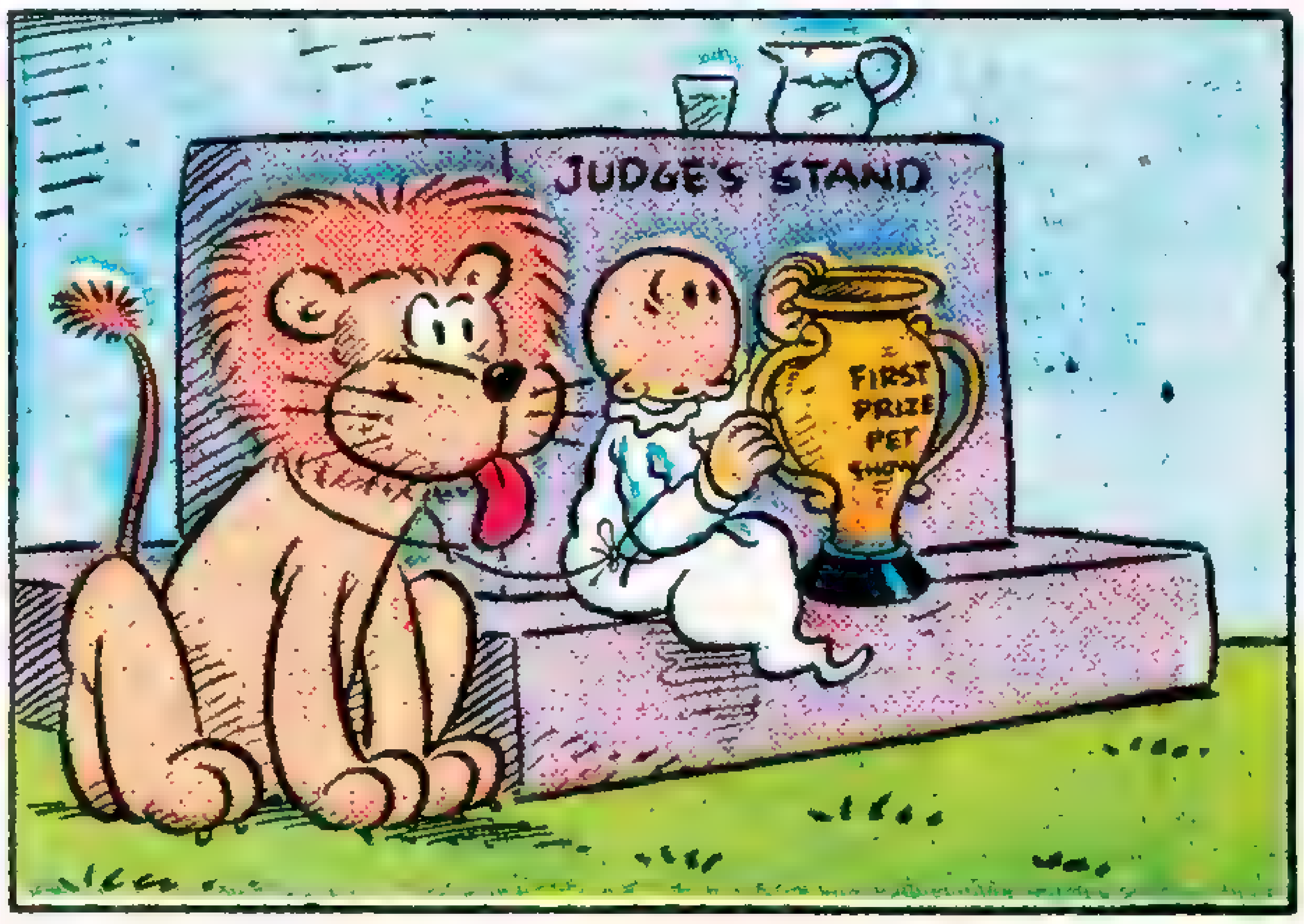
When the crowd in the park caught sight of Swee'pea, there began a mad, screaming, terror-stricken dash for the exits. The fleeing adults and children were followed by their horrified pets.

In a matter of seconds there wasn't a person left inside the park but little Swee'pea. He walked over to the judges' stand where a huge gold loving cup, the first prize, was standing on the table. He picked up the cup, and turning to the pet he had brought to the show, he said in a sad voice, "I guesses we has won the prize. We is the only ones what is left in the contest. Gorsh! I won'ers why everybody left in such a hurry?"

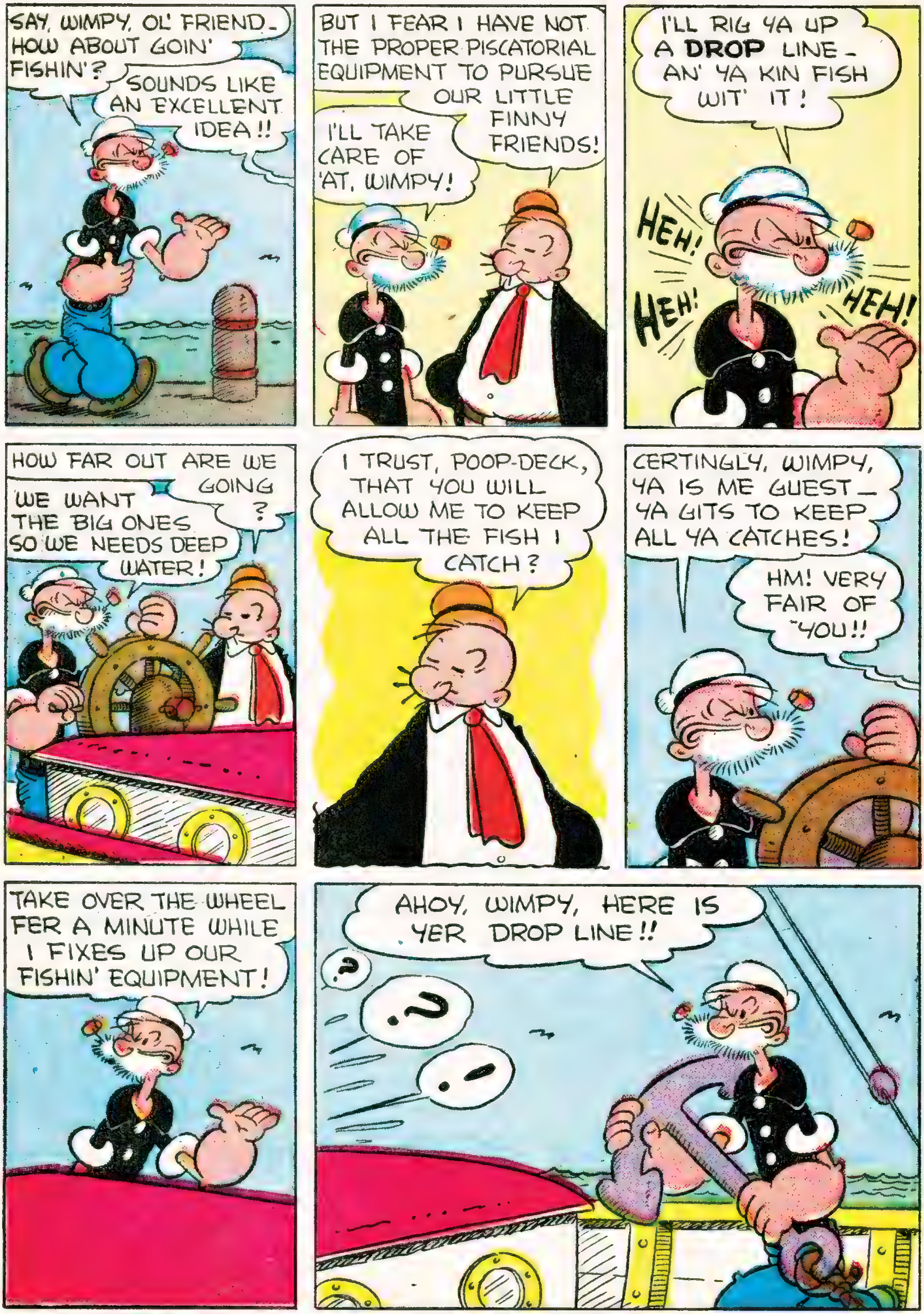
The full grown lion sitting beside him leaned over and ran his wet tongue up the side of Swee'pea's face.

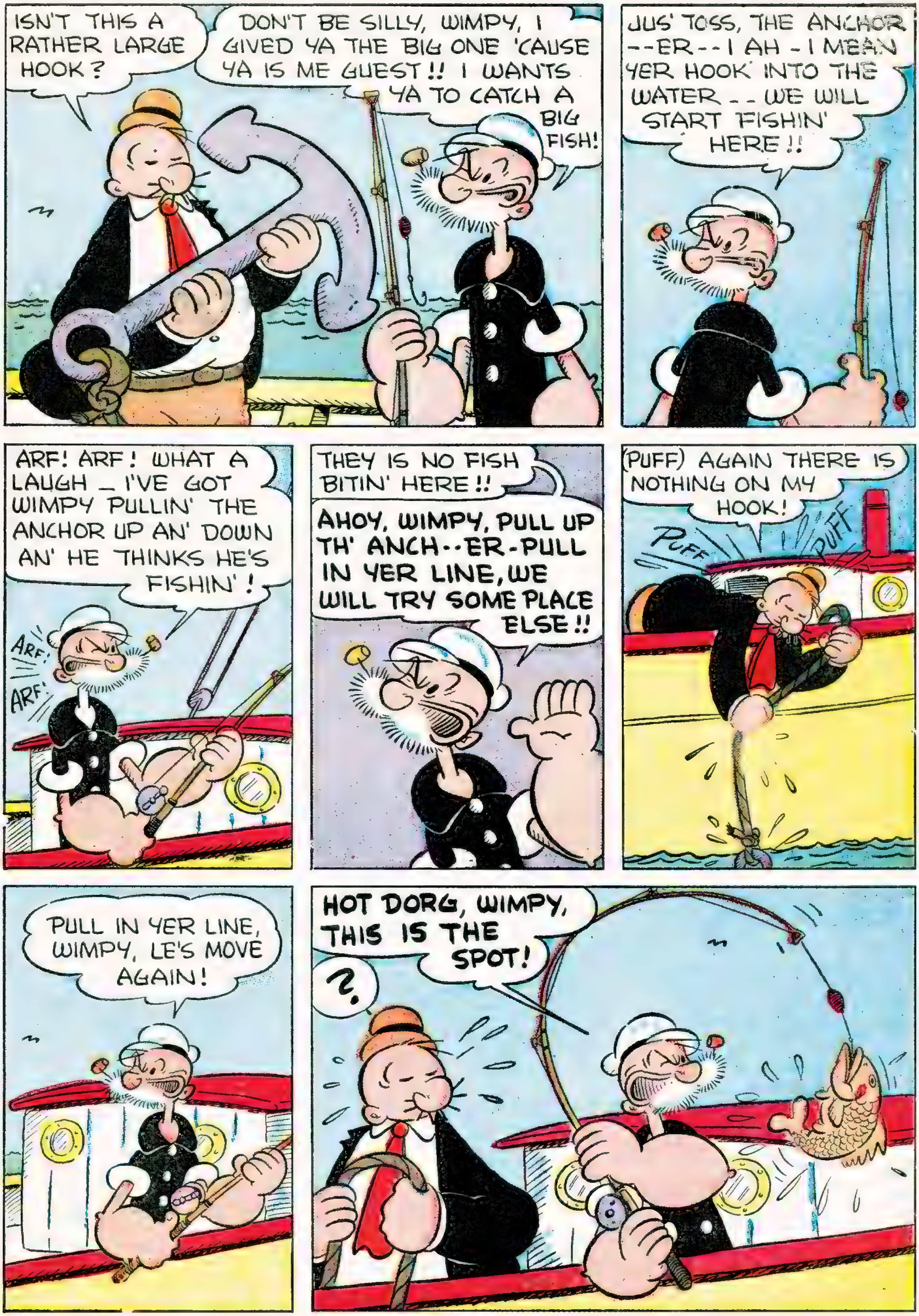
Sadly, with the cup under his arm and leading the lion by a string around its neck, Swee'pea started back for his adopted father's ship.

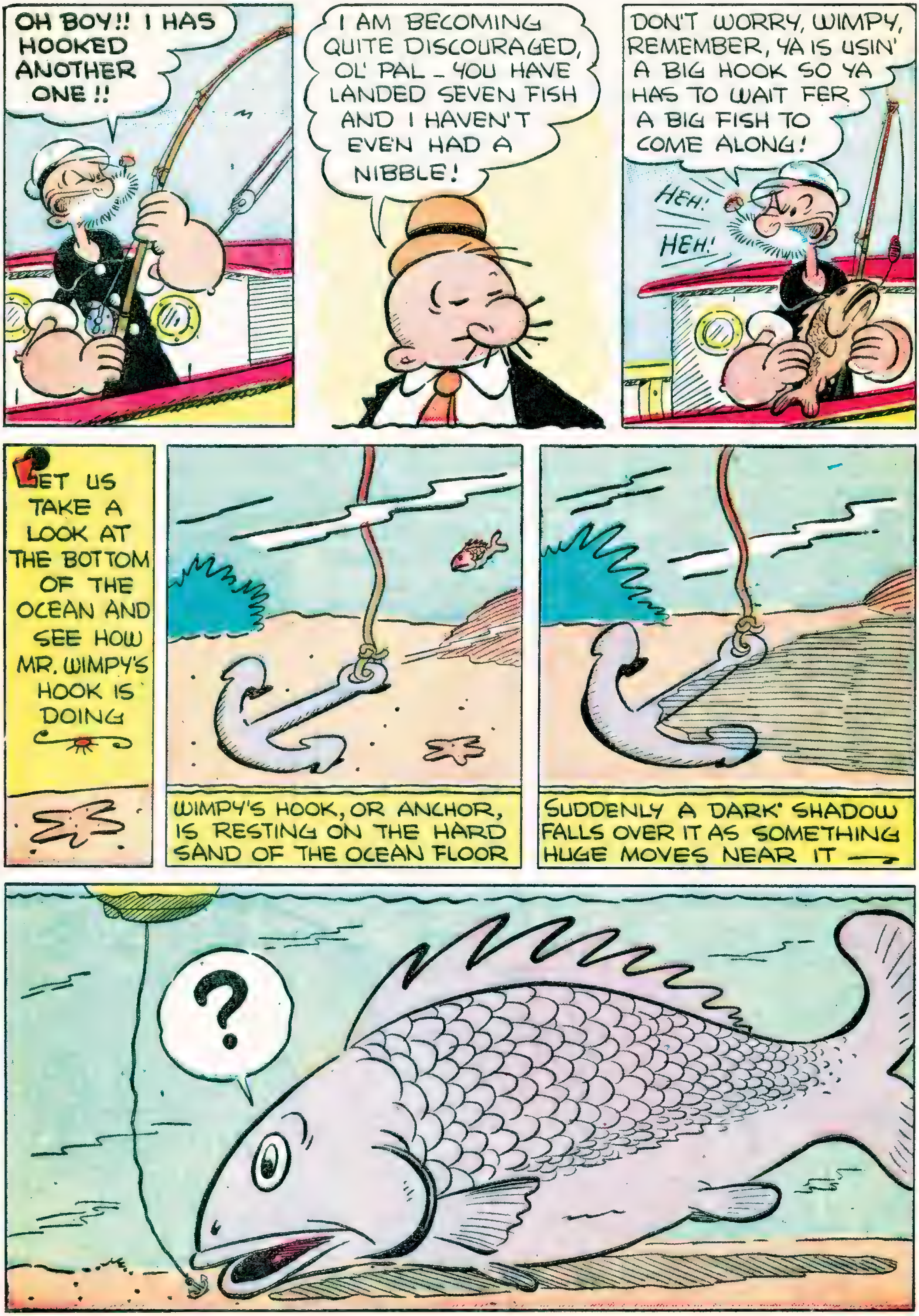
"Come on you ol' lion, I had better git you back in yer cage wit' the rest of the circus animals we is carrying, b'fore Popeye comes back and misses ya."

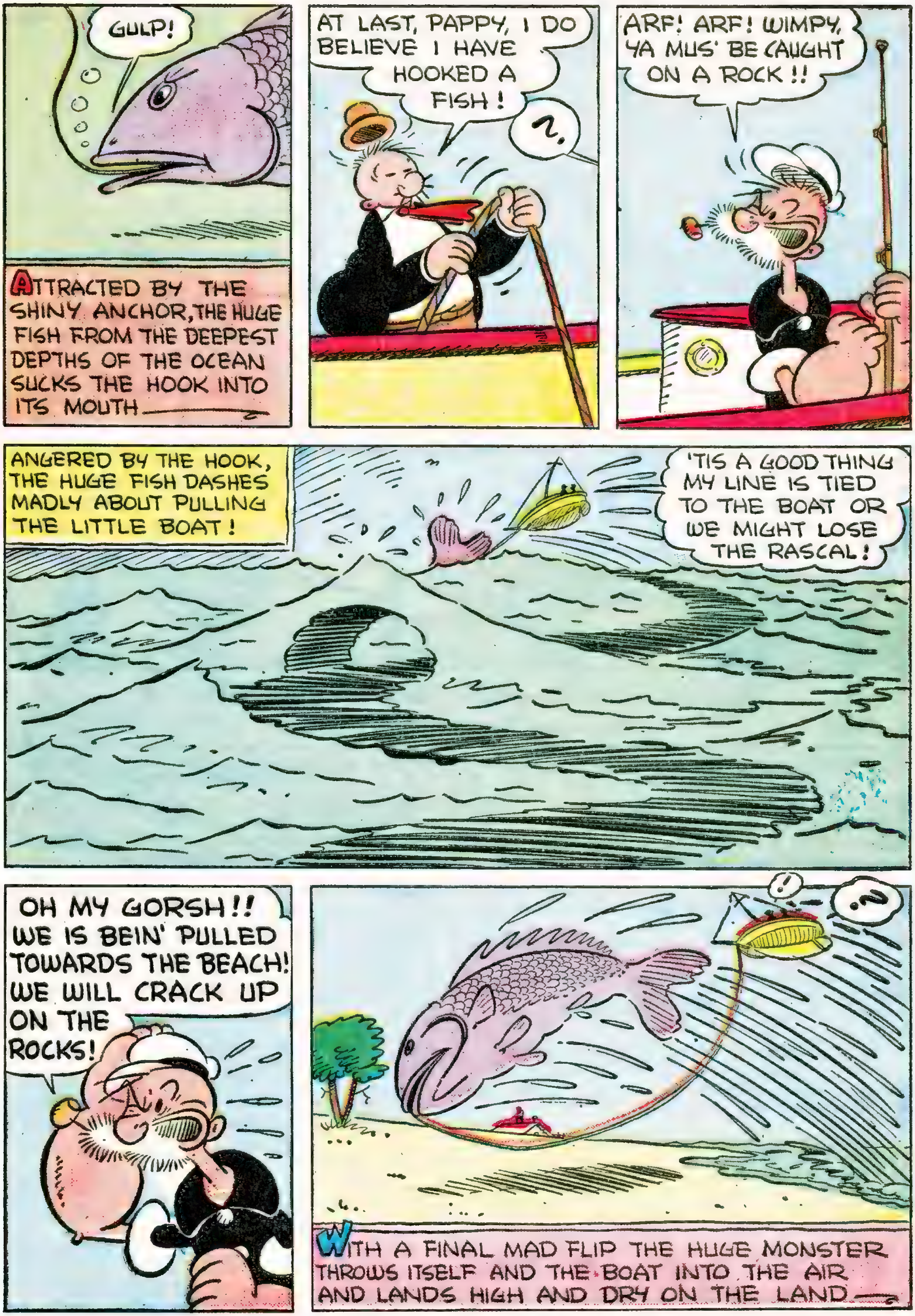


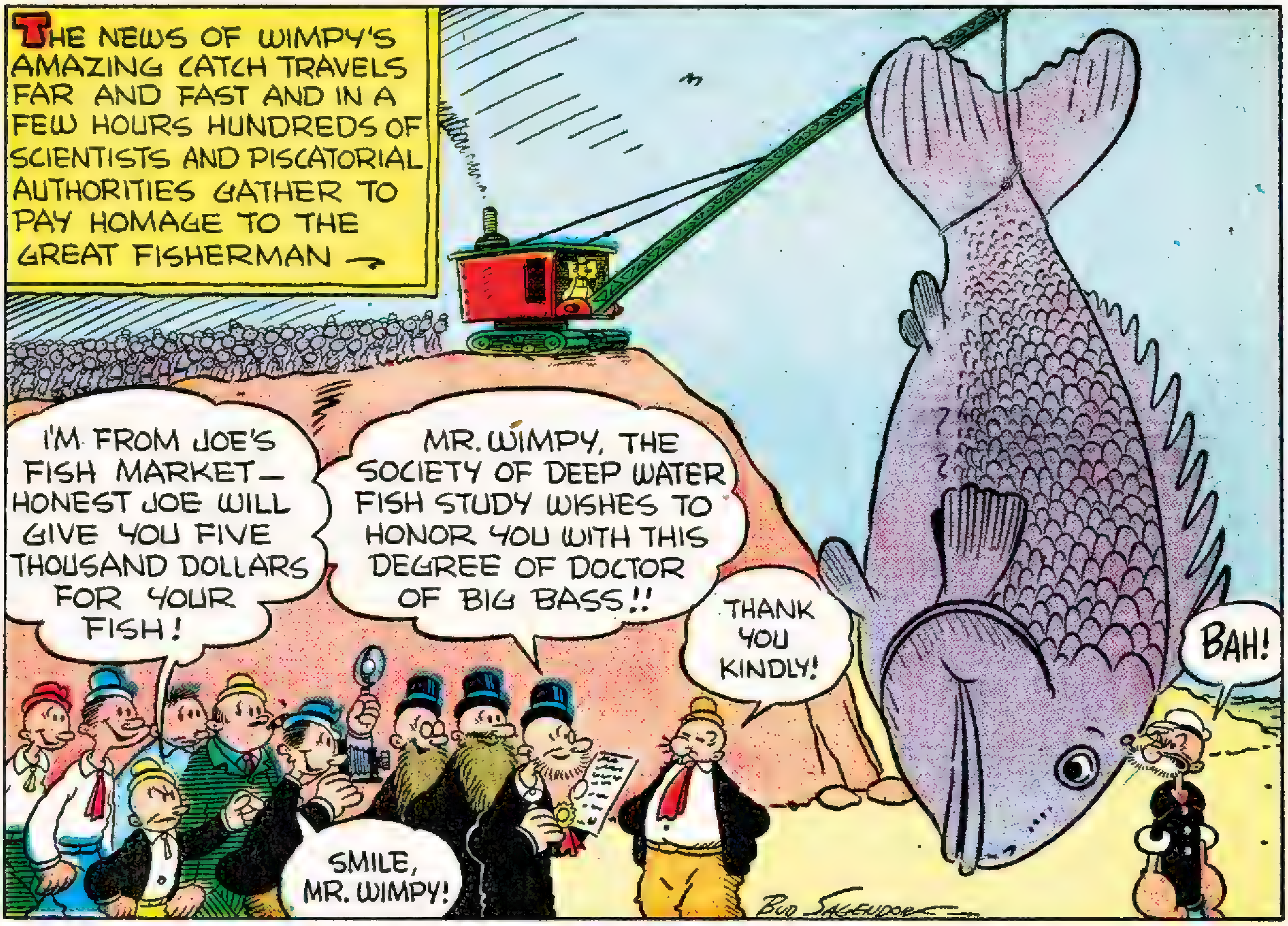
WIMPY
ARF!
AND
"The Big Bite!"
By Bud Sagendorf
DAD-RAT-IT! THIS IS TOO NICE A DAY TO JUS' SIT AROUN' WATCHIN' THE SEA GULLS!
LOOK AT THAT BLUE SKY—THIS IS A DAY FER FISHIN'! I BET THEY'D BITE LIKE MAD!!
I WOULD GIT ME BOAT AN' GO FISHIN' IF I HAD SOME SWAB TO HANDLE THE ANCHOR—IT'S TOO MUCH LIKE WORK PULLIN' 'AT HEAVY ANCHOR UP AN' DOWN!!
GREETINGS, POOP-DECK, OL' PAL--
AHOY, WIMPY!
LOVELY DAY-ISN'T IT?
HM? I WONDER IF HE WOULD BE DUMB ENOUGH TO FALL FOR IT? HM! SHIVER ME TIMBERS!!! I BET HE'D GO FOR IT! I'LL GIVE IT A TRY!!
'TIS A FINE DAY FOR THE PELICANS!
YES INDEED! INDEED IT IS!


SAY, WIMPY, OL' FRIEND-
HOW ABOUT GOIN' FISHIN'?
SOUNDS LIKE AN EXCELLENT IDEA!!
BUT I FEAR I HAVE NOT THE PROPER PISCATORIAL EQUIPMENT TO PURSUE OUR LITTLE FINNY FRIENDS!
I'LL TAKE CARE OF 'AT, WIMPY!
I'LL RIG YA UP A DROP LINE - AN' YA KIN FISH WIT' IT!
HEH!
HEH!
HEH!
HOW FAR OUT ARE WE GOING?
WE WANT THE BIG ONES SO WE NEEDS DEEP WATER!
I TRUST, POOP-DECK, THAT YOU WILL ALLOW ME TO KEEP ALL THE FISH I CATCH?
CERTINGLY, WIMPY, YA IS ME GUEST - YA GITS TO KEEP ALL YA CATCHES!
HM! VERY FAIR OF YOU!!
TAKE OVER THE WHEEL FER A MINUTE WHILE I FIXES UP OUR FISHIN' EQUIPMENT!
AHOY, WIMPY, HERE IS YER DROP LINE!!
?
?
!


ISN'T THIS A RATHER LARGE HOOK?
DON'T BE SILLY, WIMPY, I GIVED YA THE BIG ONE 'CAUSE YA IS ME GUEST!! I WANTS YA TO CATCH A BIG FISH!
JUS' TOSS, THE ANCHOR --ER--I AH-I MEAN YER HOOK INTO THE WATER -- WE WILL START FISHIN' HERE!!
ARF! ARF! WHAT A LAUGH _ I'VE GOT WIMPY PULLIN' THE ANCHOR UP AN' DOWN AN' HE THINKS HE'S FISHIN'!
ARF!
ARF!
THEY IS NO FISH BITIN' HERE!!
AHOY, WIMPY, PULL UP TH' ANCH--ER-PULL IN YER LINE, WE WILL TRY SOME PLACE ELSE!!
(PUFF) AGAIN THERE IS NOTHING ON MY HOOK!
PUFF
PUFF
PULL IN YER LINE, WIMPY, LE'S MOVE AGAIN!
HOT DORG, WIMPY, THIS IS THE SPOT!
?


OH BOY!! I HAS HOOKED ANOTHER ONE!!
I AM BECOMING QUITE DISCOURAGED, OL' PAL - YOU HAVE LANDED SEVEN FISH AND I HAVEN'T EVEN HAD A NIBBLE!
DON'T WORRY, WIMPY, REMEMBER, YA IS USIN' A BIG HOOK SO YA HAS TO WAIT FER A BIG FISH TO COME ALONG!
HEH! HEH!
LET US TAKE A LOOK AT THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN AND SEE HOW MR. WIMPY'S HOOK IS DOING
WIMPY'S HOOK, OR ANCHOR, IS RESTING ON THE HARD SAND OF THE OCEAN FLOOR
SUDDENLY A DARK SHADOW FALLS OVER IT AS SOMETHING HUGE MOVES NEAR IT
?


GULP!
ATTRACTED BY THE SHINY ANCHOR, THE HUGE FISH FROM THE DEEPEST DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN SUCKS THE HOOK INTO ITS MOUTH ——
AT LAST, PAPPY, I DO BELIEVE I HAVE HOOKED A FISH!
?
ARF! ARF! WIMPY, YA MUS' BE CAUGHT ON A ROCK!!
ANGERED BY THE HOOK, THE HUGE FISH DASHES MADLY ABOUT PULLING THE LITTLE BOAT!
'TIS A GOOD THING MY LINE IS TIED TO THE BOAT OR WE MIGHT LOSE THE RASCAL!
OH MY GORSH!! WE IS BEIN' PULLED TOWARDS THE BEACH! WE WILL CRACK UP ON THE ROCKS!
!
?
WITH A FINAL MAD FLIP THE HUGE MONSTER THROWS ITSELF AND THE BOAT INTO THE AIR AND LANDS HIGH AND DRY ON THE LAND ——



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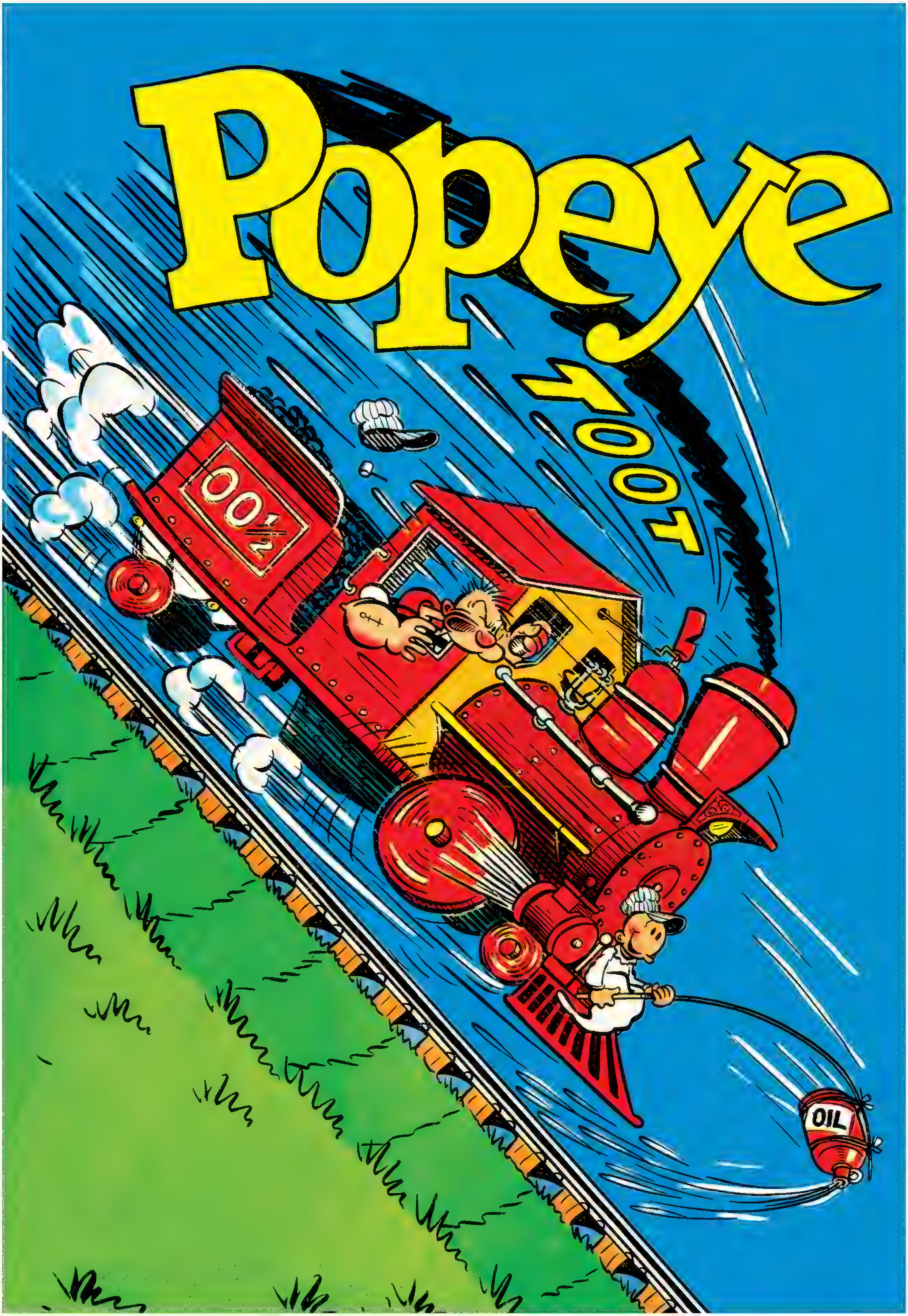
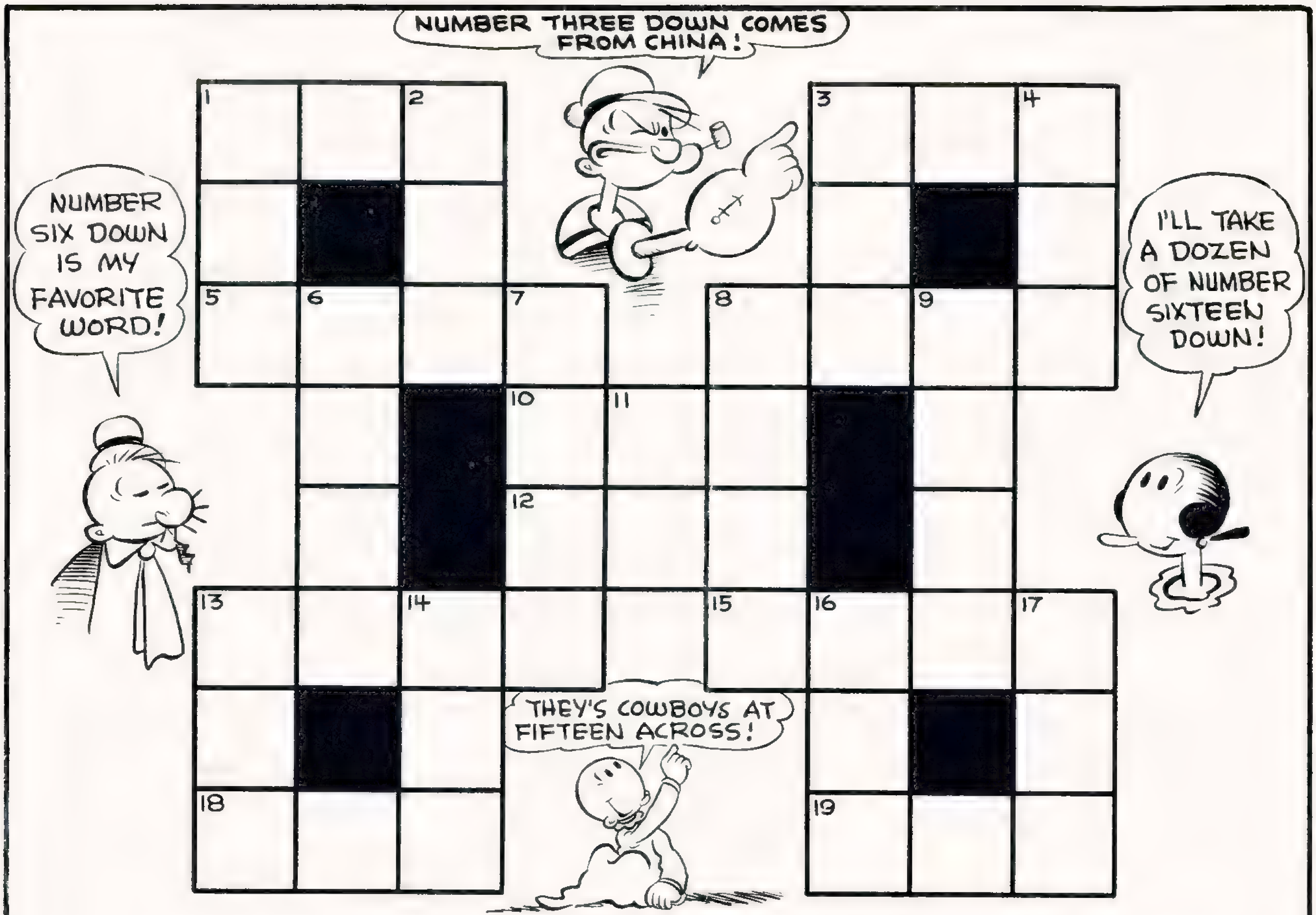
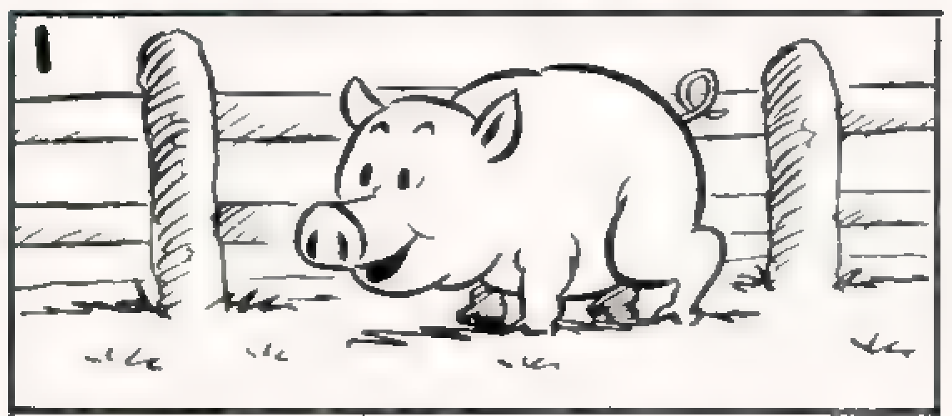
POPEYE
HM! FEELS LIKE RAIN!!
GOOD HEAVENS!! AN APPLE?
?
?
PLOP
MY! MY! ANOTHER ONE! MOST AMAZING _ IT'S RAINING PIPPINS!
?
?
PLOP
©N THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN
THESE OL' APPLES ON THE GROUND IS SURE GOOD FER THROWIN'!
SEE HOW FAR YA KIN THROW THIS ONE, POPEYE!
WHA'CHA TRYIN' TO DO _ WEAR ME OUT?
HOT DORG! I BET 'AT ONE LANDS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN!
HERE'S ANOTHER ONE!
NO MORE! I BET I HAS THROWN OVER A BUSHEL OF 'EM FER YA!
YOU GIT ON HOME!
AHOY, ROUGH-HOUSE, HAS YA SEEN WIMPY?
HAW! HAW! HAVEN'T YOU HEARD ?
HE GOT ARRESTED FOR TRYIN' TO SELL A BUSHEL OF APPLES HE SWIPED SOME-PLACE!
HE HAD THE NERVE TO TELL THE JUDGE THAT IT WAS RAININ' APPLES, THAT HE CAUGHT THEM AS THEY FELL OUT OF THE SKY!!
?
HA! HA!
YA JUS' MADE THE JUDGE MAD TELLIN' HIM A STORY LIKE 'AT _ YA SHOULD NOT HAVE TRIED TO FOOL HIM?
SIR! I DID TELL THE TRUTH!
IT WAS RAINING APPLES!
BUD SAGENDORF



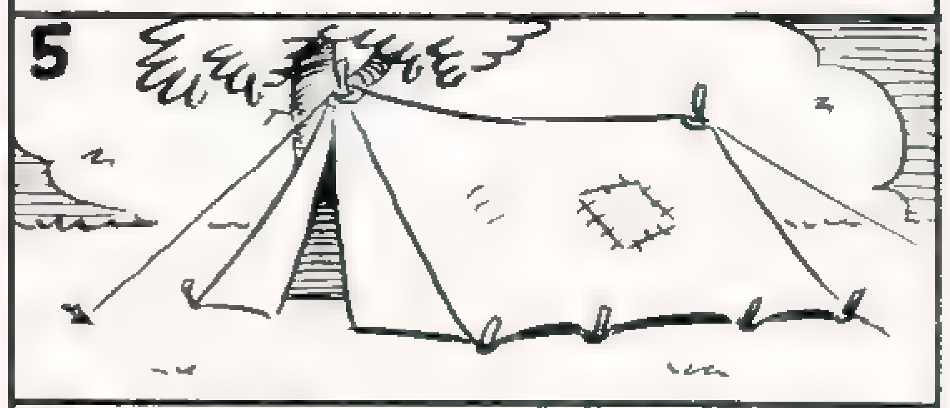
 Popeye #14, October-December 1950



ACROSS

1


3 LIGHT BROWN

5


8 OLIVE ____ VERY LOUD.

10 YOU'LL FIND HIM IN SUGAR.

12 BABY'S FIRST WORD

13 A GOOD CHILD ALWAYS ____ BEFORE TAKING ANOTHER CANDY—

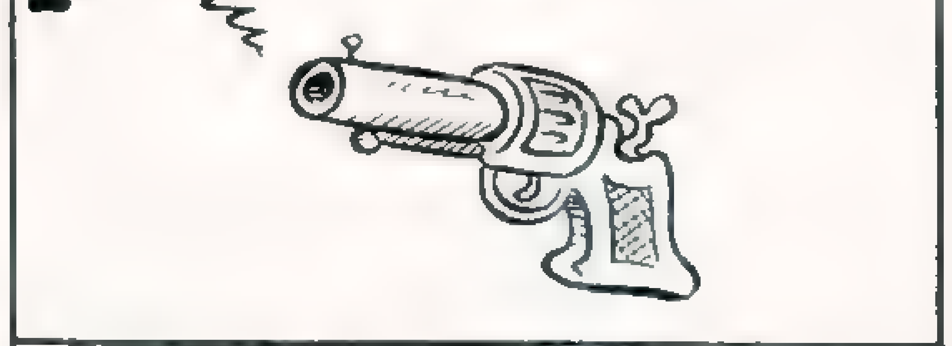
15 WHERE THE SUN GOES TO BED.

18 THE LAST WORD IN EVERY BOOK.

19 HE SAID HE'D GET IT AND HE ___ IT.

DOWN

1 YOU DO THIS ON A DOG'S HEAD.

2


3 PEOPLE DRINK IT AT FOUR O'CLOCK

4

6 POPEYE ____ SPINACH!

7

8 WHEN YOU PUT THINGS IN THE HOLD OF A SHIP YOU ____ THEM

9

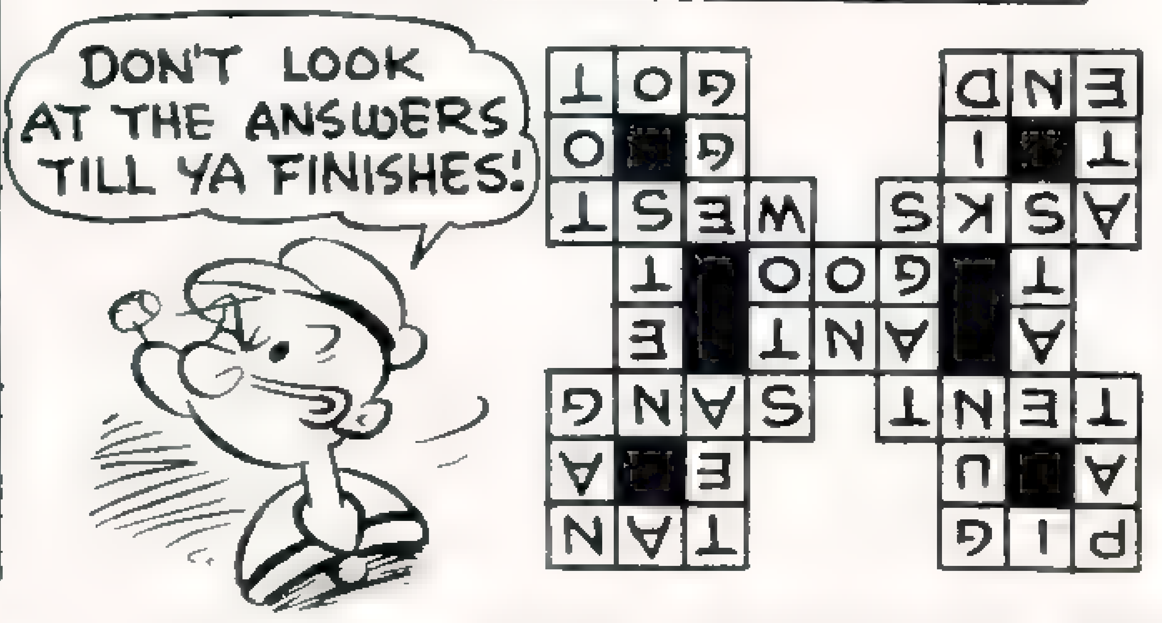
11 YOU HEAR THIS WORD MANY TIMES A DAY

13 WIMPY ___ THE HAMBURGER

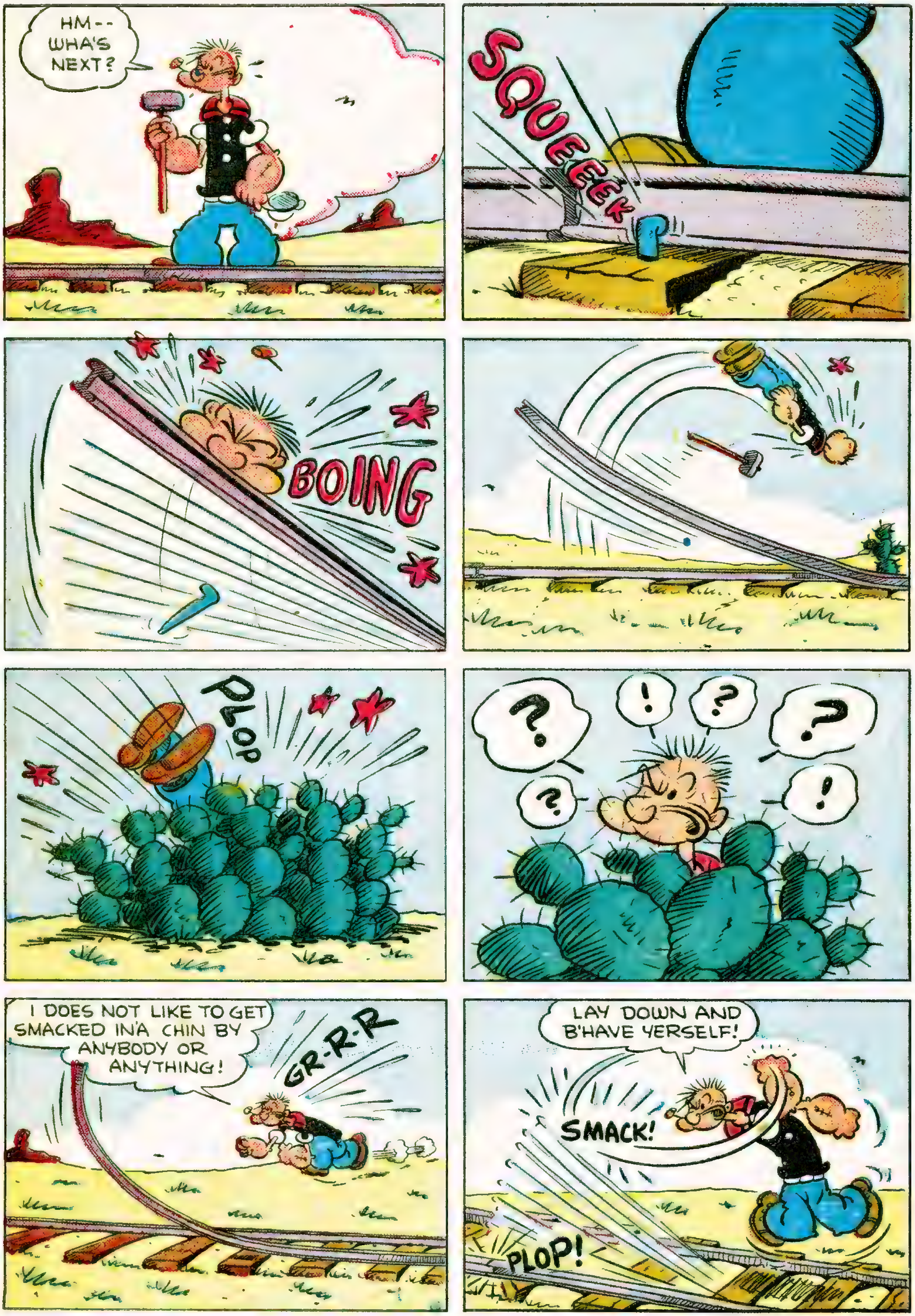
14 BABY GOAT

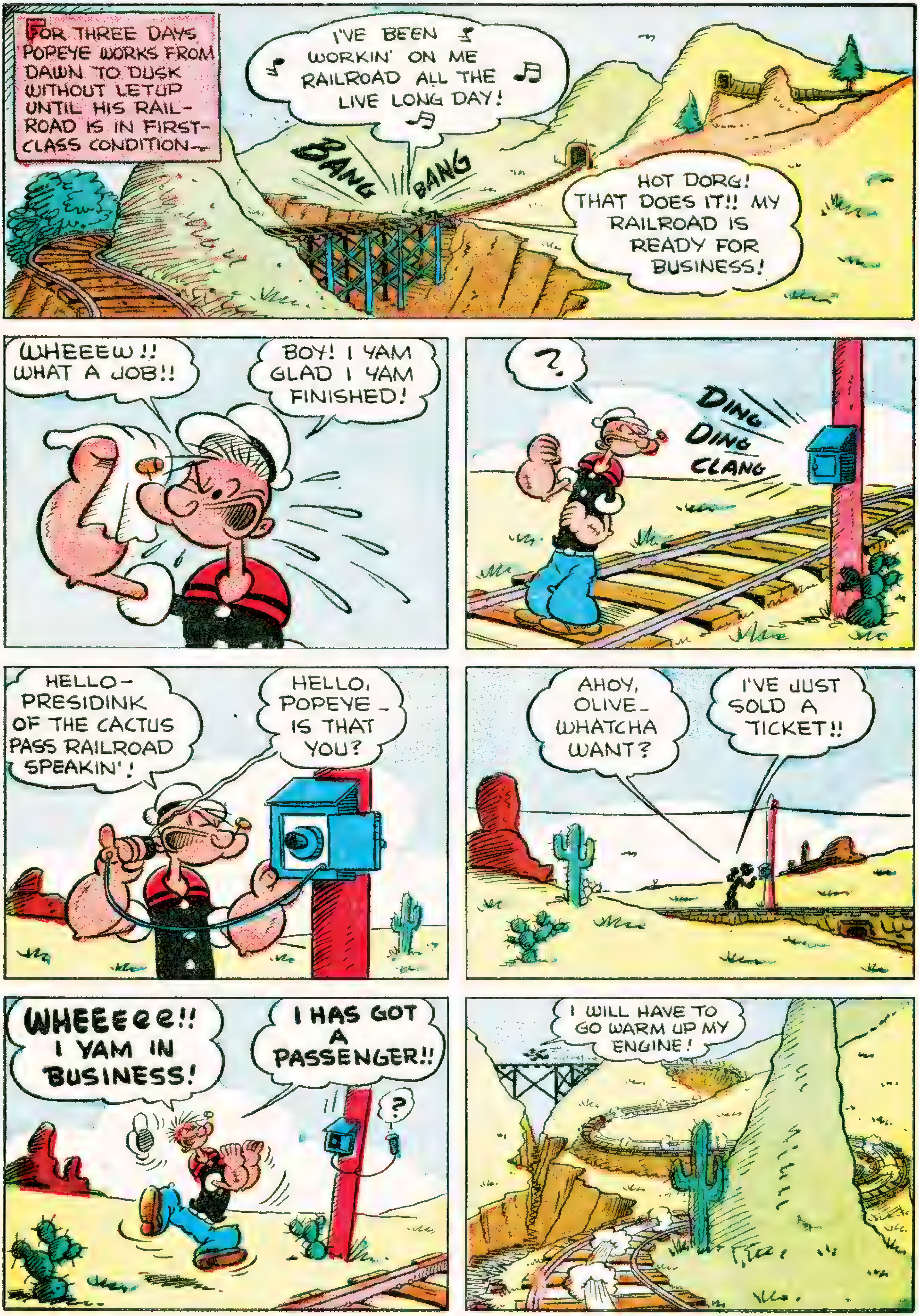
16

17 SMALL CHILD.

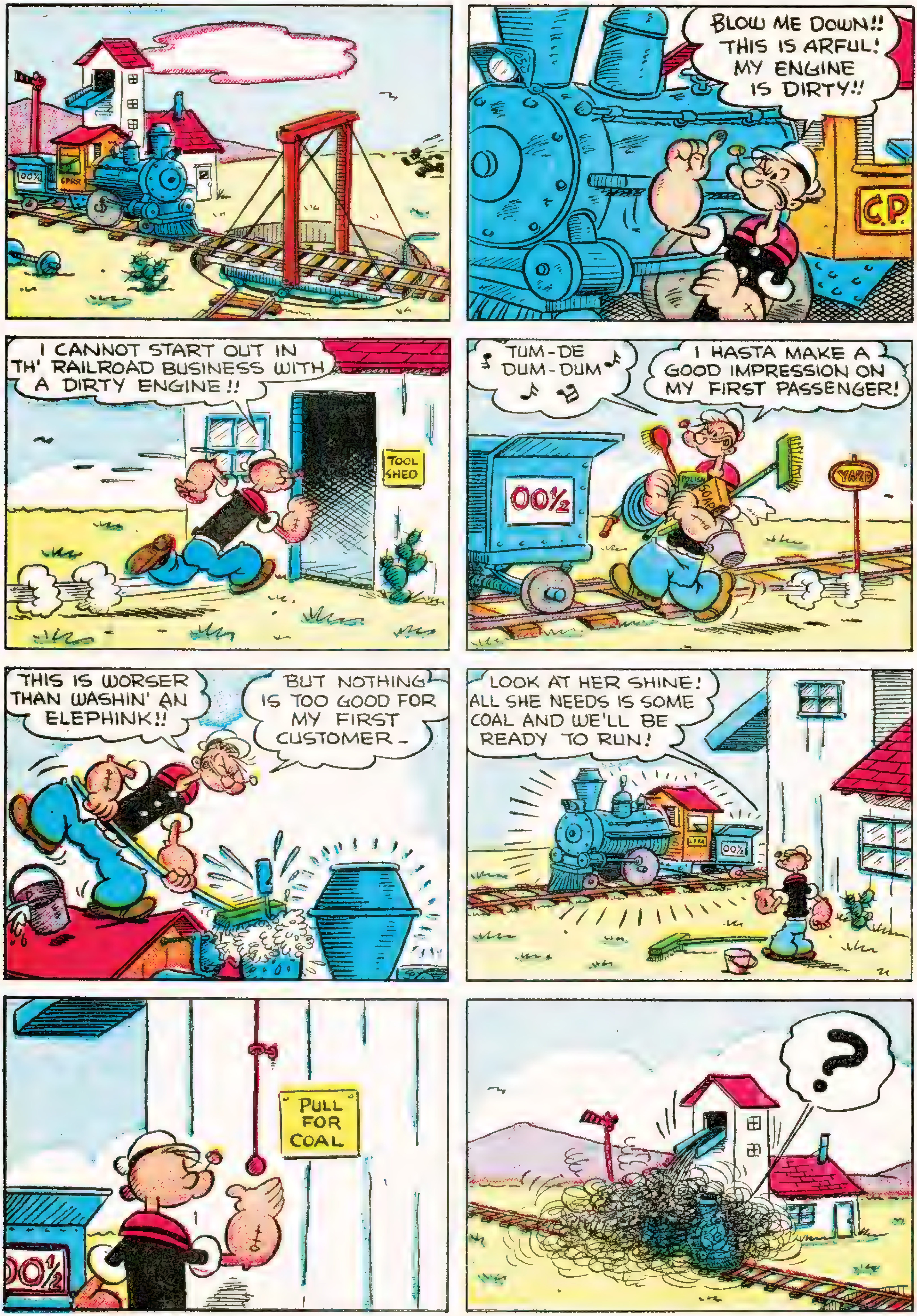


THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS
POPEYE
IN
"WESTERN RAILROADING!"
GOOD HEAVENS!?! YOU MEAN YOU BOUGHT THIS RAILROAD?
YEP! I YAM NOW A RAILROAD SAILORMAN!
SHE NEEDS A LITTLE FIXIN' UP AN' THEN I WILL BE READY FOR BUSINESS!
YOU TAKE CARE OF THE TICKET OFFICE!
I WILL GO OUT AND GET MY TRACK IN SHAPE!
HM--NO TRAIN COULD GO OVER THAT!!
I WILL HAVE TO SPIKE IT DOWN!
(PUFF)_THIS TRACK IS JUST LIKE A SPRING!
PUFF!
PUFF!
POPEYE #14 - 509
ONE LI'L SPIKE AN' SHE IS AS GOOD AS NEW!
ARF! ARF! FIXING A RAILROAD IS FUN!!
BANG


HM-- WHA'S NEXT?
SQUEEEK
BOING
PLOP
?
!
?
?
?
!
I DOES NOT LIKE TO GET SMACKED IN'A CHIN BY ANYBODY OR ANYTHING!
GR-R-R
LAY DOWN AND B'HAVE YERSELF!
SMACK!
PLOP!



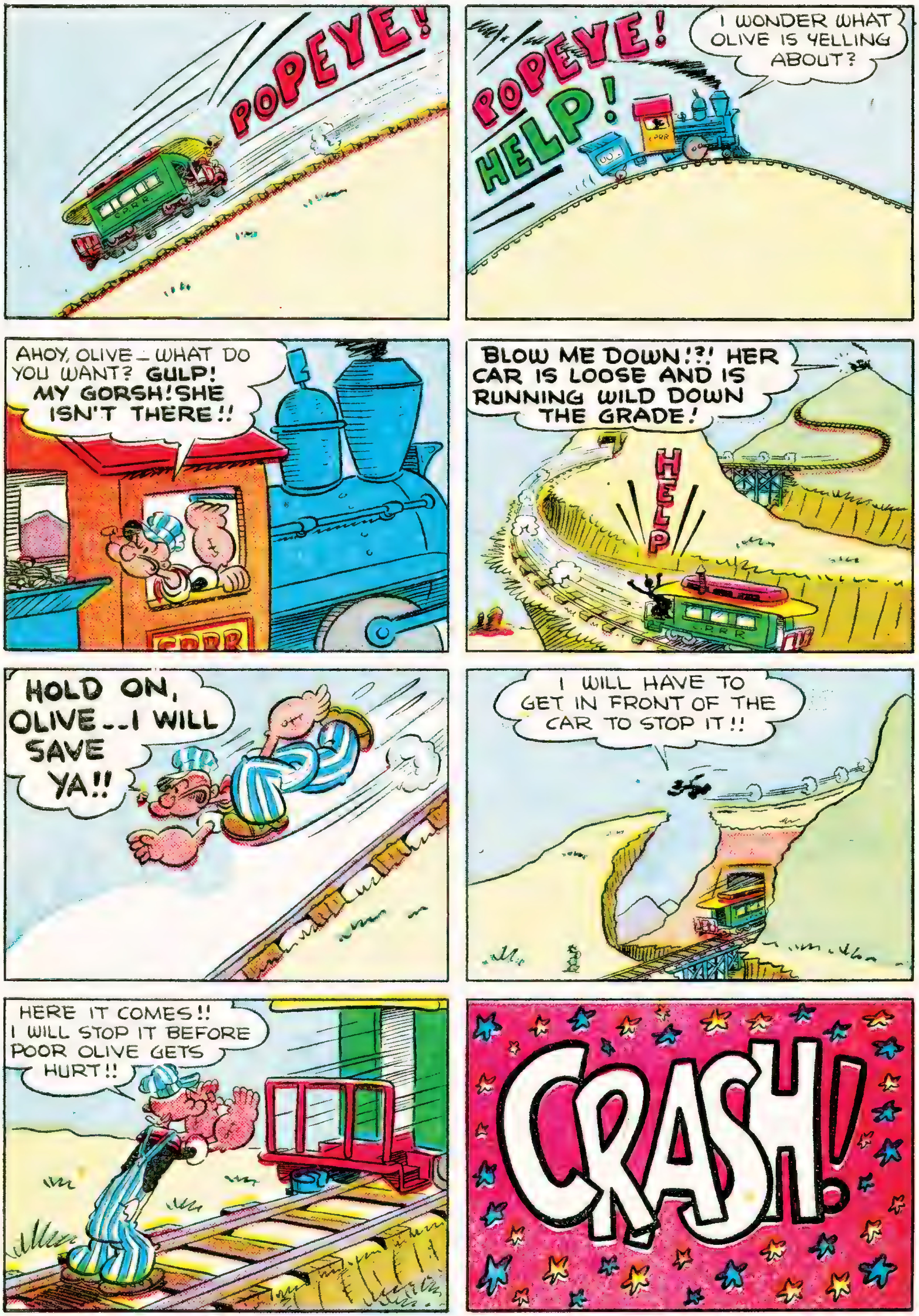
FOR THREE DAYS POPEYE WORKS FROM DAWN TO DUSK WITHOUT LETUP UNTIL HIS RAIL-ROAD IS IN FIRST-CLASS CONDITION—
I'VE BEEN WORKIN' ON ME RAILROAD ALL THE LIVE LONG DAY!
BANG
BANG
HOT DORG! THAT DOES IT!! MY RAILROAD IS READY FOR BUSINESS!
WHEEEW!! WHAT A JOB!!
BOY! I YAM GLAD I YAM FINISHED!
?
DING
DING
CLANG
HELLO— PRESIDINK OF THE CACTUS PASS RAILROAD SPEAKIN'!
HELLO, POPEYE— IS THAT YOU?
AHOY, OLIVE— WHATCHA WANT?
I'VE JUST SOLD A TICKET!!
WHEEEee!! I YAM IN BUSINESS!
I HAS GOT A PASSENGER!!
?
I WILL HAVE TO GO WARM UP MY ENGINE!

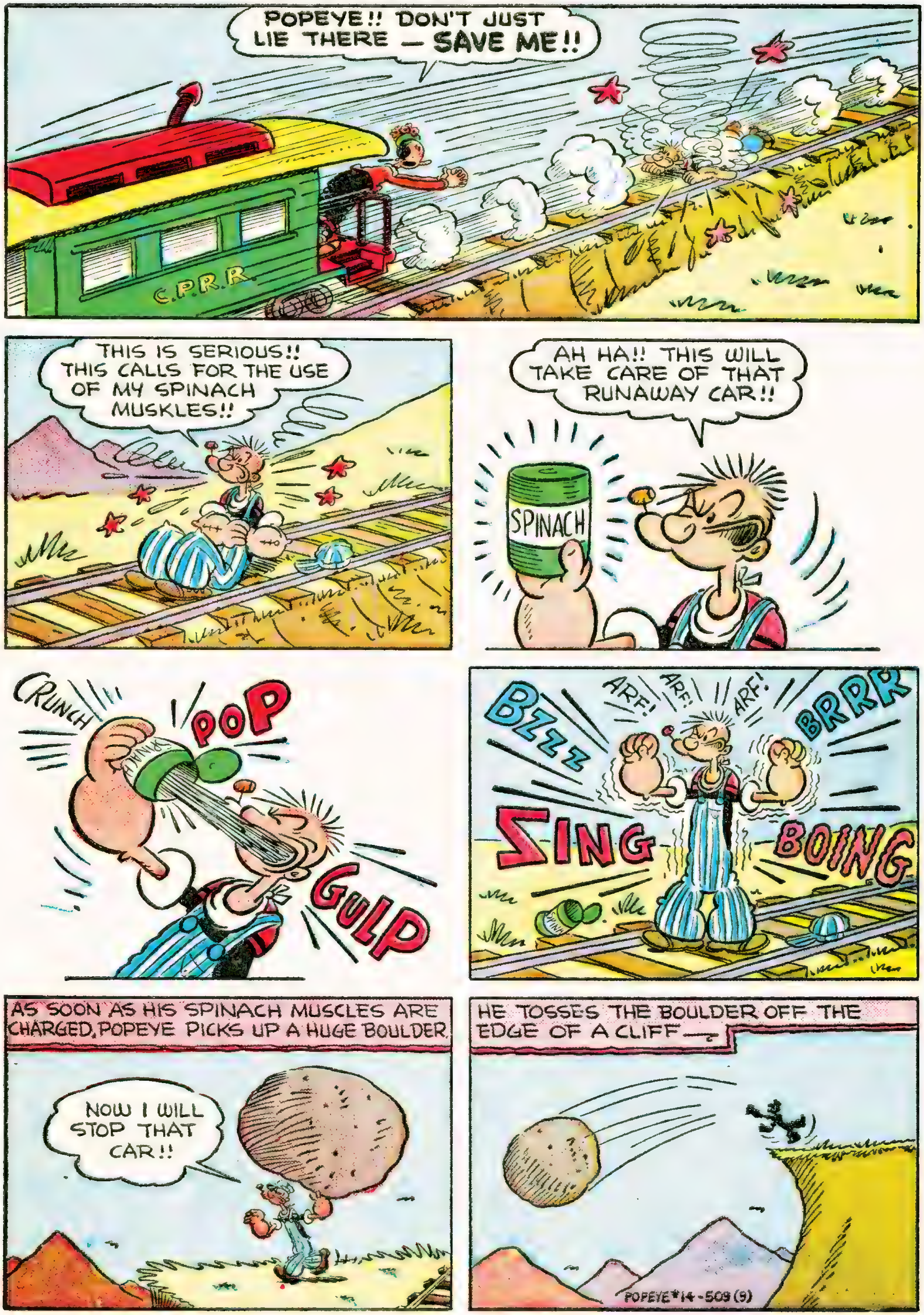

BLOW ME DOWN!! THIS IS ARFUL! MY ENGINE IS DIRTY!!
C.P.
I CANNOT START OUT IN TH' RAILROAD BUSINESS WITH A DIRTY ENGINE!!
TOOL SHED
TUM-DE DUM-DUM
I HASTA MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION ON MY FIRST PASSENGER!
00½
YARD
SOAP
THIS IS WORSER THAN WASHIN' AN ELEPHINK!!
BUT NOTHING IS TOO GOOD FOR MY FIRST CUSTOMER -
LOOK AT HER SHINE! ALL SHE NEEDS IS SOME COAL AND WE'LL BE READY TO RUN!
PULL FOR COAL
00½
?

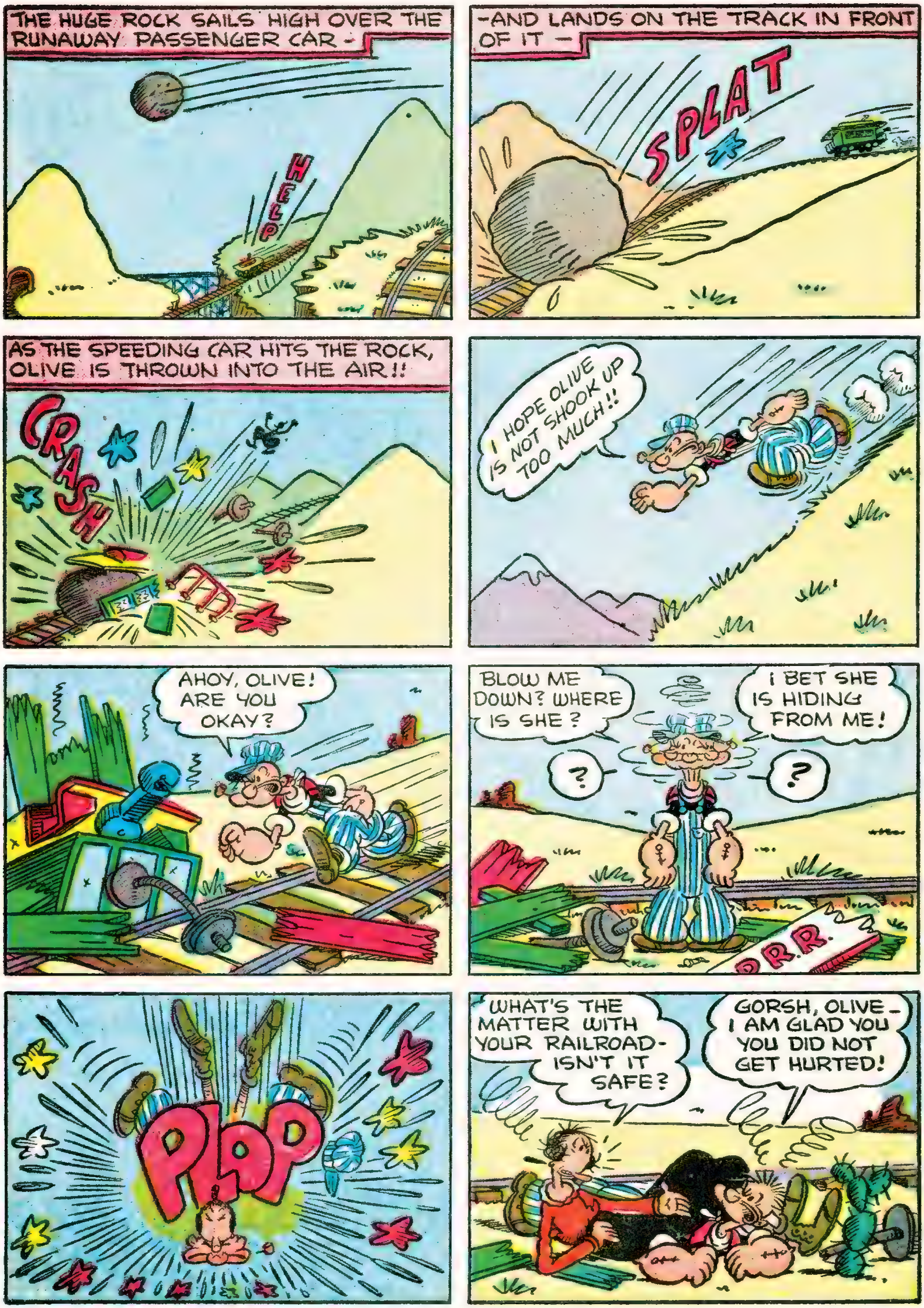
YIPE!! LOOK AT MY ENGINE!
SHE'S ALL DIRTY AGAIN!
IT IS JUS' COAL DUSK!! I WILL BLOW IT OFF!!
WHOOSH
CRASH
OUCH!! I BLOWED TOO HARD!!
AHOY, OLIVE – TELL MY PASSENGER 'AT I WILL BE THERE AS SOON AS I GET DRESSED!
I'LL HOOK MY ENGINE TO A PASSENGER CAR AND I'LL BE ALL SET!

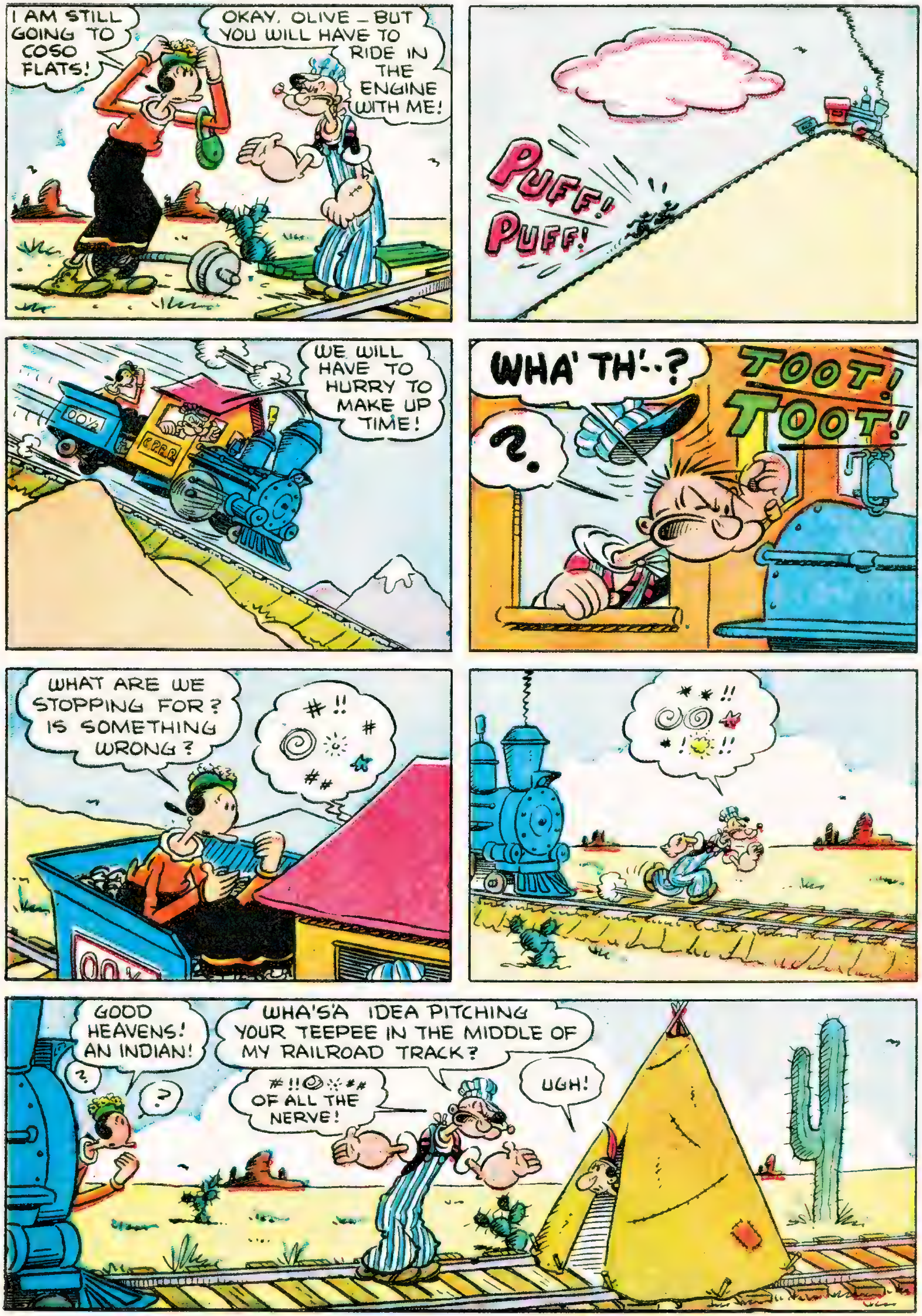
CLANG
TOOT TOOT
AHOY, OLIVE — I YAM HERE!! WHERE IS MY PASSENGER?
CPRR
YOUR PASSENGER WILL BE RIGHT OUT!
TICKET OFFICE
I WON'ER WHO MY FIRST PASSENGER IS?
I BET IT'S SOME MILLIONAIRE!
WAITING ROOM CACTUS PASS DEPOT
WHA' TH'--?
LET'S GET GOING, MY GOOD MAN!
AW, QUIT KIDDIN', OLIVE -- 'AT'S NOT A VERY FUNNY JOKE!!
IT'S NO JOKE!! I SOLD MYSELF A TICKET TO COSO FLATS AND YOU'RE TAKING ME THERE!!!

COSO FLATS!?! 'AT'S A HUNRED MILES FROM HERE!
I CANNOT RUN MY ENGINE 'AT FAR FER JUST ONE PASSENGER!
I BOUGHT A TICKET AND THE LAW SAYS YOU HAVE TO TAKE ME TO COSO FLATS!!
CPRR
IF YOU DON'T TAKE ME, I'LL REPORT YOU!
TOOT! TOOT!
ALL ABOARD!
AND SEE THAT YOU DRIVE CAREFULLY!
TOOT
TOOT TOOT
EVERYTHING GOES FINE UNTIL HIGH IN THE MOUNTAINS THERE IS A SHARP CRACK AS DISASTER STRIKES
SNAP
TOOT
?

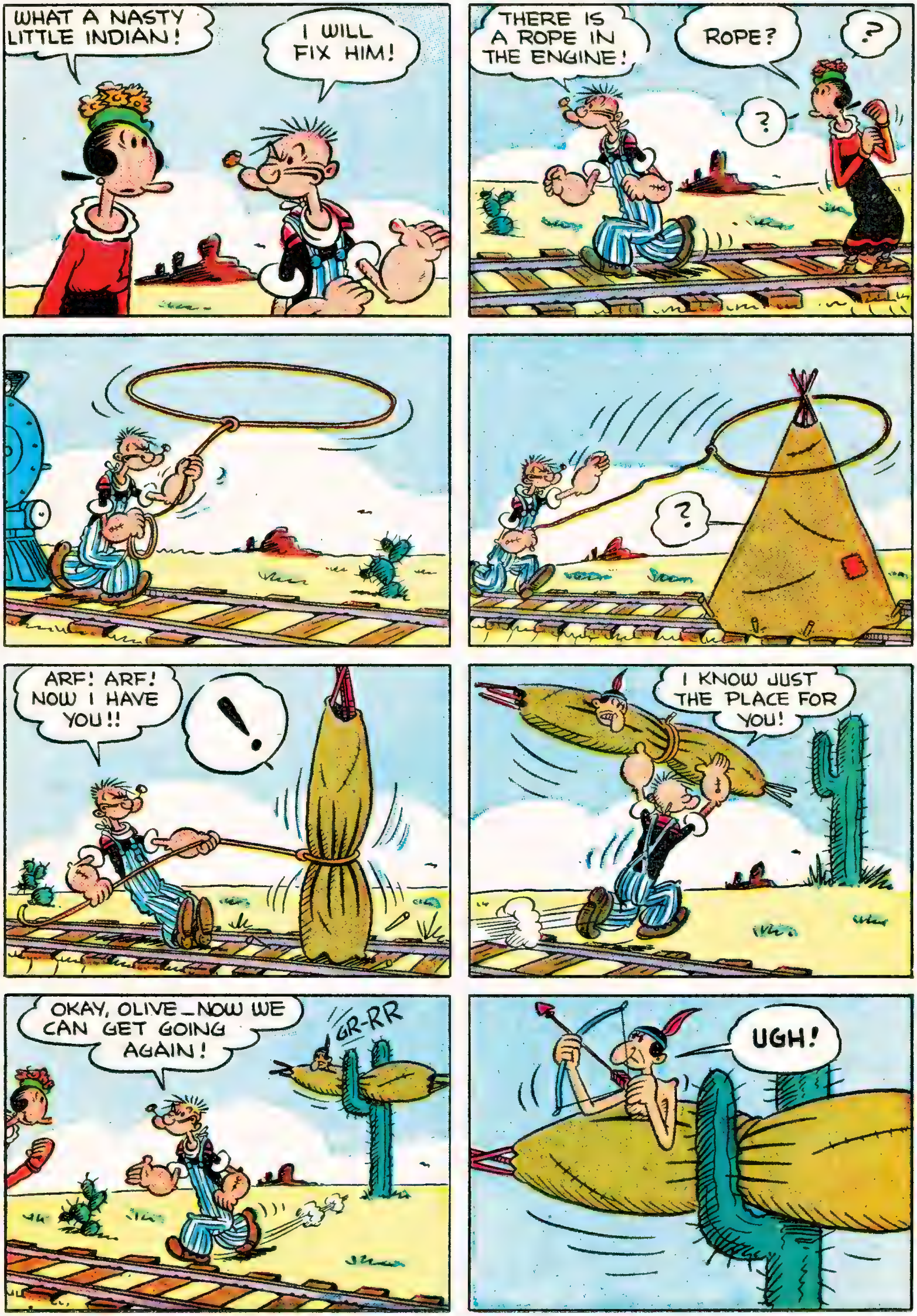

POPEYE!
POPEYE! HELP!
I WONDER WHAT OLIVE IS YELLING ABOUT?
AHOY, OLIVE — WHAT DO YOU WANT? GULP! MY GORSH! SHE ISN'T THERE!!
BLOW ME DOWN!?! HER CAR IS LOOSE AND IS RUNNING WILD DOWN THE GRADE!
HELP
HOLD ON, OLIVE--I WILL SAVE YA!!
I WILL HAVE TO GET IN FRONT OF THE CAR TO STOP IT!!
HERE IT COMES!! I WILL STOP IT BEFORE POOR OLIVE GETS HURT!!
CRASH!


POPEYE!! DON'T JUST LIE THERE — SAVE ME!!
C.P.R.R.
THIS IS SERIOUS!! THIS CALLS FOR THE USE OF MY SPINACH MUSKLES!!
AH HA!! THIS WILL TAKE CARE OF THAT RUNAWAY CAR!!
SPINACH
CRUNCH
POP
GULP
BZZZ
ARF!
ARF!
ARF!
BRRR
SING
BOING
AS SOON AS HIS SPINACH MUSCLES ARE CHARGED, POPEYE PICKS UP A HUGE BOULDER
NOW I WILL STOP THAT CAR!!
HE TOSSES THE BOULDER OFF THE EDGE OF A CLIFF—
POPEYE*14-509 (9)


THE HUGE ROCK SAILS HIGH OVER THE RUNAWAY PASSENGER CAR -
HELP
-AND LANDS ON THE TRACK IN FRONT OF IT -
SPLAT
AS THE SPEEDING CAR HITS THE ROCK, OLIVE IS THROWN INTO THE AIR!!
CRASH
I HOPE OLIVE IS NOT SHOOK UP TOO MUCH!!
AHOY, OLIVE! ARE YOU OKAY?
BLOW ME DOWN? WHERE IS SHE?
I BET SHE IS HIDING FROM ME!
?
?
P.R.R.
PLOP
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOUR RAILROAD- ISN'T IT SAFE?
GORSH, OLIVE- I AM GLAD YOU YOU DID NOT GET HURTED!

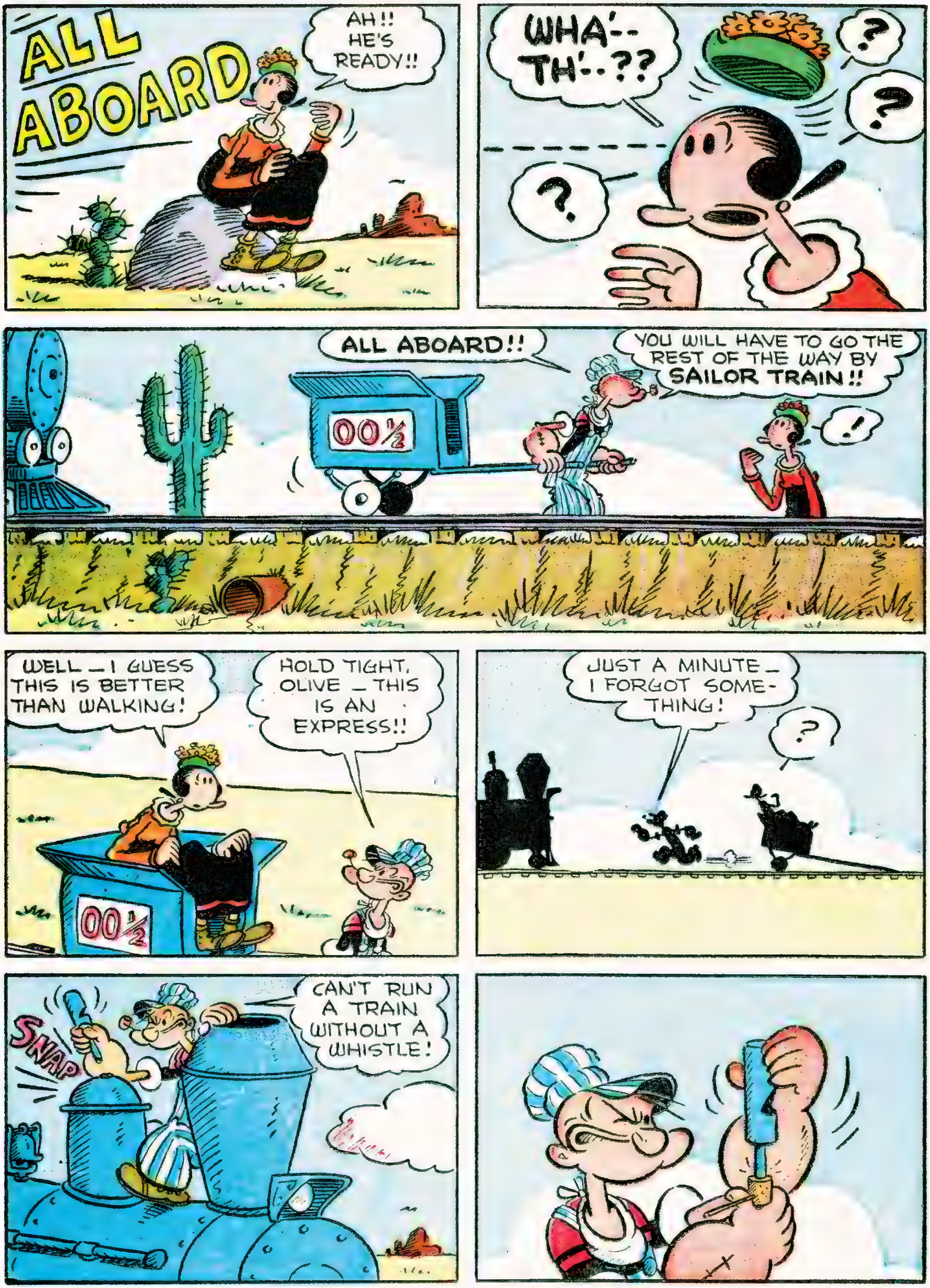

I AM STILL GOING TO COSO FLATS!
OKAY, OLIVE — BUT YOU WILL HAVE TO RIDE IN THE ENGINE WITH ME!
PUFF! PUFF!
WE WILL HAVE TO HURRY TO MAKE UP TIME!
WHA' TH'..?
?
TOOT! TOOT!
WHAT ARE WE STOPPING FOR? IS SOMETHING WRONG?
GOOD HEAVENS! AN INDIAN!
WHA'S'A IDEA PITCHING YOUR TEEPEE IN THE MIDDLE OF MY RAILROAD TRACK?
UGH!
OF ALL THE NERVE!

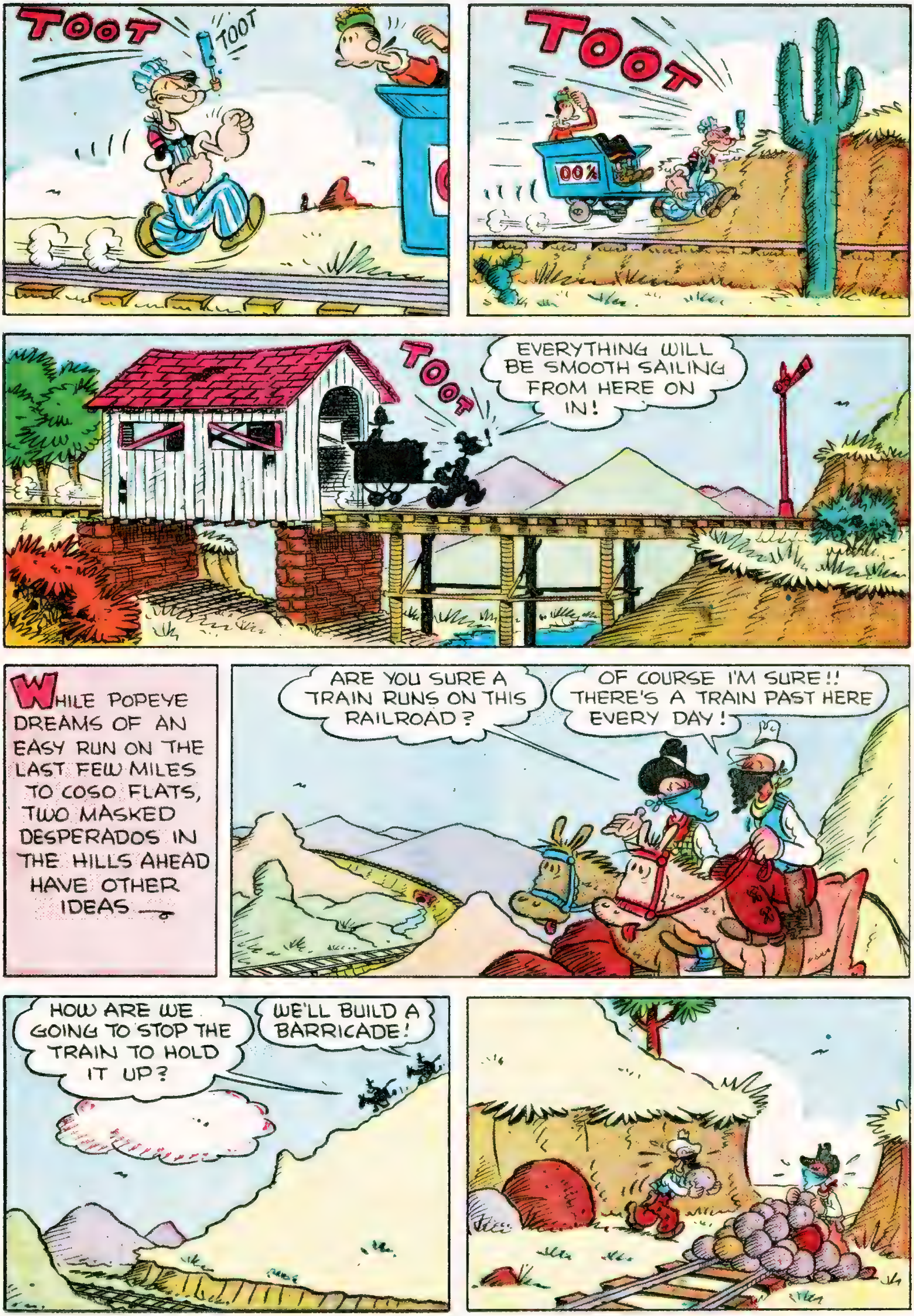
COME ON, MOVE YOUR TENT! THIS IS A RAILROAD RIGHT-AWAY!
UGH!
SWISH!
IT WILL DO YOU NO GOOD TO HIDE IN YOUR TEEPEE!!
I WILL PULL YOU OUT!
?
SPLAT!
BLOW ME DOWN!?! BEAN SOUP!!
NO SWAB IS GOING TO TOSS BEAN SOUP IN MY FACE!
GR-R-R

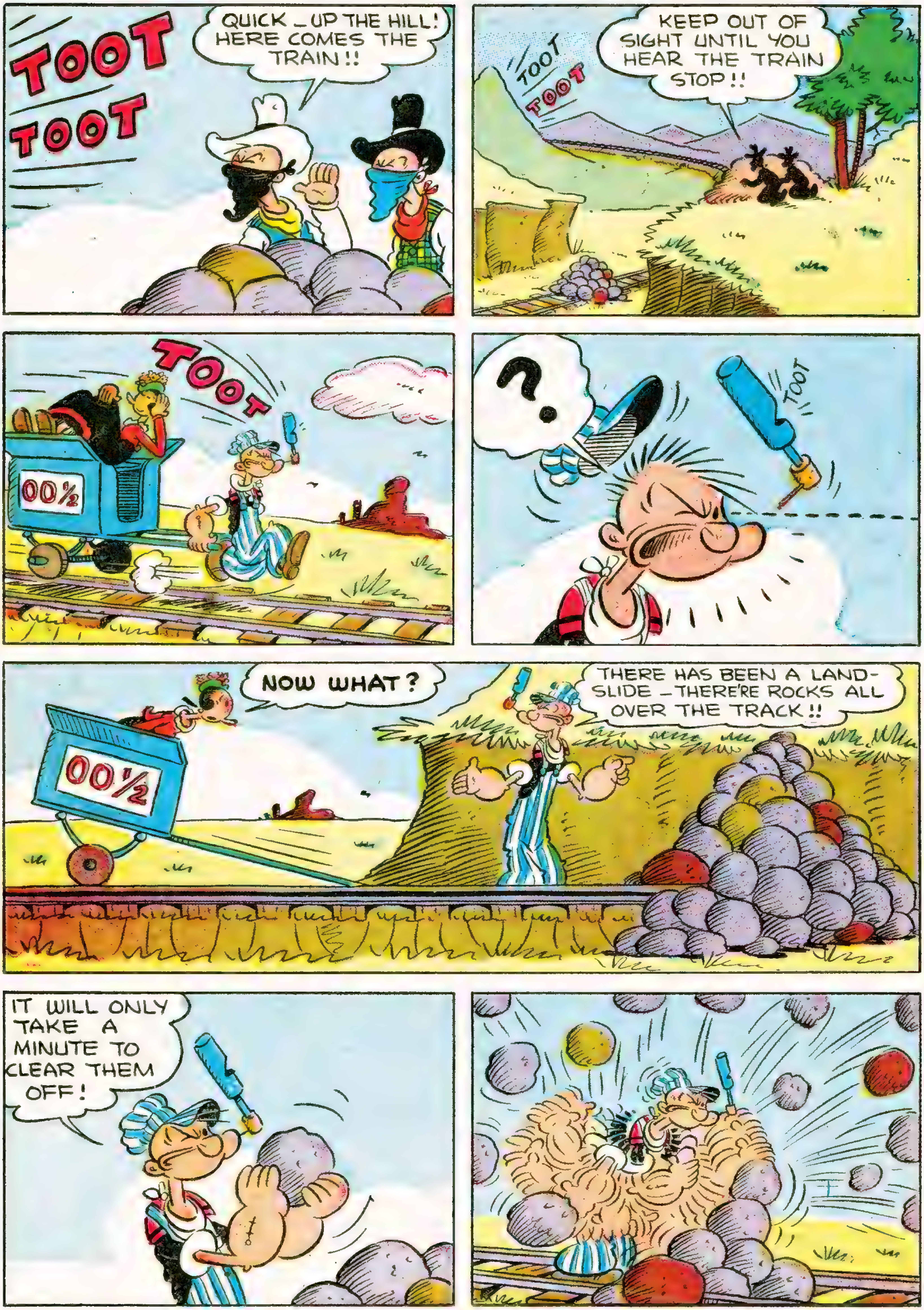

WHAT A NASTY LITTLE INDIAN!
I WILL FIX HIM!
THERE IS A ROPE IN THE ENGINE!
ROPE?
?
?
?
ARF! ARF! NOW I HAVE YOU!!
!
I KNOW JUST THE PLACE FOR YOU!
OKAY, OLIVE—NOW WE CAN GET GOING AGAIN!
GR-RR
UGH!

PING
UGH!!
PHOOEY!!
YOU SURE TOOK CARE OF HIM!
HA! HA!
YAS! HE WILL NOT BOTHER US AGAIN!
!
BZ-ZZ
ZIP
?
?
?
?
ARF! ARF! YOU MISSED ME!!
THUNG
ZIP
C.P.R.R
00½
ME POOR ENGINE! THAT ARROW HIT MY ENGINE!!
00½
PHOOEY! IT IS STUCK FAST!!
I WILL PULL IT OUT!
POP

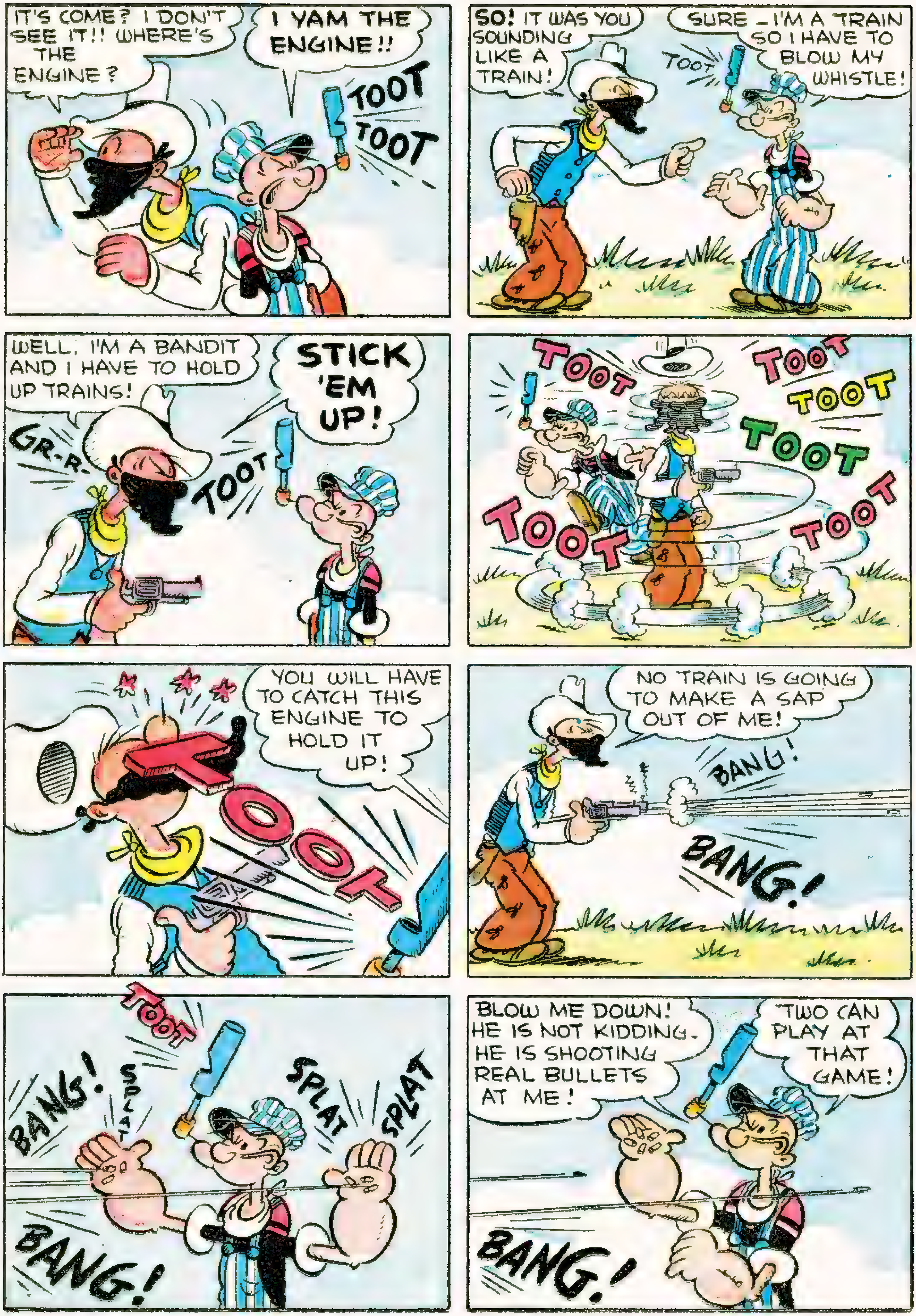
LOOK AT MY BOILER!! IT HAS A HOLE IN IT!
ARF! ARF!! I GUESS THIS IS THE END OF THE LINE, OLIVE!!
OH YEAH??
I CANNOT RUN MY ENGINE WITH A HOLE IN THE BOILER!
I BOUGHT A TICKET TO COSO FLATS AND THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE TAKING ME!
COSO FLATS
I'M GOING OVER HERE AND REST! WHEN YOU'VE FIXED THE ENGINE AND ARE READY TO GO - CALL ME!!
?
PHOOEY!! NOW WHAT WILL I DO? THERE'S NO WAY TO FIX THAT HOLE AND OLIVE INSISTS ON GOING TO COSO FLATS!
00½
CPRR
BOING
HOT DORG! I KNOWS WHAT TO DO!
BANG! BANG! BANG!
AH! POPEYE IS FIXING IT —— I KNEW HE COULD IF I INSISTED!
BANG! SNAP! BANG!
POPEYE IS SO CLEVER!!


ALL ABOARD
AH!! HE'S READY!!
WHA'-- TH'--??
?
?
?
!
ALL ABOARD!!
YOU WILL HAVE TO GO THE REST OF THE WAY BY SAILOR TRAIN!!
00½
!
WELL — I GUESS THIS IS BETTER THAN WALKING!
HOLD TIGHT, OLIVE — THIS IS AN EXPRESS!!
00½
JUST A MINUTE — I FORGOT SOME-THING!
?
SNAP
CAN'T RUN A TRAIN WITHOUT A WHISTLE!


TOOT
TOOT
TOOT
00%
TOOT
EVERYTHING WILL BE SMOOTH SAILING FROM HERE ON IN!
WHILE POPEYE DREAMS OF AN EASY RUN ON THE LAST FEW MILES TO COSO FLATS, TWO MASKED DESPERADOS IN THE HILLS AHEAD HAVE OTHER IDEAS ––
ARE YOU SURE A TRAIN RUNS ON THIS RAILROAD?
OF COURSE I'M SURE!! THERE'S A TRAIN PAST HERE EVERY DAY!
HOW ARE WE GOING TO STOP THE TRAIN TO HOLD IT UP?
WE'LL BUILD A BARRICADE!


TOOT TOOT
QUICK – UP THE HILL! HERE COMES THE TRAIN!!
TOOT TOOT
KEEP OUT OF SIGHT UNTIL YOU HEAR THE TRAIN STOP!!
TOOT
00½
?
TOOT
NOW WHAT?
THERE HAS BEEN A LAND-SLIDE – THERE'RE ROCKS ALL OVER THE TRACK!!
00½
IT WILL ONLY TAKE A MINUTE TO CLEAR THEM OFF!

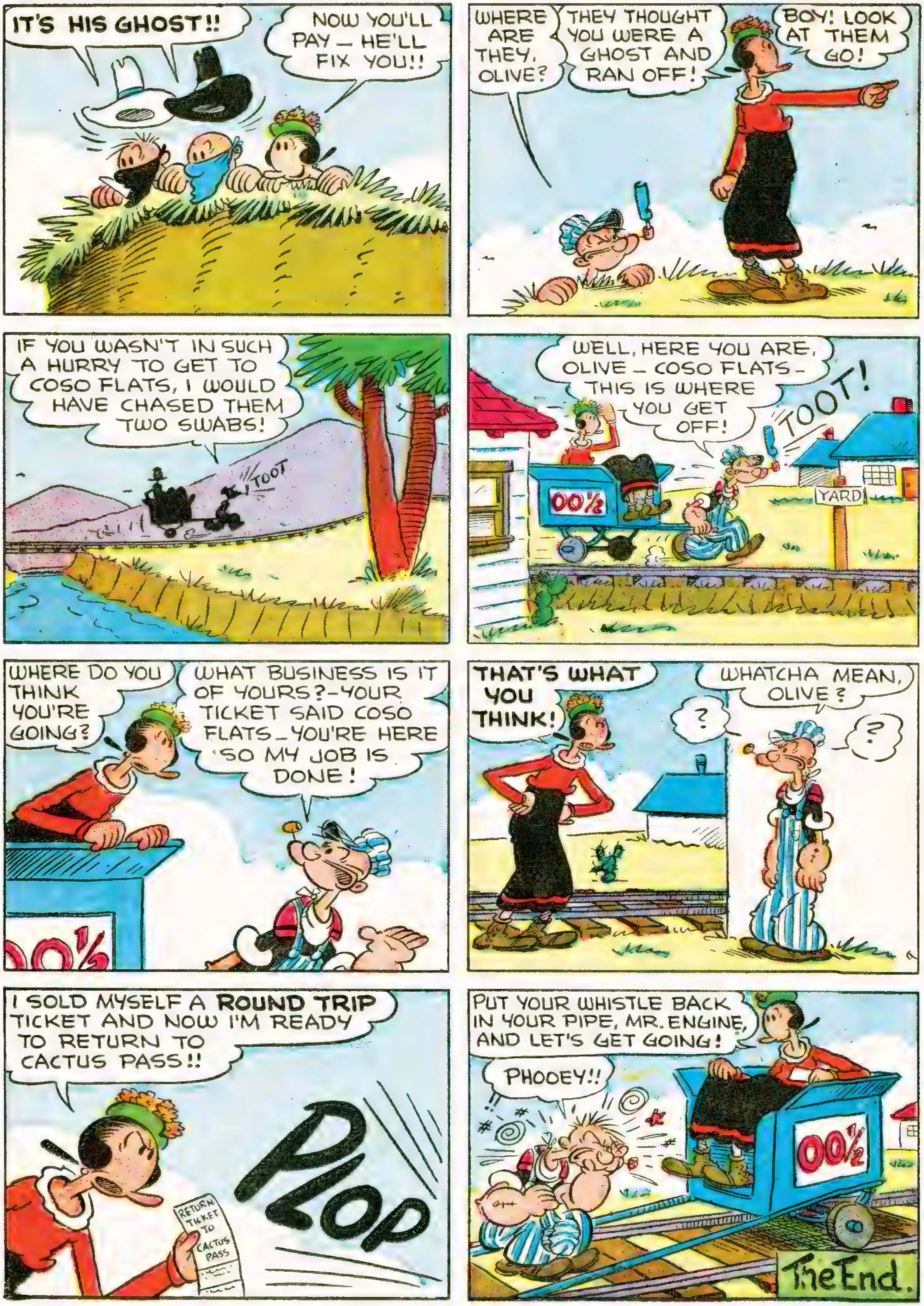
WHAT-TH'?
?
THUMP
THERE'S A GUY DOWN THERE REMOVING OUR ROCKS!
BONK
HEY-DON'T GO TO SLEEP NOW!
WE HAVE TO STOP HIM BEFORE THE TRAIN COMES!!
TWEET
HEY, YOU!! LEAVE THOSE ROCKS WHERE THEY ARE!!
?
OH, POPEYE — HE'S WEARING A MASK — HE MUST BE A BANDIT!
STAY OUT OF THE WAY, OLIVE — I WILL HANDLE HIM!
AVAST, YA BANDICK — DID YOU PUT THEM ROCKS ON THE TRACK?
YES I DID AND YOU HAD BETTER PUT THEM BACK BEFORE THE TRAIN COMES!
THE TRAIN HAS ALREADY COMED!!
TOOT TOOT
?
?
?


IT'S COME? I DON'T SEE IT!! WHERE'S THE ENGINE?
I YAM THE ENGINE!!
TOOT TOOT
SO! IT WAS YOU SOUNDING LIKE A TRAIN!
SURE – I'M A TRAIN SO I HAVE TO BLOW MY WHISTLE!
TOOT
WELL, I'M A BANDIT AND I HAVE TO HOLD UP TRAINS!
STICK 'EM UP!
GR-R-
TOOT
TOOT TOOT TOOT TOOT TOOT TOOT
YOU WILL HAVE TO CATCH THIS ENGINE TO HOLD IT UP!
TOOT
NO TRAIN IS GOING TO MAKE A SAP OUT OF ME!
BANG!
BANG!
TOOT
BANG!
SPLAT
SPLAT
SPLAT
BANG!
BLOW ME DOWN! HE IS NOT KIDDING. HE IS SHOOTING REAL BULLETS AT ME!
TWO CAN PLAY AT THAT GAME!
BANG!

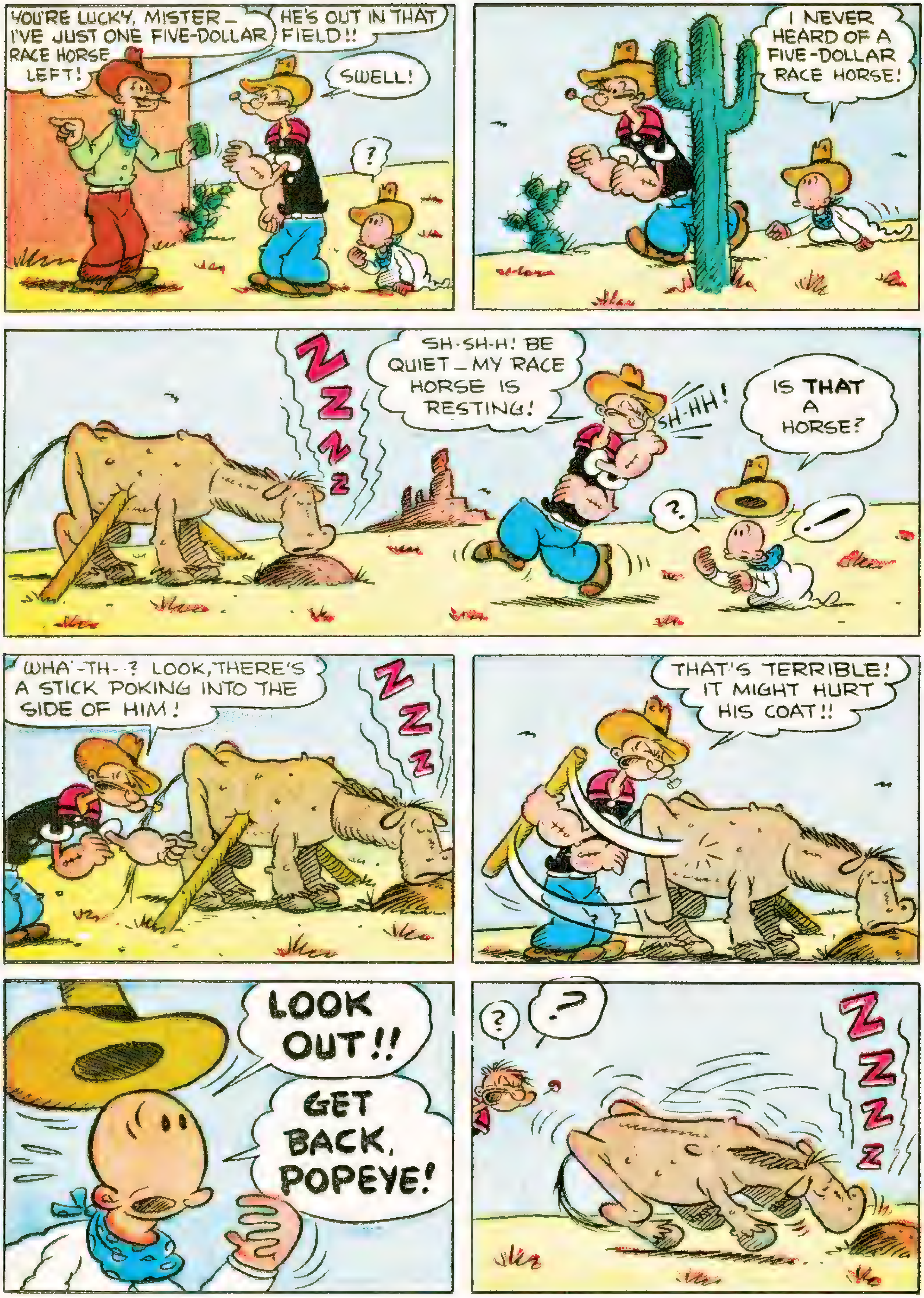
I WILL JUST TAKE THE STEM OUT OF MY PIPE AND---
POP
—PUT ONE OF THE BULLETS IN IT!!
SPLAT
?
BANG
OUCH!
PUFF
ARF! ARF! HERE'S ONE OF YOUR BULLETS BACK!!
STOP IT!! STOP IT!!
I GIVE UP!!
PUFF
PUFF
LOOK, OLIVE — I HAS CAUGHT A TRAIN ROBBER!
LOOK OUT, POPEYE-- LOOK BEHIND YOU!!
YIPE!! THERE WAS TWO OF THEM!!
HA! HA!

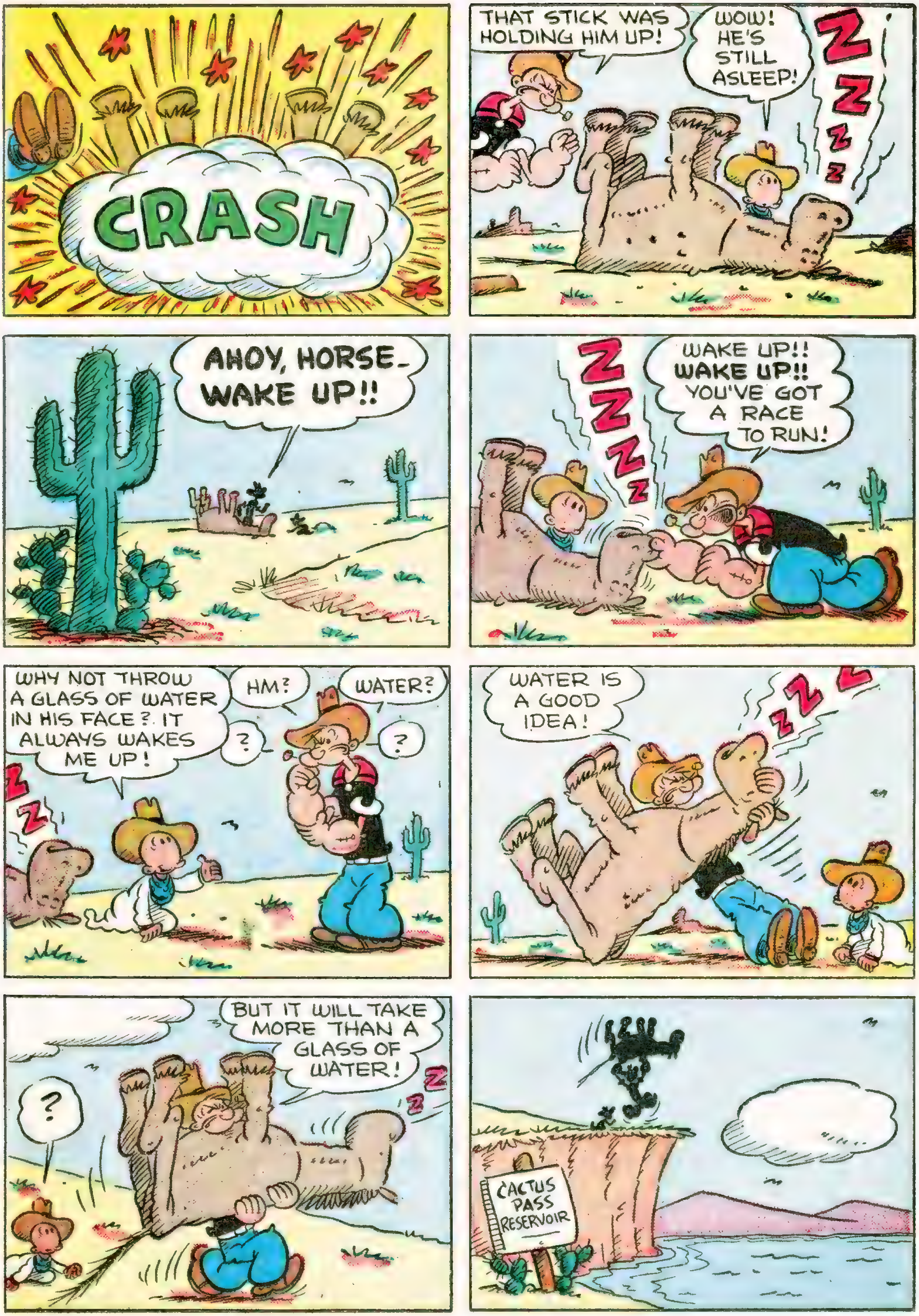
THIS WILL FIX HIM!
OH! POPEYE— HE'S GOING TO DROP IT ON YOU!
GULP
SPLAT!
OH! MY POOR SAILOR-BOY -(SNIFF)-- POPEYE, SPEAK TO ME!!
YOU FIEND!! YOU'VE SQUASHED MY SWEETIE!!
HA! HA!
I'LL TEACH YOU TO THROW ROCKS!!
?
?
SPLAT
HOLD ON TO HER, SAM-- I'M COMING!
GR-R
BAM

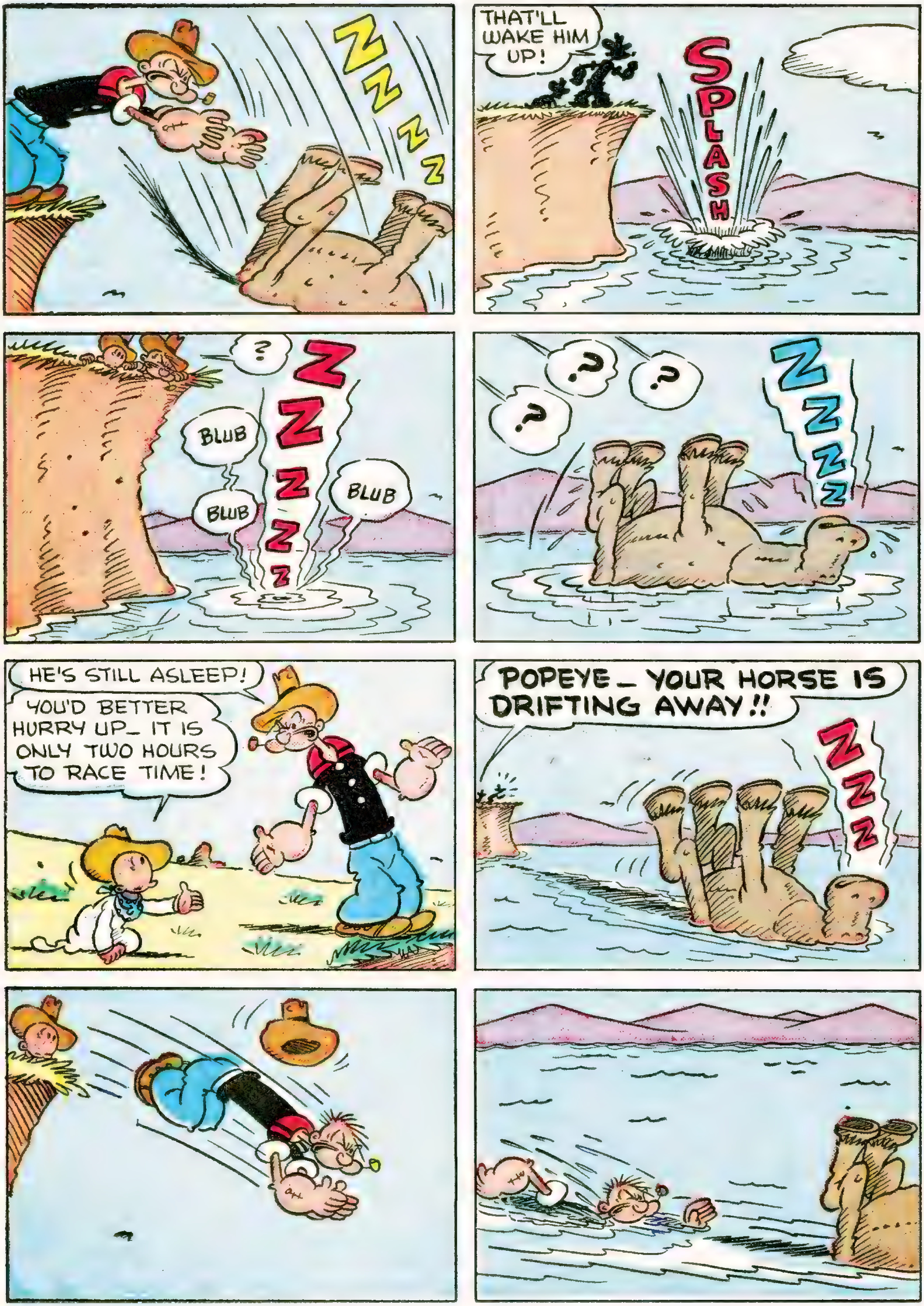
!
HA!
WHAM
HELP!
HELP!! POPEYE!!
DON'T WASTE YOUR BREATH!
HE CAN'T HELP YOU NOW!
TOSS HER OVER THE CLIFF AND LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!!
OKAY—WE'LL FIND AN EASIER TRAIN TO ROB!
?
POPEYE
POPEYE
HELP
?
!
TOOT

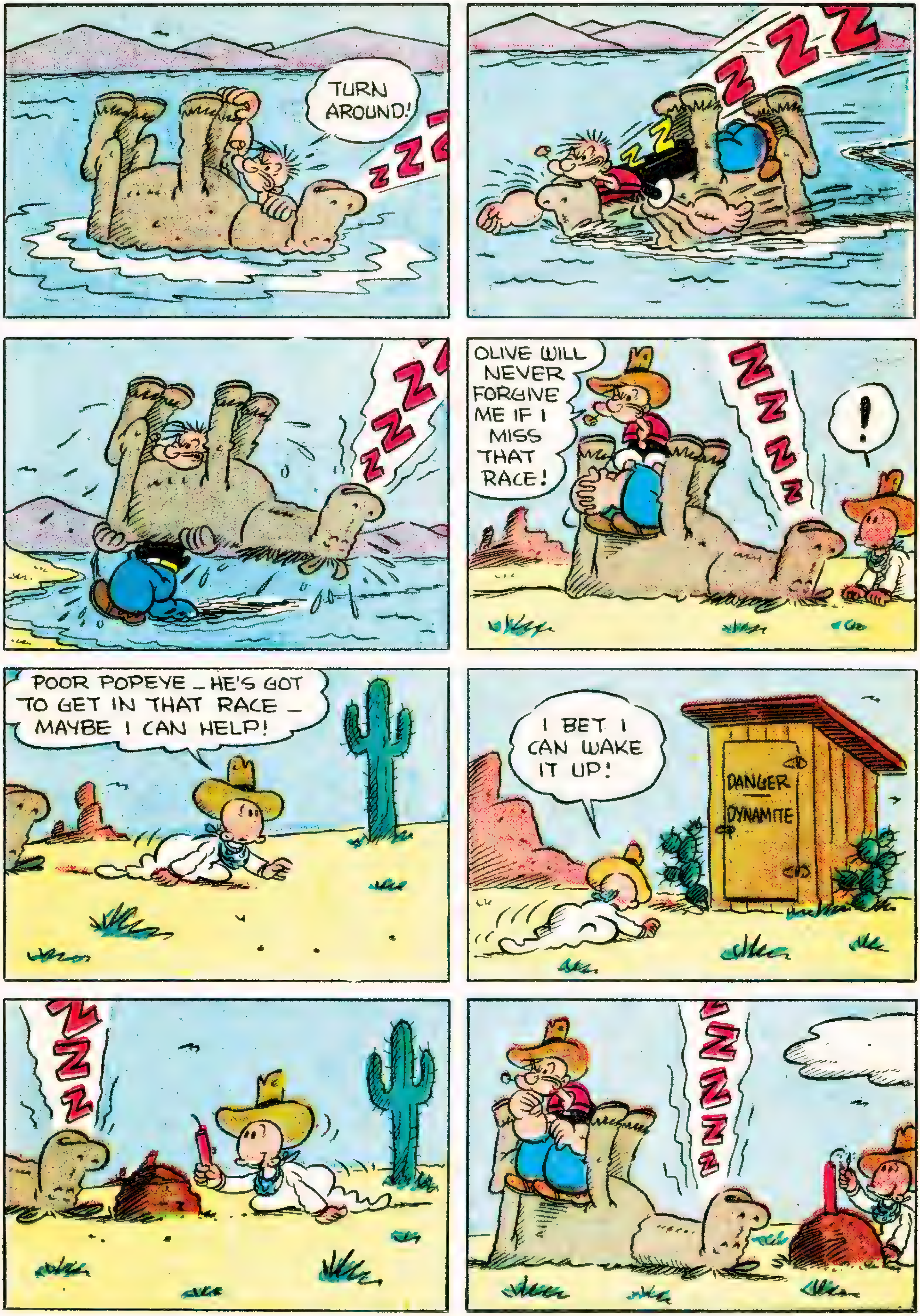

IT'S HIS GHOST!!
NOW YOU'LL PAY — HE'LL FIX YOU!!
WHERE ARE THEY, OLIVE?
THEY THOUGHT YOU WERE A GHOST AND RAN OFF!
BOY! LOOK AT THEM GO!
IF YOU WASN'T IN SUCH A HURRY TO GET TO COSO FLATS, I WOULD HAVE CHASED THEM TWO SWABS!
TOOT
WELL, HERE YOU ARE, OLIVE — COSO FLATS — THIS IS WHERE YOU GET OFF!
TOOT!
00½
YARD
WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?
WHAT BUSINESS IS IT OF YOURS?–YOUR TICKET SAID COSO FLATS — YOU'RE HERE SO MY JOB IS DONE!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!
WHATCHA MEAN, OLIVE?
?
?
I SOLD MYSELF A ROUND TRIP TICKET AND NOW I'M READY TO RETURN TO CACTUS PASS!!
RETURN TICKET TO CACTUS PASS
PLOP
PUT YOUR WHISTLE BACK IN YOUR PIPE, MR. ENGINE, AND LET'S GET GOING!
PHOOEY!!
00½
The End.

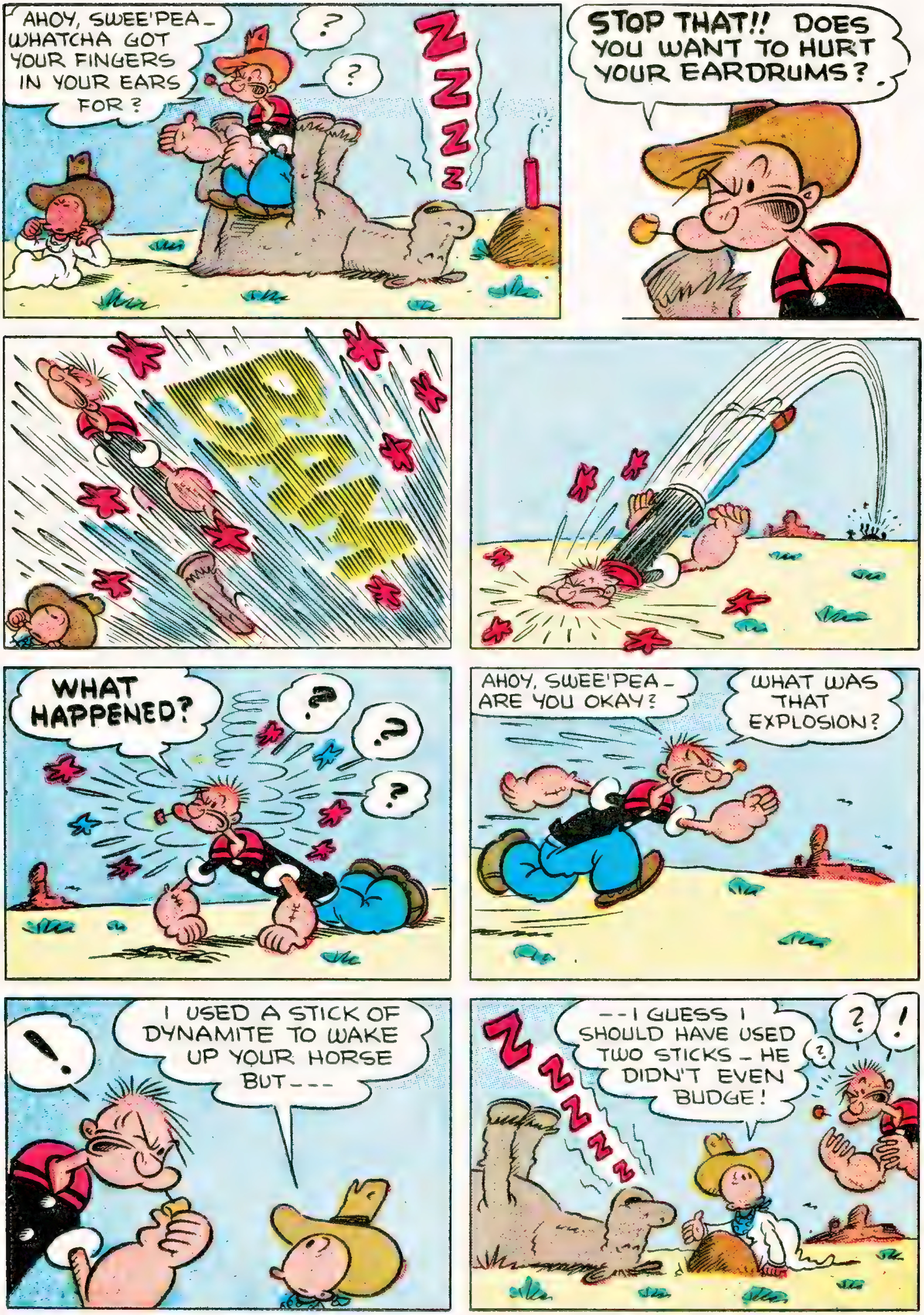
Thimble Theatre Presents
POPEYE
STARRING IN
"HORSE RACE!"
OH, POPEYE– ISN'T IT EXCITING?
CROSS COUNTY HORSE RACE
ANY MAN WITH A HORSE CAN ENTER
FIRST PRIZE $1,000.00
YEAH! IT SOUNDS LIKE IT MIGHT BE FUN!!
GEE, POPEYE– WHY DON'T YOU ENTER THE RACE?
I WOULD BE SO PROUD IF YOU WON!
HOTEL
HARDWARE
BLOW ME DOWN, OLIVE – I HASN'T GOT A HORSE!
THAT'S EASY TO FIX – BUY ONE!
OKAY– I WILL!
WONDERFUL!
I KNOW YOU'LL WIN!
COME ON, SWEE'PEA– I'M GOING TO BUY A HORSE!
HOT DORG!
HORSES FOR SALE
AHOY, MR. PINTO– HERE'S FIVE DOLLARS – I WANTS TO BUY A RACE HORSE!
?
?
?
FIVE BUCKS?

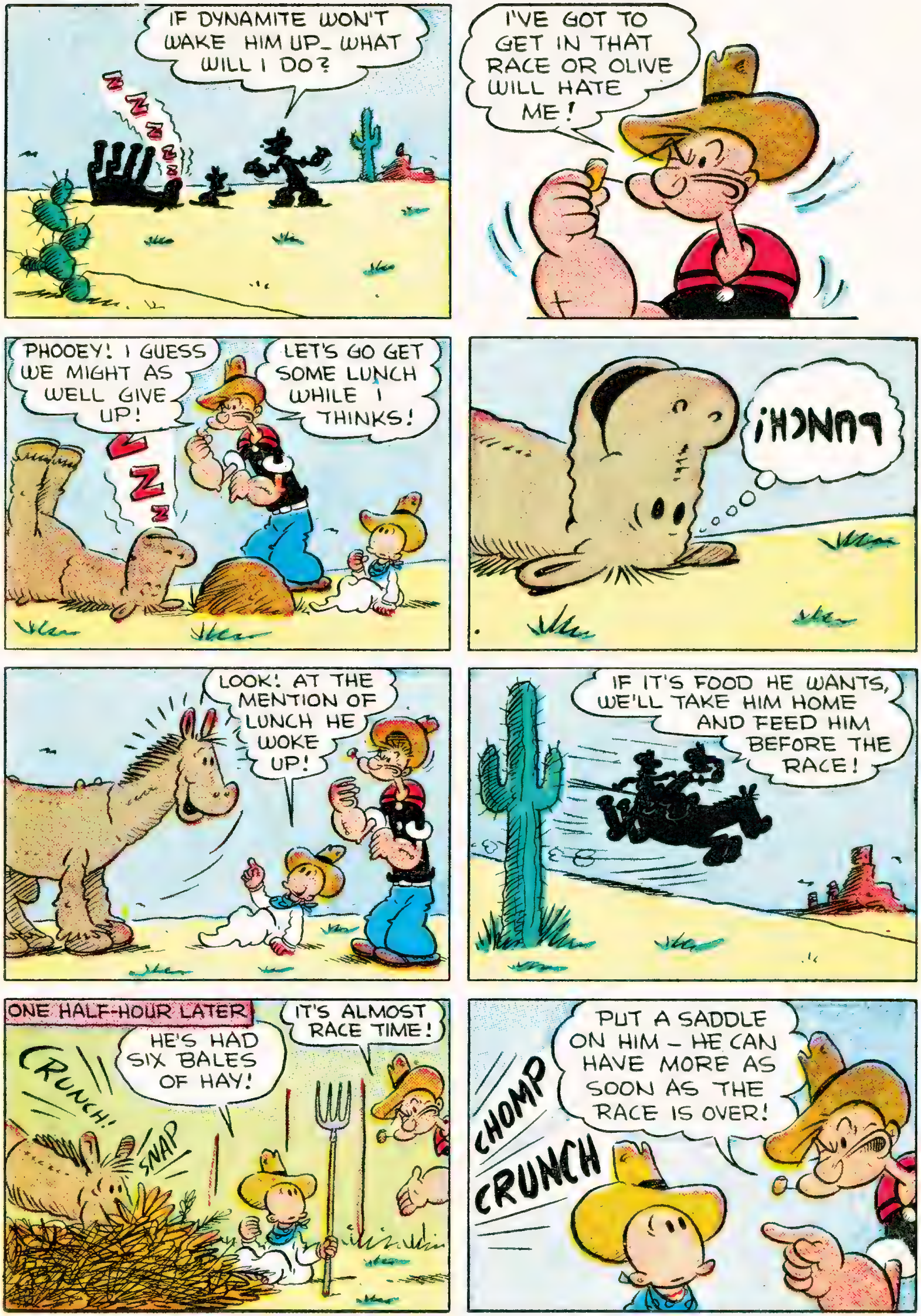

YOU'RE LUCKY, MISTER – I'VE JUST ONE FIVE-DOLLAR RACE HORSE LEFT!
HE'S OUT IN THAT FIELD!!
SWELL!
?
I NEVER HEARD OF A FIVE-DOLLAR RACE HORSE!
ZZZZ
SH-SH-H! BE QUIET – MY RACE HORSE IS RESTING!
SH-HH!
IS THAT A HORSE?
?
!
WHA'-TH--? LOOK, THERE'S A STICK POKING INTO THE SIDE OF HIM!
ZZZ
THAT'S TERRIBLE! IT MIGHT HURT HIS COAT!!
LOOK OUT!!
GET BACK, POPEYE!
?
?
ZZZZ


CRASH
THAT STICK WAS HOLDING HIM UP!
WOW! HE'S STILL ASLEEP!
ZZZZ
AHOY, HORSE- WAKE UP!!
ZZZZ
WAKE UP!! WAKE UP!! YOU'VE GOT A RACE TO RUN!
WHY NOT THROW A GLASS OF WATER IN HIS FACE? IT ALWAYS WAKES ME UP!
HM?
WATER?
?
?
ZZ
WATER IS A GOOD IDEA!
ZZZ
BUT IT WILL TAKE MORE THAN A GLASS OF WATER!
?
ZZ
CACTUS PASS RESERVOIR

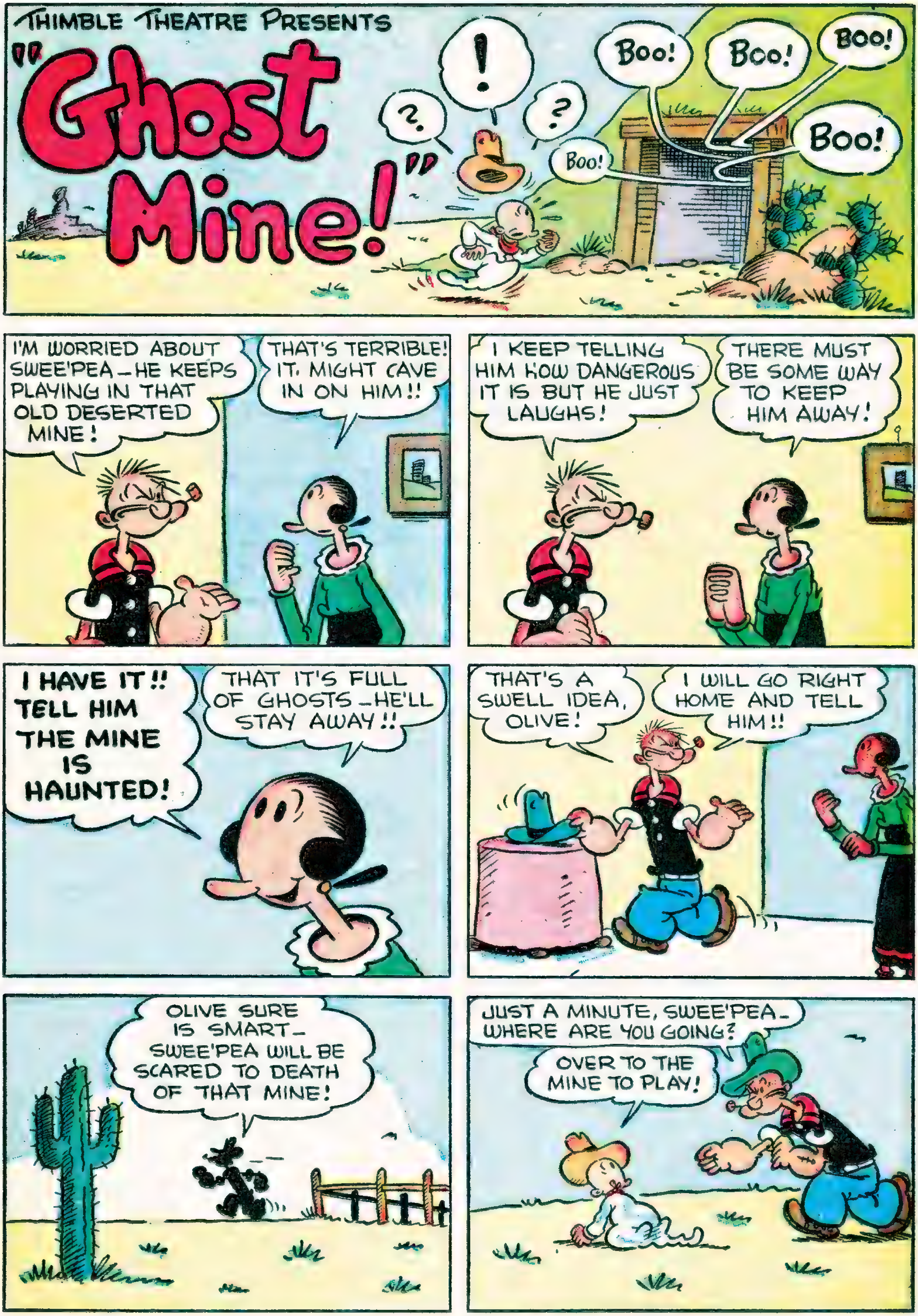

Z Z Z Z Z
THAT'LL WAKE HIM UP!
SPLASH
?
BLUB
BLUB
BLUB
Z Z Z Z Z
? ? ?
Z Z Z Z Z
HE'S STILL ASLEEP!
YOU'D BETTER HURRY UP_ IT IS ONLY TWO HOURS TO RACE TIME!
POPEYE_ YOUR HORSE IS DRIFTING AWAY!!
Z Z Z

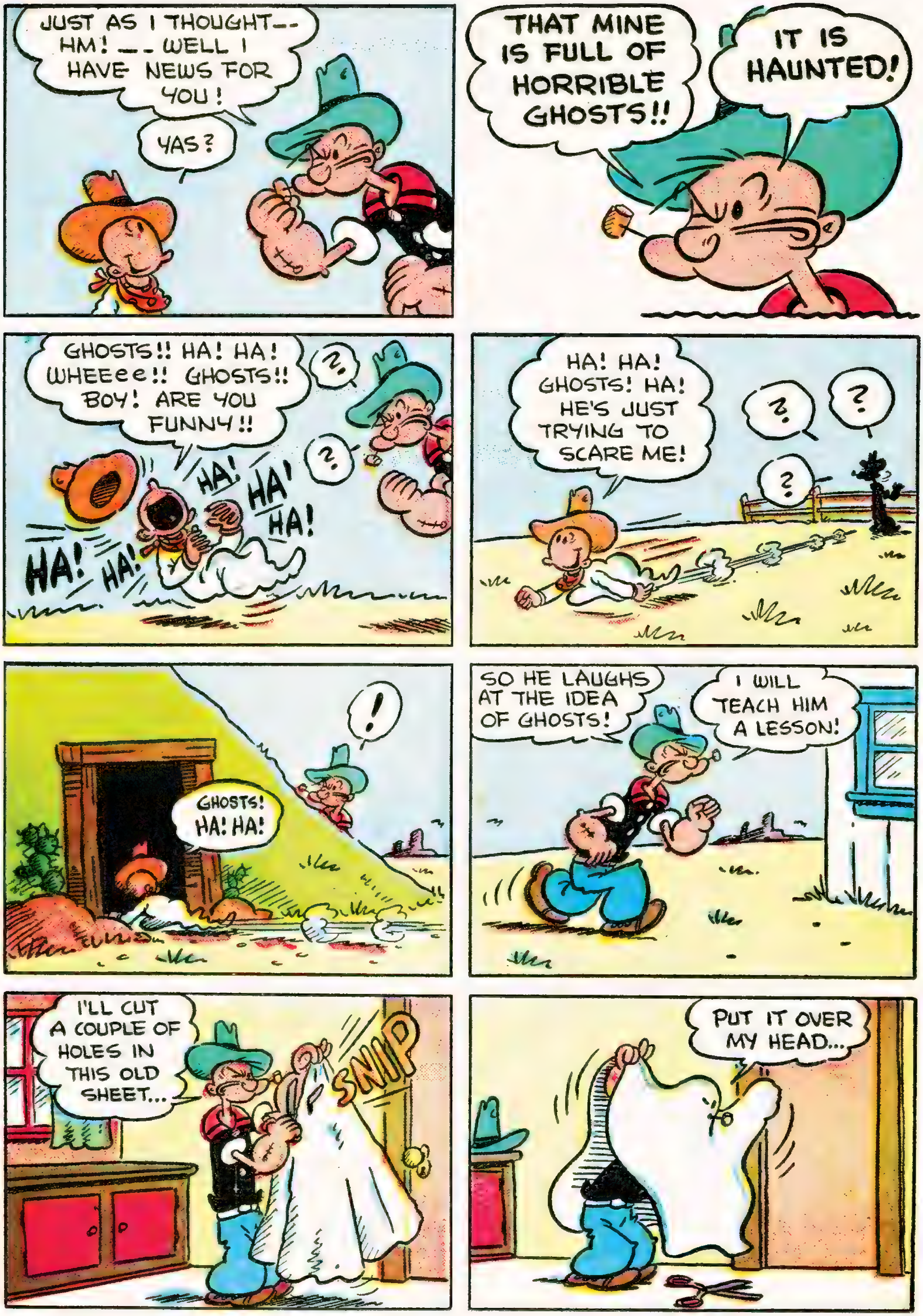

TURN AROUND!
zzZ
ZZZZ
ZZZ
ZZZZZ
OLIVE WILL NEVER FORGIVE ME IF I MISS THAT RACE!
!
POOR POPEYE – HE'S GOT TO GET IN THAT RACE – MAYBE I CAN HELP!
I BET I CAN WAKE IT UP!
DANGER
DYNAMITE
ZZZ
ZZZZ

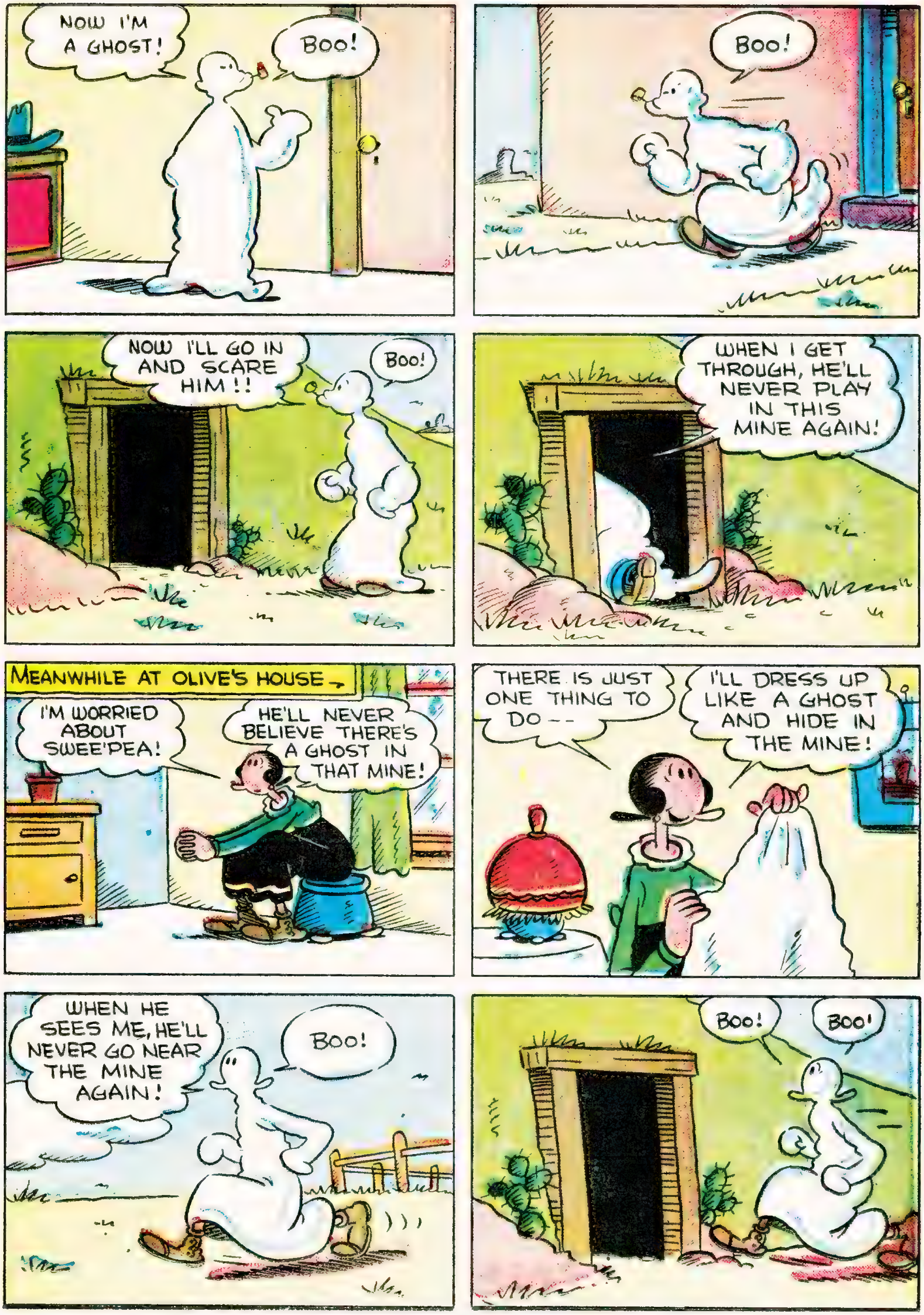

AHOY, SWEE'PEA_ WHATCHA GOT YOUR FINGERS IN YOUR EARS FOR?
?
?
ZZZZ
STOP THAT!! DOES YOU WANT TO HURT YOUR EARDRUMS?
WHAT HAPPENED?
?
?
?
AHOY, SWEE'PEA_ ARE YOU OKAY?
WHAT WAS THAT EXPLOSION?
!
I USED A STICK OF DYNAMITE TO WAKE UP YOUR HORSE BUT___
ZZZZZ
--I GUESS I SHOULD HAVE USED TWO STICKS_HE DIDN'T EVEN BUDGE!
?
?
!

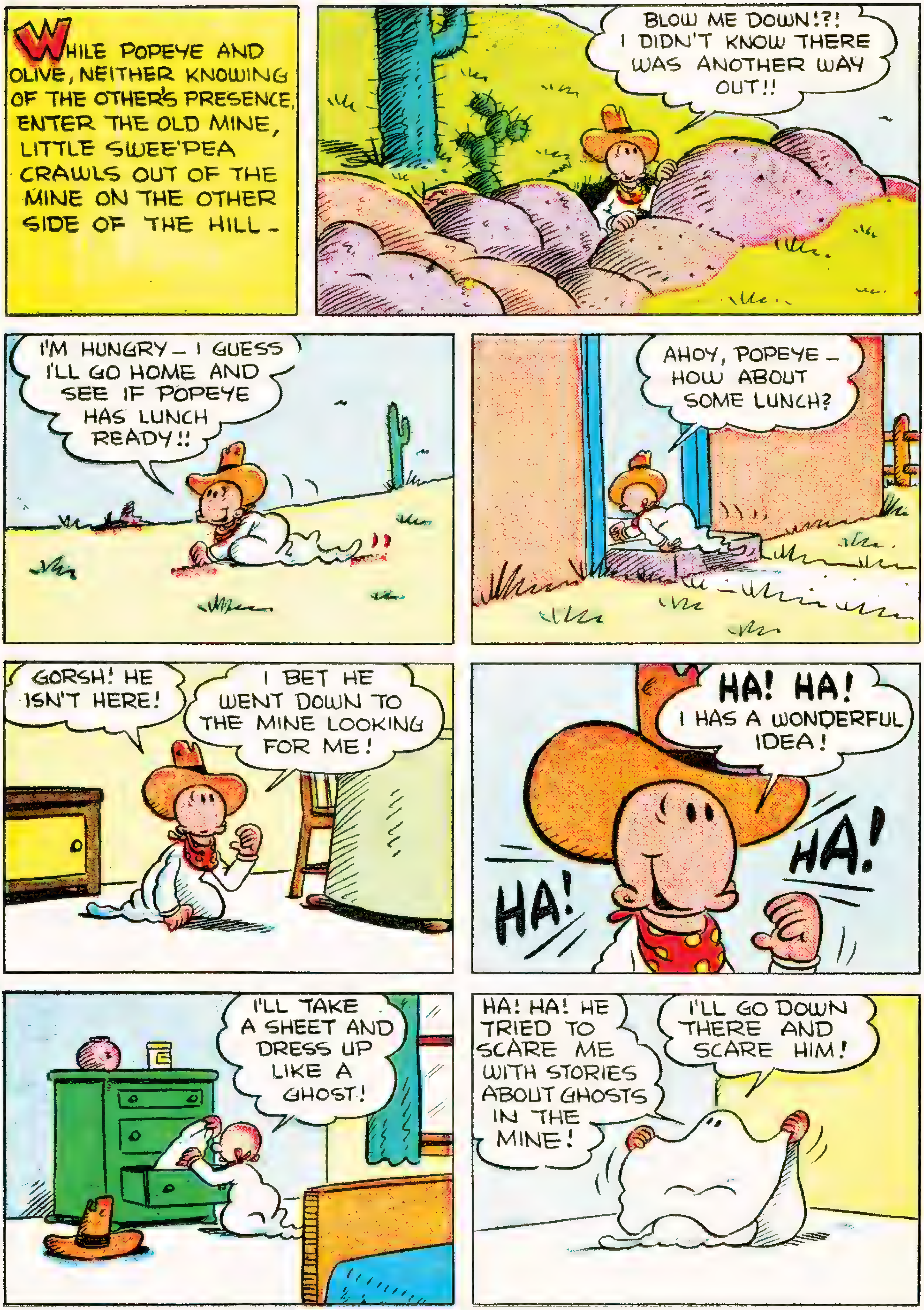

IF DYNAMITE WON'T WAKE HIM UP_ WHAT WILL I DO?
I'VE GOT TO GET IN THAT RACE OR OLIVE WILL HATE ME!
PHOOEY! I GUESS WE MIGHT AS WELL GIVE UP!
LET'S GO GET SOME LUNCH WHILE I THINKS!
PUNCH!
LOOK! AT THE MENTION OF LUNCH HE WOKE UP!
IF IT'S FOOD HE WANTS, WE'LL TAKE HIM HOME AND FEED HIM BEFORE THE RACE!
ONE HALF-HOUR LATER
IT'S ALMOST RACE TIME!
HE'S HAD SIX BALES OF HAY!
CRUNCH!
SNAP
PUT A SADDLE ON HIM – HE CAN HAVE MORE AS SOON AS THE RACE IS OVER!
CHOMP
CRUNCH

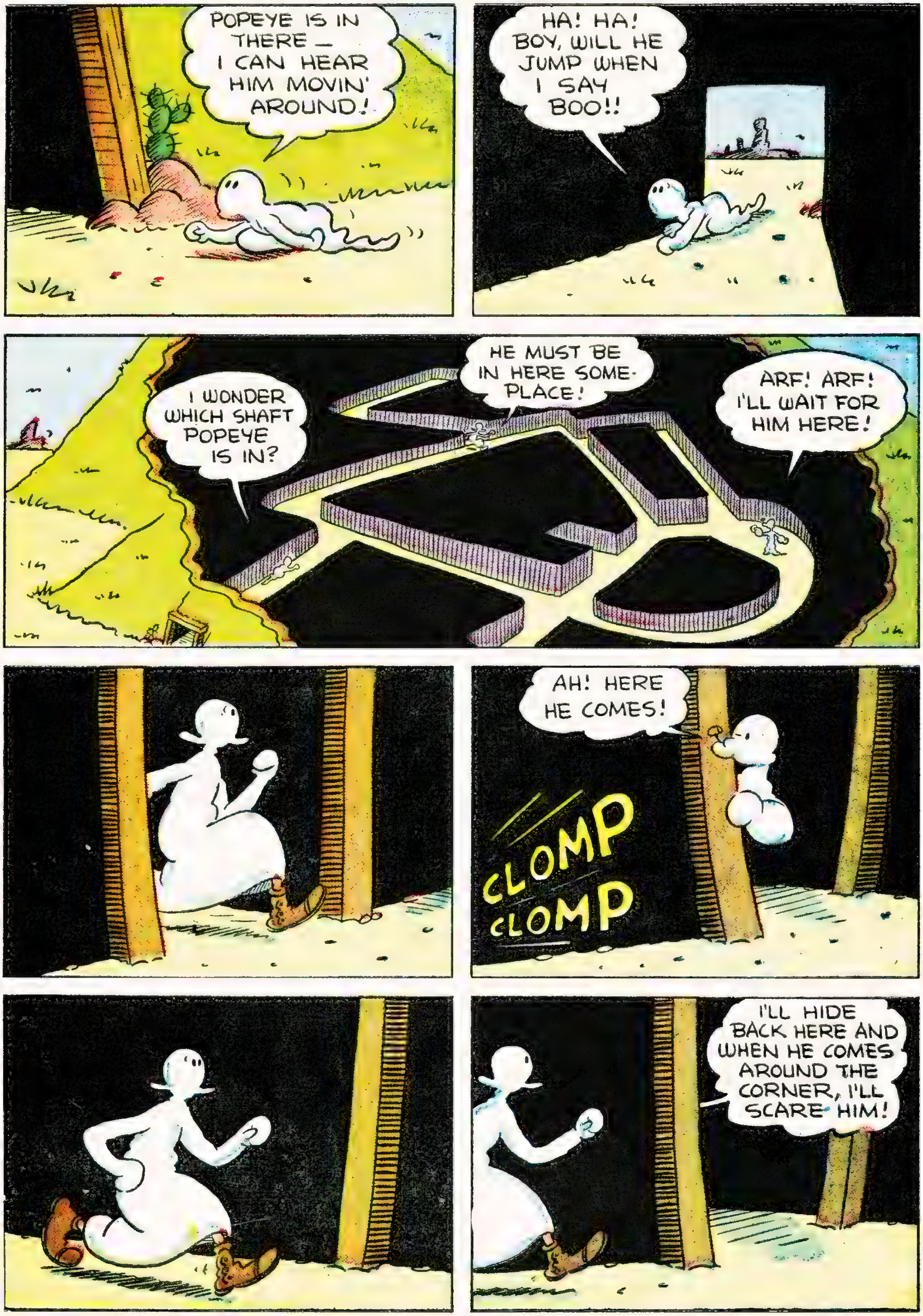
OH! NO! NO!! OH! MY GORSH! HE IS ASLEEP AGAIN!
ZZZ
WITH A FULL TUMMY WE'LL NEVER WAKE HIM UP BY RACE TIME!
BUT I HAVE AN IDEA _ YOU RUN DOWN TO THE RACE JUDGES AND TELL THEM I WILL BE THERE!
OKAY, POPEYE!
THERE'S JUST ONE WAY TO GET YOU IN THAT RACE!
NAILS
MEANWHILE, AT THE STARTING POINT OF THE BIG RACE -
WHERE'S POPEYE?
HE'LL BE HERE!
GOOD HEAVENS!?? WHAT'S THAT?
WHEEee!! IT'S POPEYE! LOOK AT THAT HORSE GO!!
STARTING LINE
JUDGES' BOX
AHOY- LET THE RACE BEGIN!
ERF! ERF!

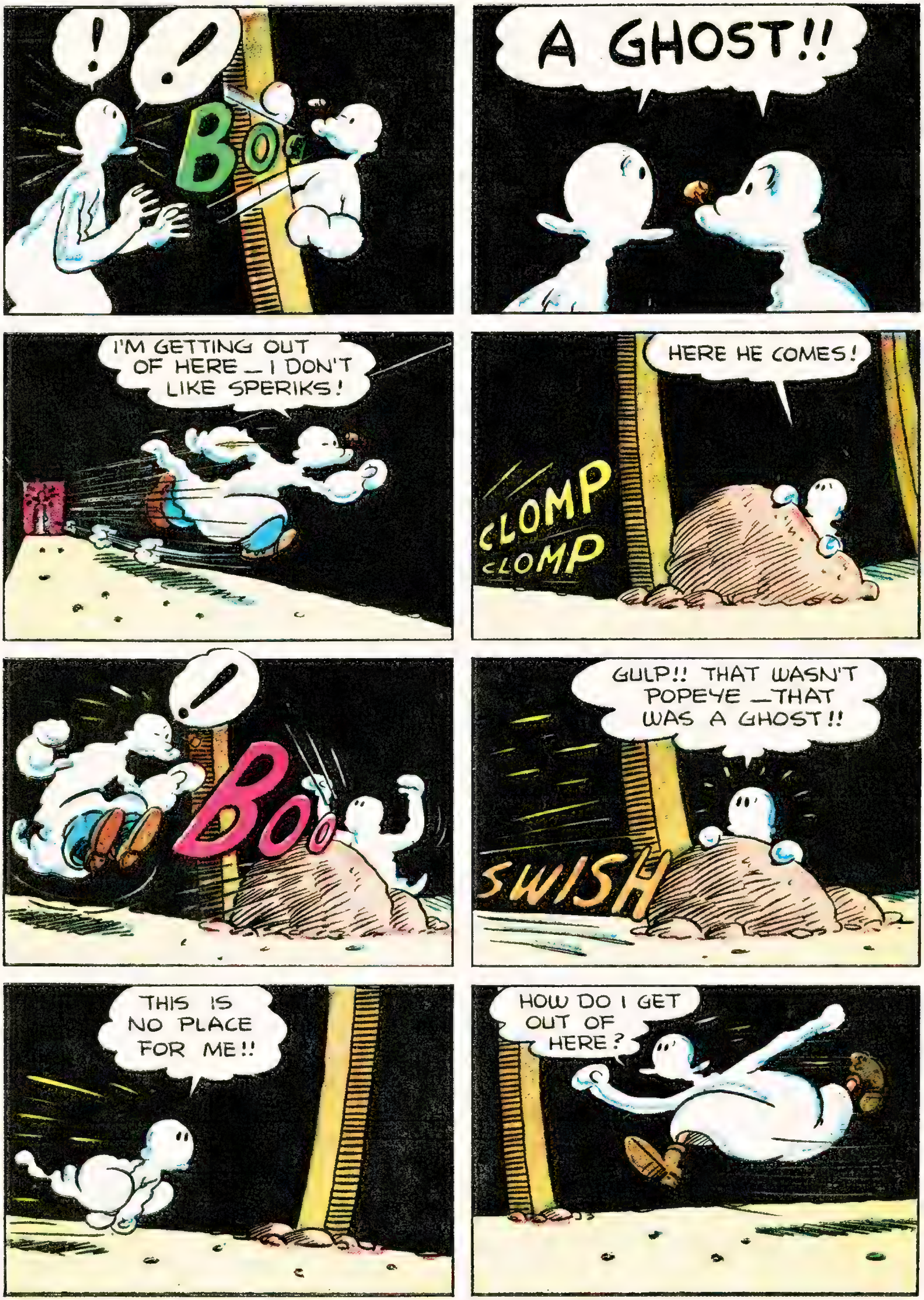

THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS
"Ghost Mine!"
?
!
?
Boo!
Boo!
Boo!
Boo!
Boo!
I'M WORRIED ABOUT SWEE'PEA—HE KEEPS PLAYING IN THAT OLD DESERTED MINE!
THAT'S TERRIBLE! IT MIGHT CAVE IN ON HIM!!
I KEEP TELLING HIM HOW DANGEROUS IT IS BUT HE JUST LAUGHS!
THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO KEEP HIM AWAY!
I HAVE IT!! TELL HIM THE MINE IS HAUNTED!
THAT IT'S FULL OF GHOSTS—HE'LL STAY AWAY!!
THAT'S A SWELL IDEA, OLIVE!
I WILL GO RIGHT HOME AND TELL HIM!!
OLIVE SURE IS SMART—SWEE'PEA WILL BE SCARED TO DEATH OF THAT MINE!
JUST A MINUTE, SWEE'PEA—WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
OVER TO THE MINE TO PLAY!

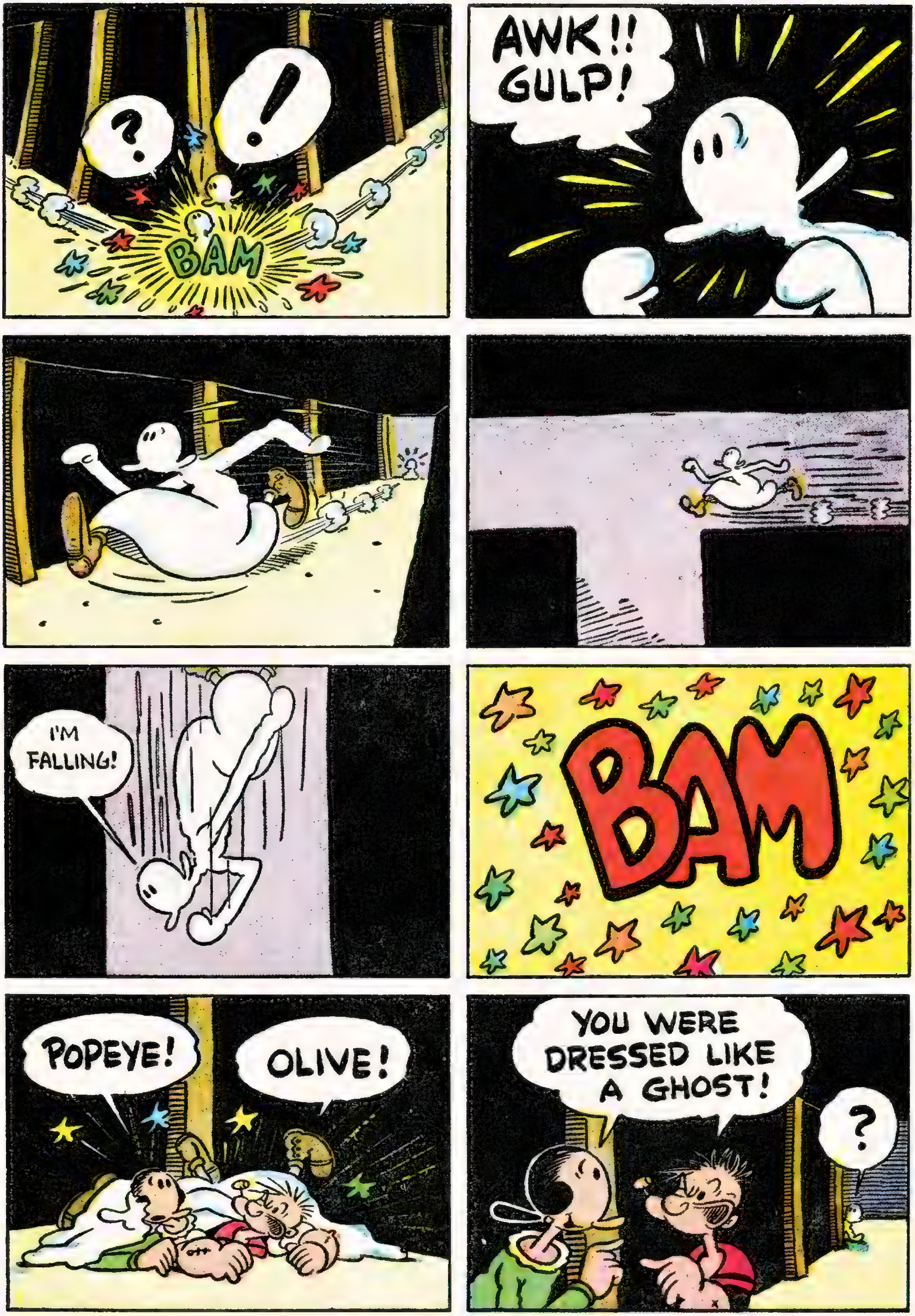

JUST AS I THOUGHT-- HM! -- WELL I HAVE NEWS FOR YOU!
YAS?
THAT MINE IS FULL OF HORRIBLE GHOSTS!!
IT IS HAUNTED!
GHOSTS!! HA! HA! WHEEEee!! GHOSTS!! BOY! ARE YOU FUNNY!!
?
?
HA!
HA!
HA!
HA!
HA!
HA! HA! GHOSTS! HA! HE'S JUST TRYING TO SCARE ME!
?
?
?
!
GHOSTS! HA! HA!
SO HE LAUGHS AT THE IDEA OF GHOSTS!
I WILL TEACH HIM A LESSON!
I'LL CUT A COUPLE OF HOLES IN THIS OLD SHEET...
SNIP
PUT IT OVER MY HEAD...

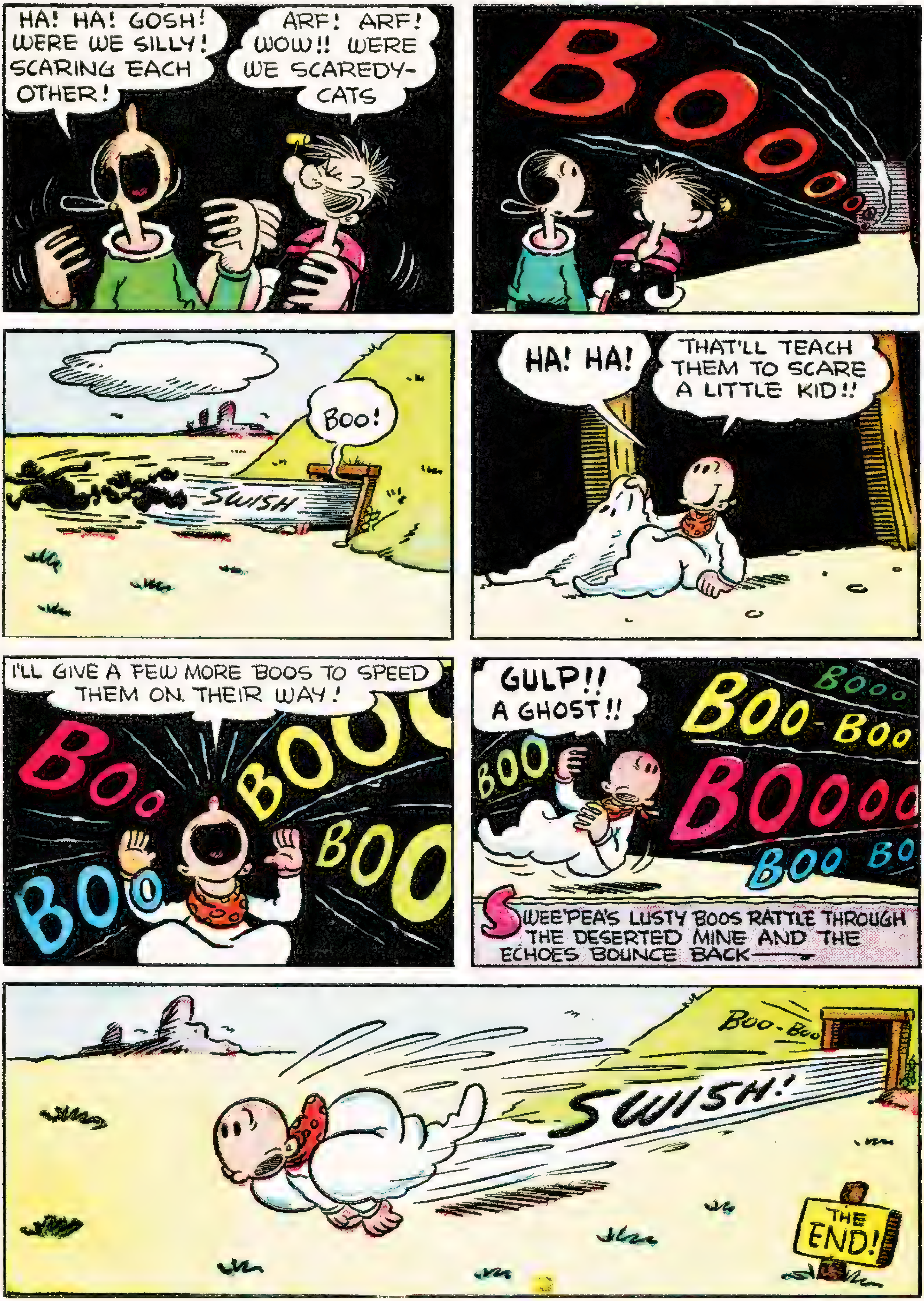

NOW I'M A GHOST!
BOO!
BOO!
NOW I'LL GO IN AND SCARE HIM!!
BOO!
WHEN I GET THROUGH, HE'LL NEVER PLAY IN THIS MINE AGAIN!
MEANWHILE AT OLIVE'S HOUSE
I'M WORRIED ABOUT SWEE'PEA!
HE'LL NEVER BELIEVE THERE'S A GHOST IN THAT MINE!
THERE IS JUST ONE THING TO DO --
I'LL DRESS UP LIKE A GHOST AND HIDE IN THE MINE!
WHEN HE SEES ME, HE'LL NEVER GO NEAR THE MINE AGAIN!
BOO!
BOO!
BOO!

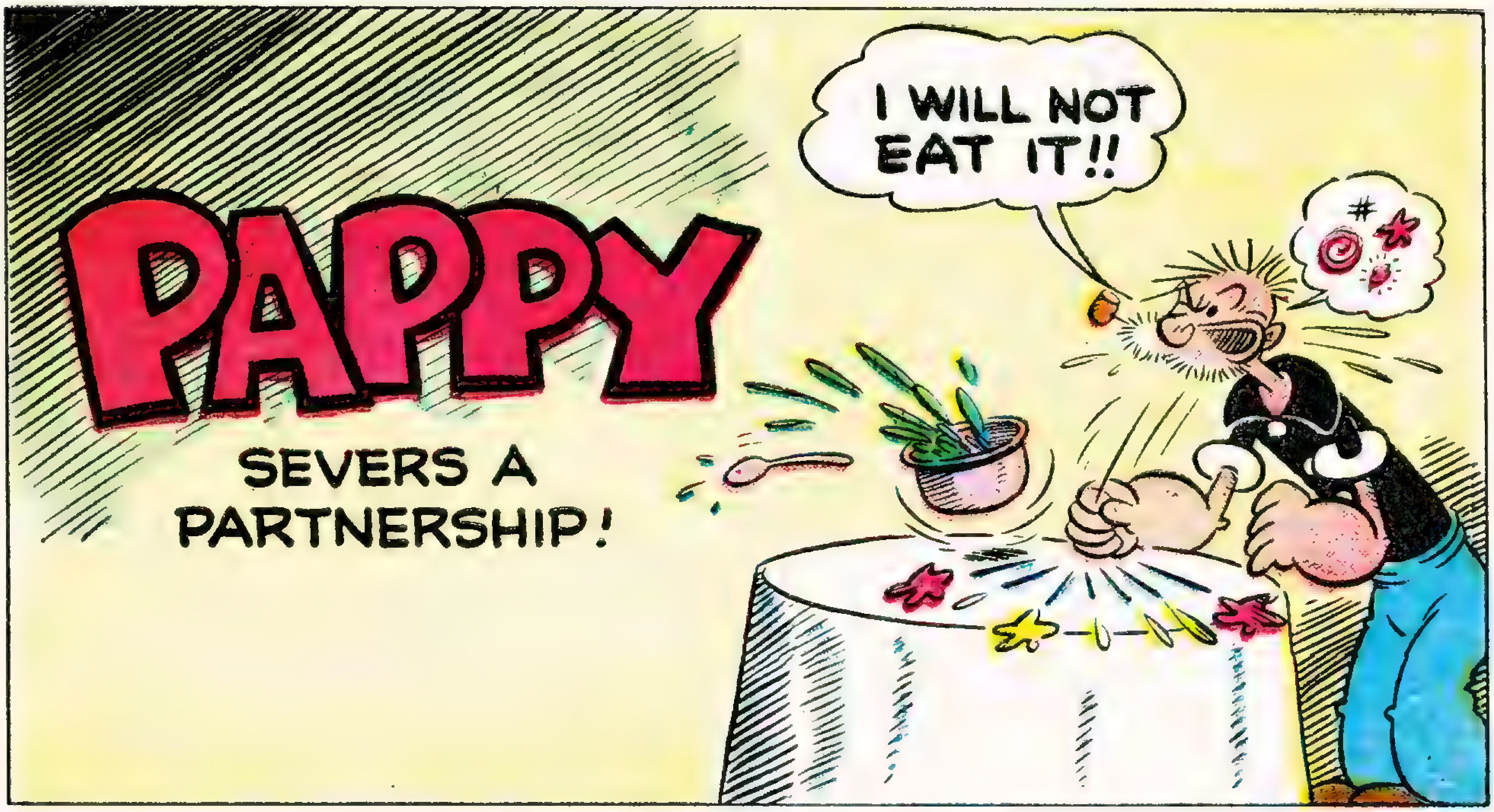

WHILE POPEYE AND OLIVE, NEITHER KNOWING OF THE OTHER'S PRESENCE, ENTER THE OLD MINE, LITTLE SWEE'PEA CRAWLS OUT OF THE MINE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HILL –
BLOW ME DOWN!?! I DIDN'T KNOW THERE WAS ANOTHER WAY OUT!!
I'M HUNGRY – I GUESS I'LL GO HOME AND SEE IF POPEYE HAS LUNCH READY!!
AHOY, POPEYE – HOW ABOUT SOME LUNCH?
GORSH! HE ISN'T HERE!
I BET HE WENT DOWN TO THE MINE LOOKING FOR ME!
HA! HA! I HAS A WONDERFUL IDEA!
HA!
HA!
I'LL TAKE A SHEET AND DRESS UP LIKE A GHOST!
HA! HA! HE TRIED TO SCARE ME WITH STORIES ABOUT GHOSTS IN THE MINE!
I'LL GO DOWN THERE AND SCARE HIM!


POPEYE IS IN THERE — I CAN HEAR HIM MOVIN' AROUND!
HA! HA! BOY, WILL HE JUMP WHEN I SAY BOO!!
I WONDER WHICH SHAFT POPEYE IS IN?
HE MUST BE IN HERE SOME-PLACE!
ARF! ARF! I'LL WAIT FOR HIM HERE!
AH! HERE HE COMES!
CLOMP CLOMP
I'LL HIDE BACK HERE AND WHEN HE COMES AROUND THE CORNER, I'LL SCARE HIM!


!
!
BOO
A GHOST!!
I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE — I DON'T LIKE SPERIKS!
HERE HE COMES!
CLOMP CLOMP
!
BOO
GULP!! THAT WASN'T POPEYE — THAT WAS A GHOST!!
SWISH
THIS IS NO PLACE FOR ME!!
HOW DO I GET OUT OF HERE?


?
!
BAM
AWK!! GULP!
I'M FALLING!
BAM
POPEYE!
OLIVE!
YOU WERE DRESSED LIKE A GHOST!
?


HA! HA! GOSH! WERE WE SILLY! SCARING EACH OTHER!
ARF! ARF! WOW!! WERE WE SCAREDY-CATS
BOOooo
Boo!
SWISH
HA! HA!
THAT'LL TEACH THEM TO SCARE A LITTLE KID!!
I'LL GIVE A FEW MORE BOOS TO SPEED THEM ON THEIR WAY!
BOOo
BOO
BOO
BOOo
GULP!! A GHOST!!
BOOo
BOO-BOO
BOO
BOOoo
BOO BO
SWEE'PEA'S LUSTY BOOS RATTLE THROUGH THE DESERTED MINE AND THE ECHOES BOUNCE BACK
BOO-BOO
SWISH!
THE END!



Sailors are known to be a happy group of humans—very seldom does an old salt like Pappy get angry. Most of the time Popeye's father is as easy to get along with as a double rich chocolate soda. But the fact that he did get very, very mad once, makes this story possible.

It all started one morning at the breakfast table aboard Popeye's ship. Popeye had just brought in three steaming bowls of spinach mush for Swee'pea, Pappy, and himself. Pappy took one look at the fare, leaped to his feet, and started jumping up and down as fast as he could.

"TRIM ME JIB! I WILL NOT EAT IT! JEST AS SURE AS I STANDS HERE, I WILL NOT EAT IT!"

"Blow me down, Pappy." Popeye spoke softly trying to calm the old gent down, "It is just spinach mush. It is the same thing I have given you for breakfast for the past thirty years, and you always ate it."

"That's it! That's it!" screamed Pappy as he stalked out of the cabin. "Fer thirty years I've had to eat it. I WILL NEVER EAT IT AGAIN!"

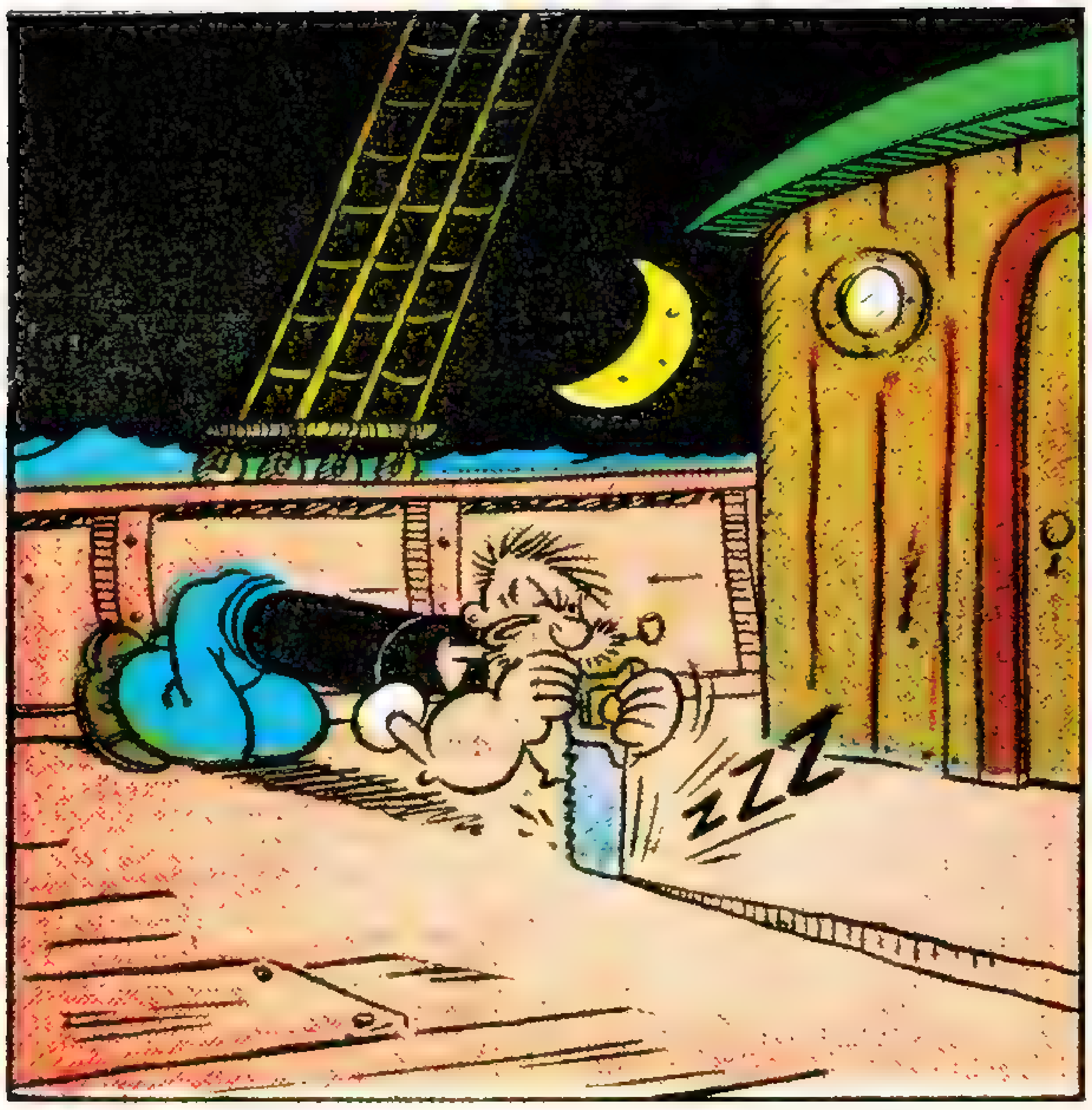
"Gee, I've never seen Pappy get as mad as that before," little Swee'pea said as Popeye sat down again. "He was turnin' purple with rage."

Popeye grinned at Swee'pea and asked him, "Would you mind goin' out on deck and talkin' to him? Perhaps you can calm him down enough to get him to come back to the table. He is an old man and he shouldn't go without breakfast."

Swee'pea quickly finished his bowl of spinach mush and went out on the deck. He found Pappy up in the bow of the ship. He was sitting on the deck mumbling to himself and every once in a while he would give a rope that was lying on the deck in front of him a good kick.

"Phooey! Spinich mush for breakfast. It's enough to make a sailor want to buy a chicken farm and never go back to sea."

"Gorsh, Pappy, you shouldn't have been so rough on Popeye," Swee'pea said as he crawled up and sat beside the angry sailor. "Popeye is just trying to see that you keep well by eating healthy food."



"HEALTHY FOOD!" screamed Pappy. "OH, what I wouldn't give for just one little unhealthy meal. Popeye is my son and we is partners in this ship and I should have the chance once in a while to say what I wants to eat. I yam so mad that fer two cents I would dissolve my partnership with my one and only son right here and now!"

"We is a thousand miles at sea, Pappy, so you kin not dissolve your partnership."

Seeing that there was no more use in arguing with Pappy, Swee'pea returned to the cabin and told Popeye what his father had said. Upon hearing Pappy's threat to dissolve their partnership, Popeye laughed.

"Sure Pappy owns ten per cent of this ship, but there is nothin' he can do about it now."

For the rest of the day Popeye and Swee'pea worked around the ship at their regular jobs. Pappy continued to pout in the bow of the ship. He neither spoke nor looked at his two shipmates and didn't join them in a single meal. When night came and it was time to turn in, Pappy was still in the bow of the ship. Popeye and Swee'pea retired and let the ship sail herself by lashing the helm.

As soon as the lights went off in Swee'pea's and Popeye's cabin, Pappy jumped to his feet and went to work. All night he worked and he finished just as Popeye came out of his cabin the following morning.

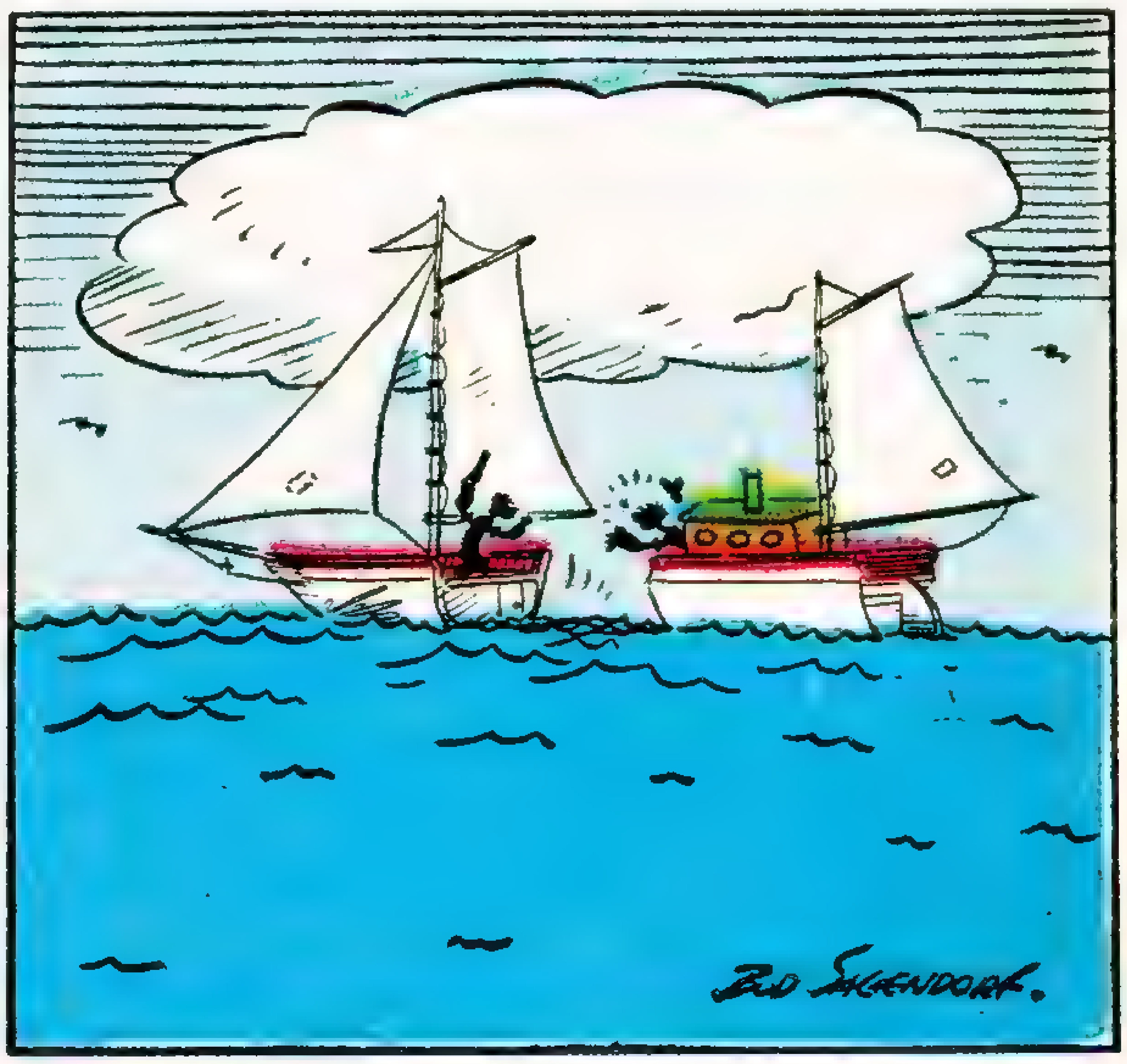
Seeing his son he shouted, "HA, HA! You thought I couldn't dissolve our partnership. ARF! ARF! TAKE A LOOK, SON, I YAM NOW ON ME OWN."

Popeye looked and almost fell over, for during the night Pappy had sawed the ship in half and was slowly sailing away with the bow of the vessel.

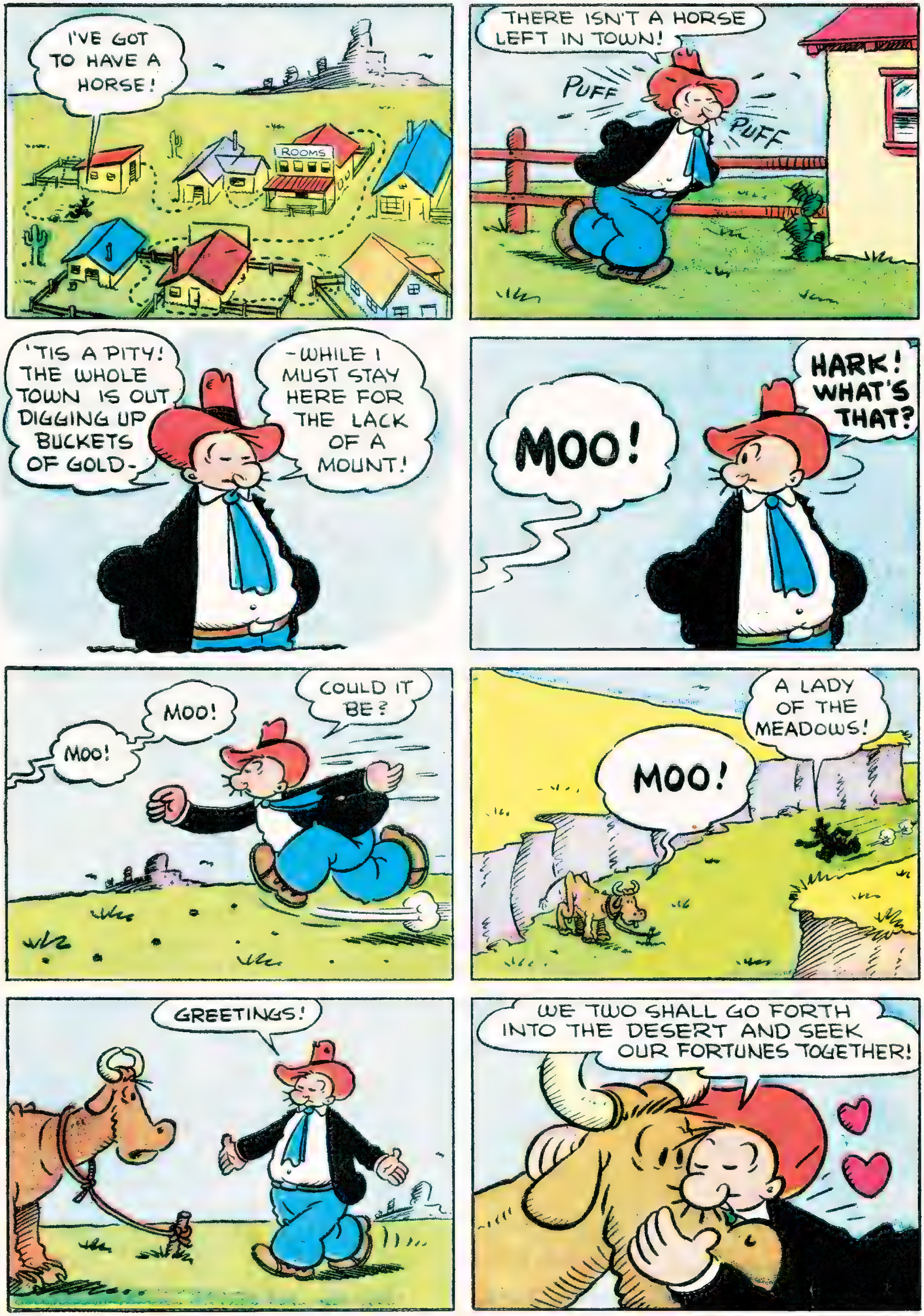
"BLOW ME DOWN!" yelled Popeye. "Come back with my bow. You only own ten per cent of this ship and you have taken over half."

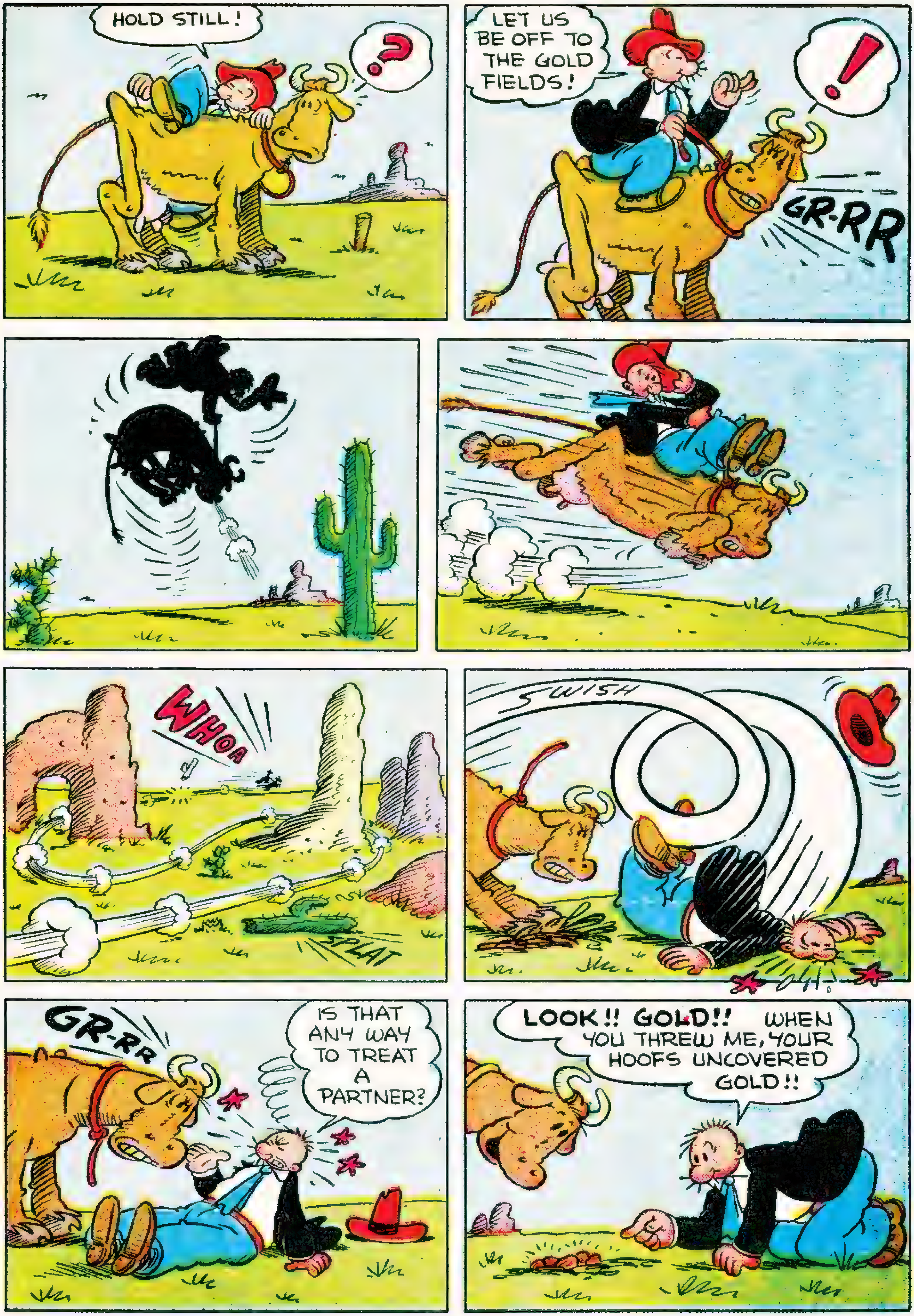
"ARF! ARF!" laughed Pappy as he sailed away, "I never was any good at percentages."

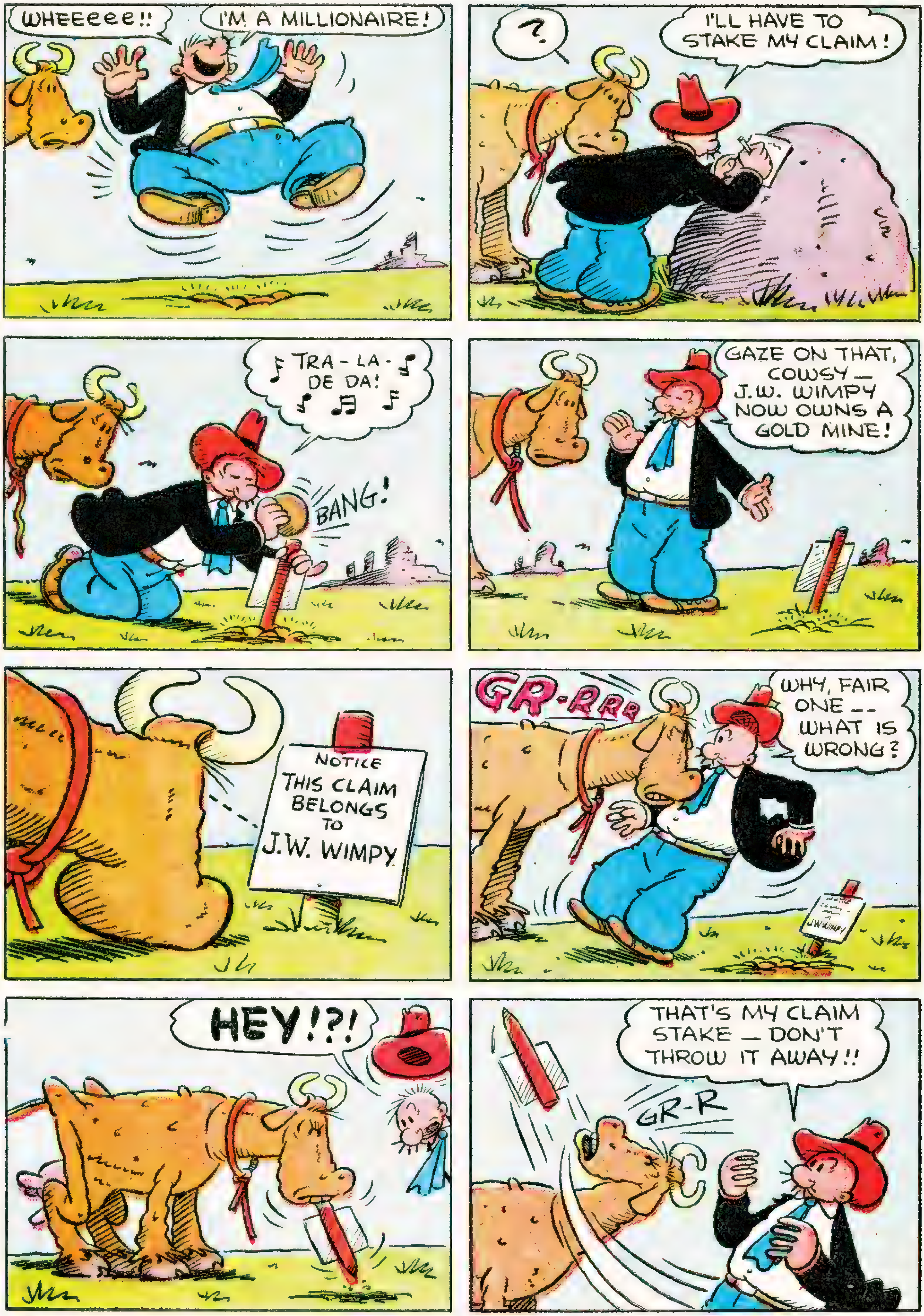
Popeye and Swee'pea managed after several days of hard work to bring the stern of his ship into the same port Pappy was in. After some fast talking and the promise of a more varied diet, Pappy agreed to put the ship back together again. But from that time on both Popeye and Swee'pea were very careful that they didn't make the easy-going Pappy mad.

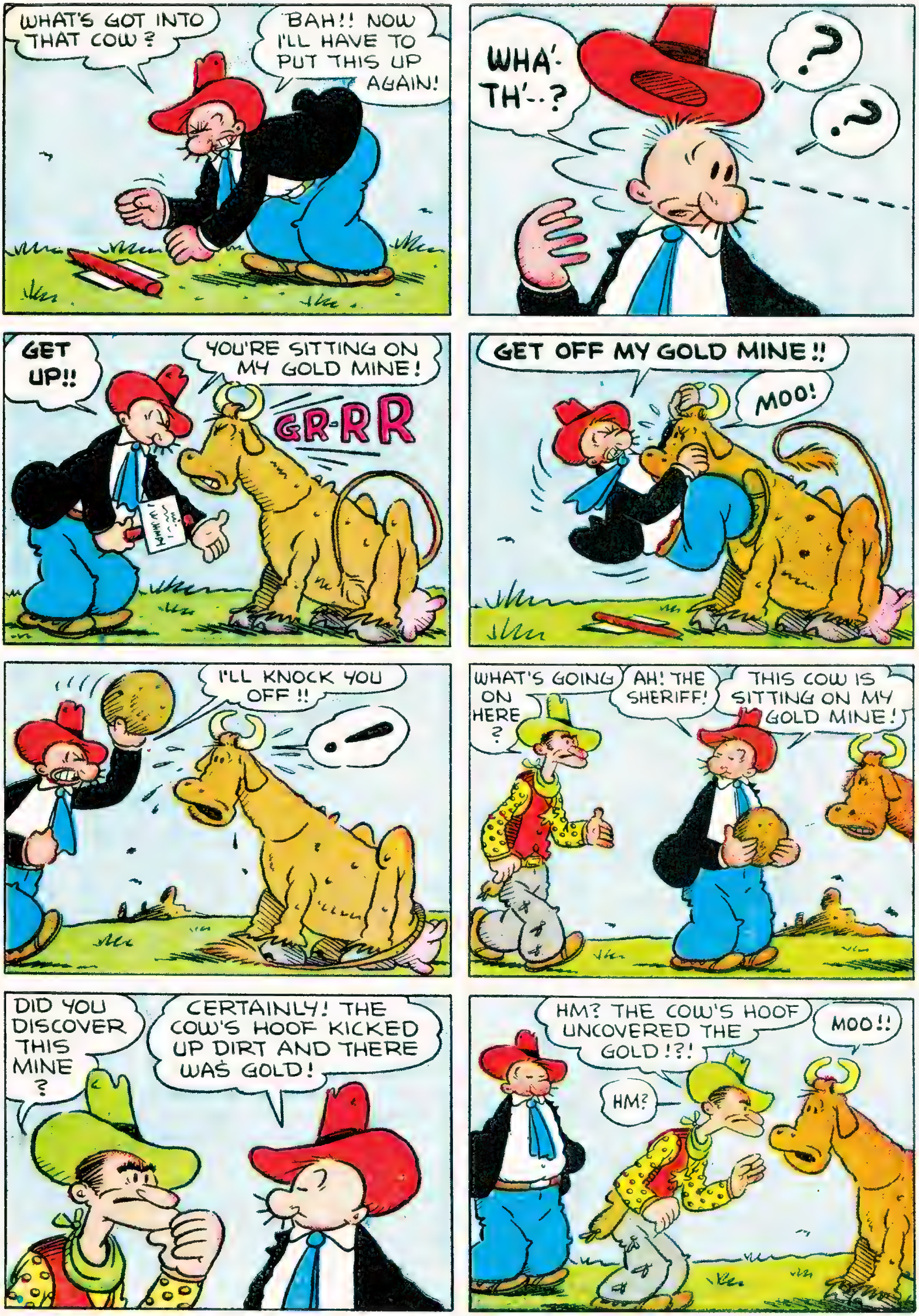


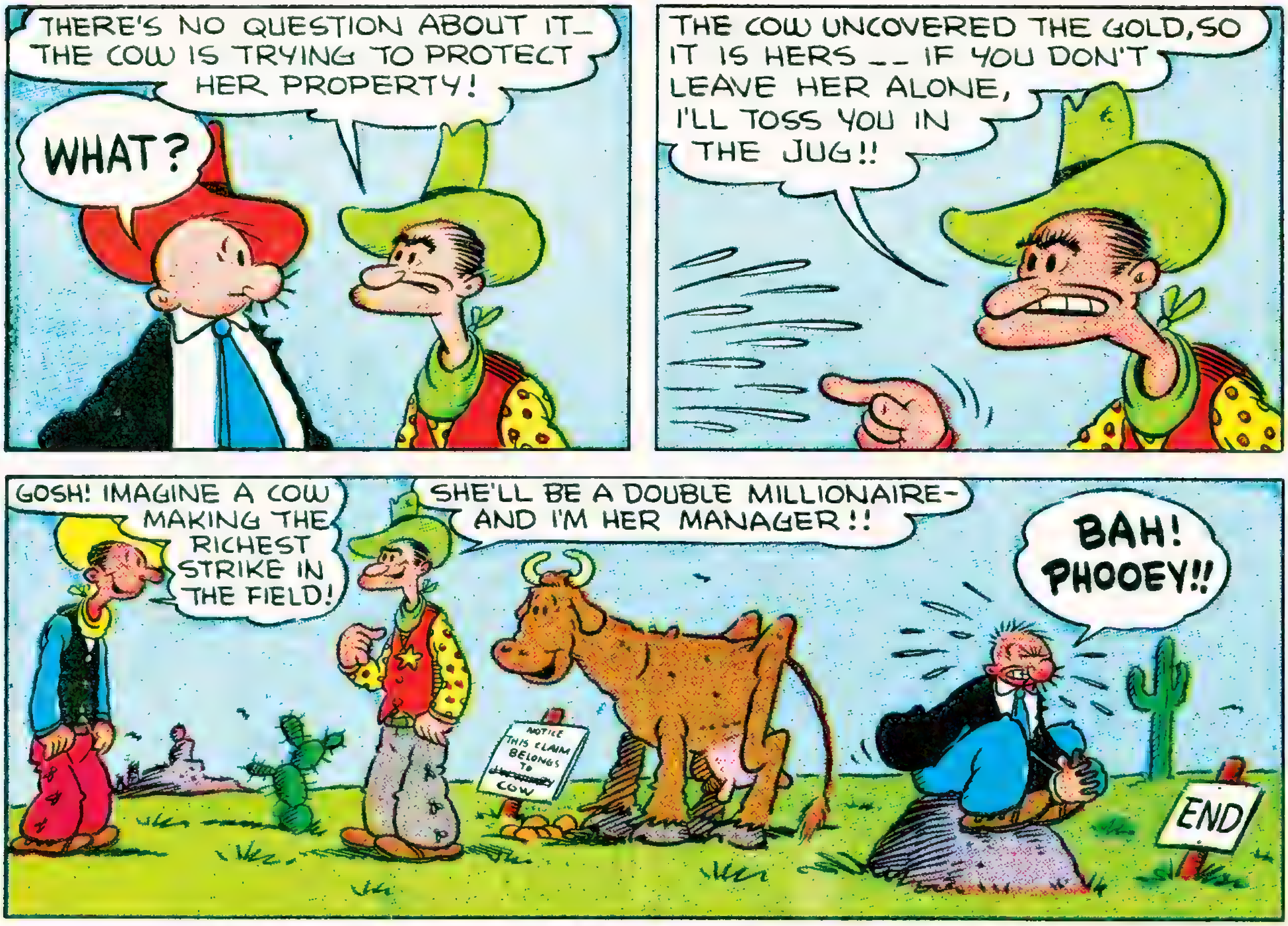
J. W. Wimpy
STARRING IN
"GOLD RUSH!"
GOLD DIG HERE!
GOOD HEAVENS! WHERE IS EVERY-ONE?
THE TOWN IS DESERTED!
?
?
AH! THERE'S A GENTLEMAN OVER THERE!
I SAY, MY GOOD MAN — WHERE IS THE POPULACE?
TWO OF THE BOYS STRUCK GOLD THIS MORNING — — EVERYONE IN TOWN IS OUT DIGGING — — — IT'S A REAL GOLD RUSH!!
GOLD!
GOLD!
GOLD!
GOLD!
GOLD!
I MUST GET A HORSE AND JOIN THE RUSH!
A HORSE! GIVE ME A HORSE!!
JOE'S STABLE
HORSES FOR HIRE -
WHAT TH'-?
THERE'S NOT A HORSE LEFT!!


I'VE GOT TO HAVE A HORSE!
ROOMS
THERE ISN'T A HORSE LEFT IN TOWN!
PUFF
PUFF
'TIS A PITY! THE WHOLE TOWN IS OUT DIGGING UP BUCKETS OF GOLD-
-WHILE I MUST STAY HERE FOR THE LACK OF A MOUNT!
MOO!
HARK! WHAT'S THAT?
MOO!
MOO!
COULD IT BE?
MOO!
A LADY OF THE MEADOWS!
GREETINGS!
WE TWO SHALL GO FORTH INTO THE DESERT AND SEEK OUR FORTUNES TOGETHER!


HOLD STILL!
?
LET US BE OFF TO THE GOLD FIELDS!
!
GR-RR
WHOA
SPLAT
SWISH
GR-RR
IS THAT ANY WAY TO TREAT A PARTNER?
LOOK!! GOLD!! WHEN YOU THREW ME, YOUR HOOFS UNCOVERED GOLD!!


WHEEEEE!!
I'M A MILLIONAIRE!
?
I'LL HAVE TO STAKE MY CLAIM!
TRA-LA-DE DA!
BANG!
GAZE ON THAT, COWSY — J.W. WIMPY NOW OWNS A GOLD MINE!
NOTICE THIS CLAIM BELONGS TO J.W. WIMPY
GR-RRR
WHY, FAIR ONE -- WHAT IS WRONG?
HEY!?!
GR-R
THAT'S MY CLAIM STAKE — DON'T THROW IT AWAY!!


WHAT'S GOT INTO THAT COW?
BAH!! NOW I'LL HAVE TO PUT THIS UP AGAIN!
WHA'-TH'--?
?
?
GET UP!!
YOU'RE SITTING ON MY GOLD MINE!
GR-RR
GET OFF MY GOLD MINE!!
MOO!
I'LL KNOCK YOU OFF!!
!
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
AH! THE SHERIFF!
THIS COW IS SITTING ON MY GOLD MINE!
DID YOU DISCOVER THIS MINE?
CERTAINLY! THE COW'S HOOF KICKED UP DIRT AND THERE WAS GOLD!
HM? THE COW'S HOOF UNCOVERED THE GOLD!?!
MOO!!
HM?



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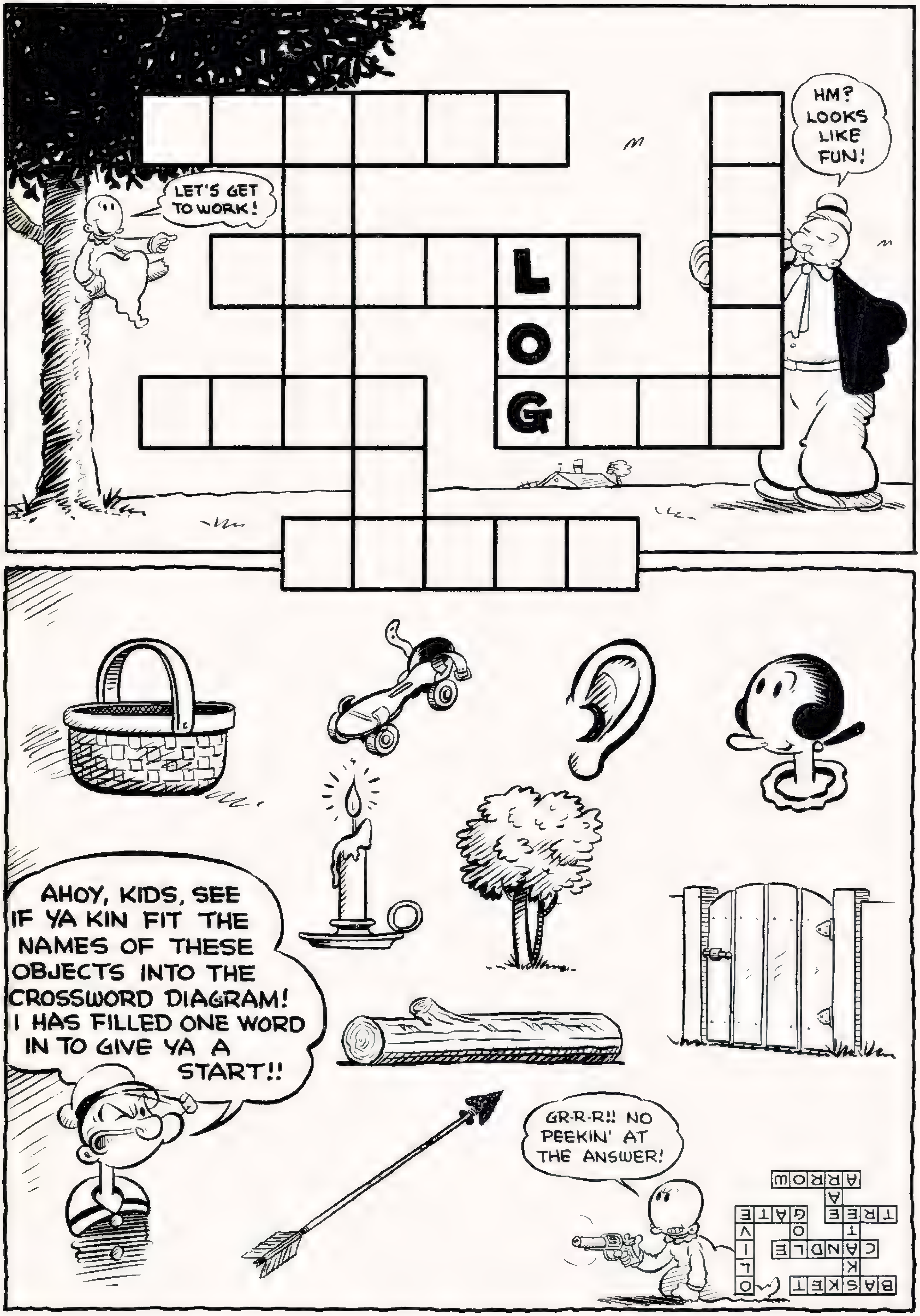
LET'S GET TO WORK!
HM? LOOKS LIKE FUN!
L
O
G
AHOY, KIDS, SEE IF YA KIN FIT THE NAMES OF THESE OBJECTS INTO THE CROSSWORD DIAGRAM! I HAS FILLED ONE WORD IN TO GIVE YA A START!!
GR-R-R!! NO PEEKIN' AT THE ANSWER!

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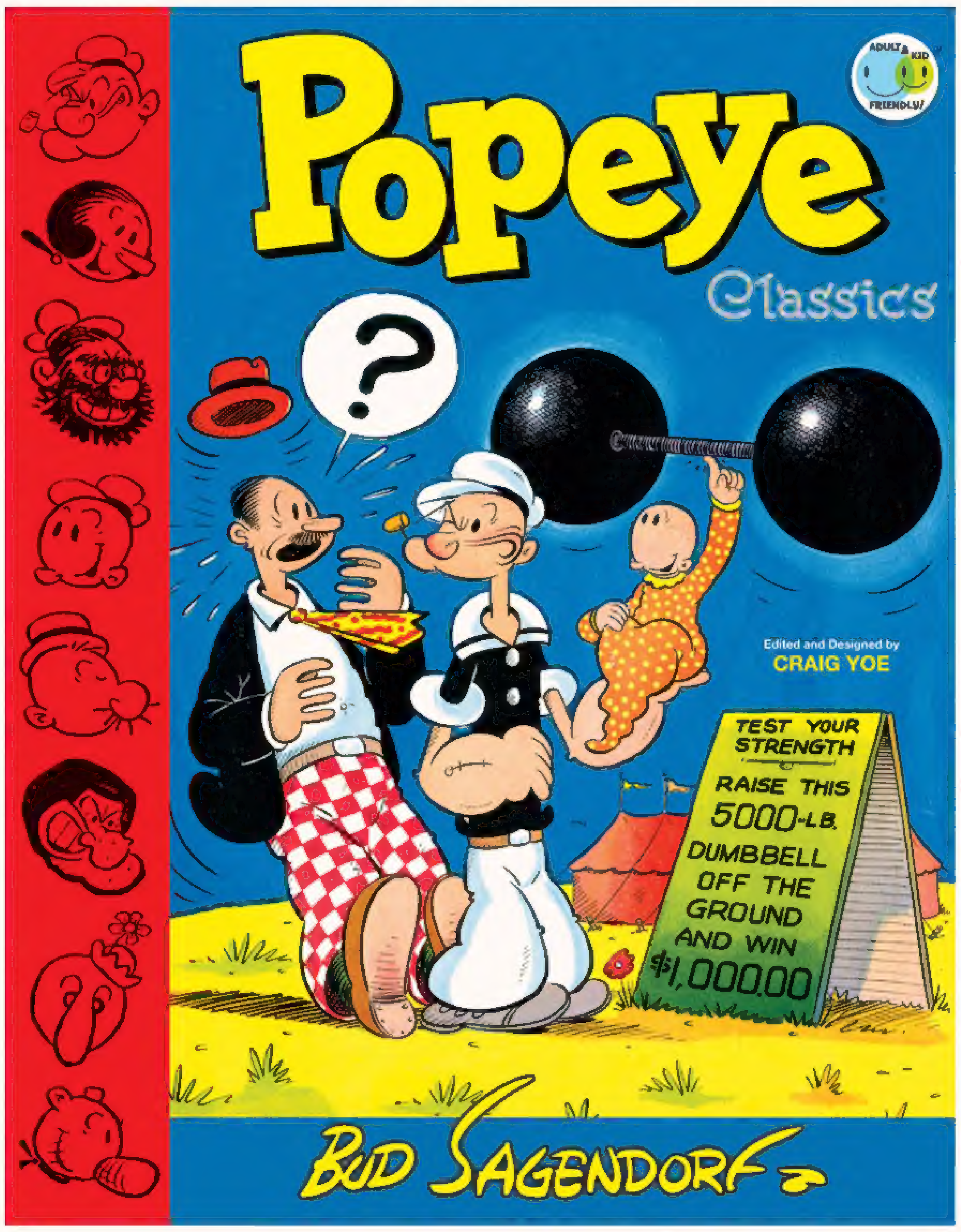

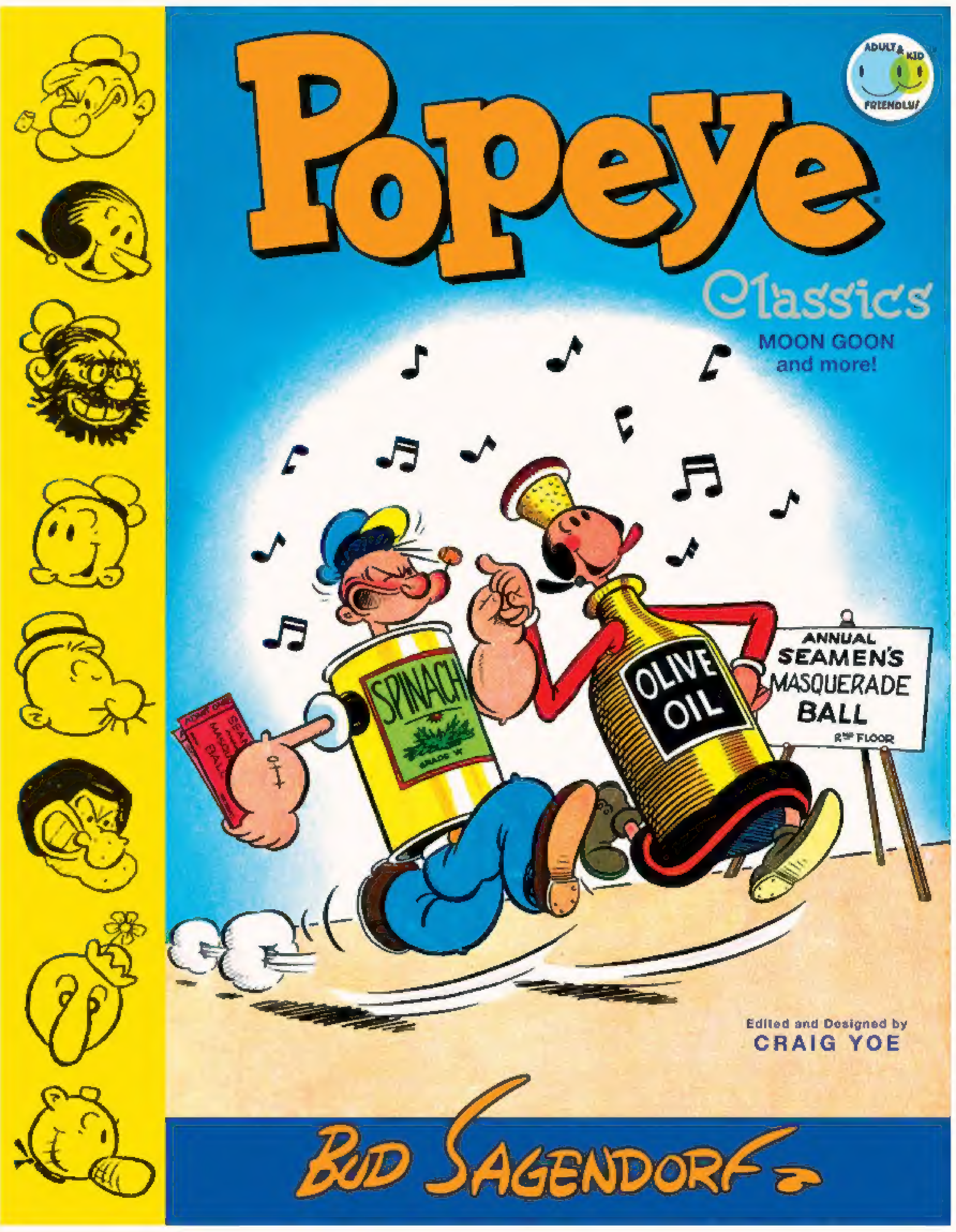

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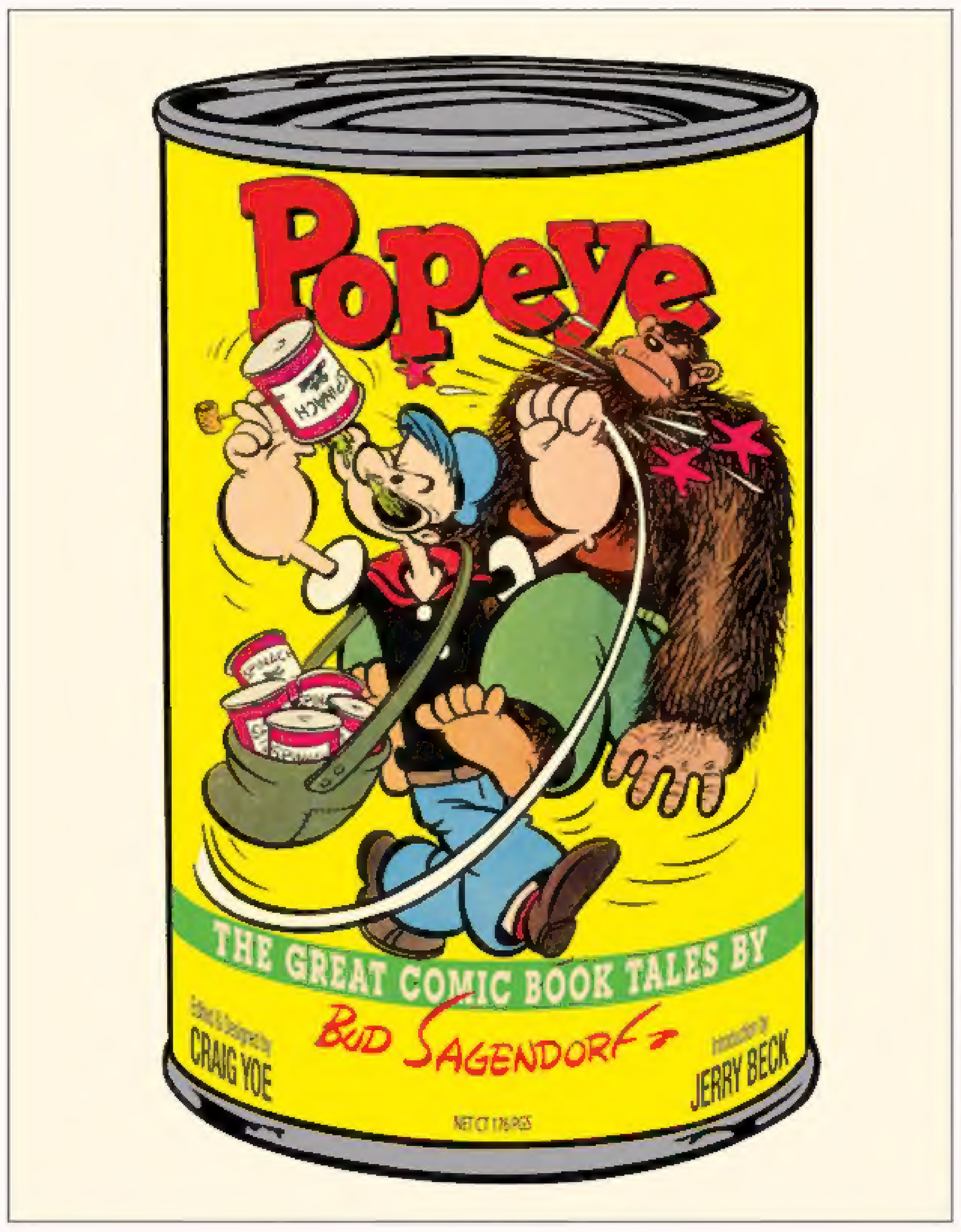

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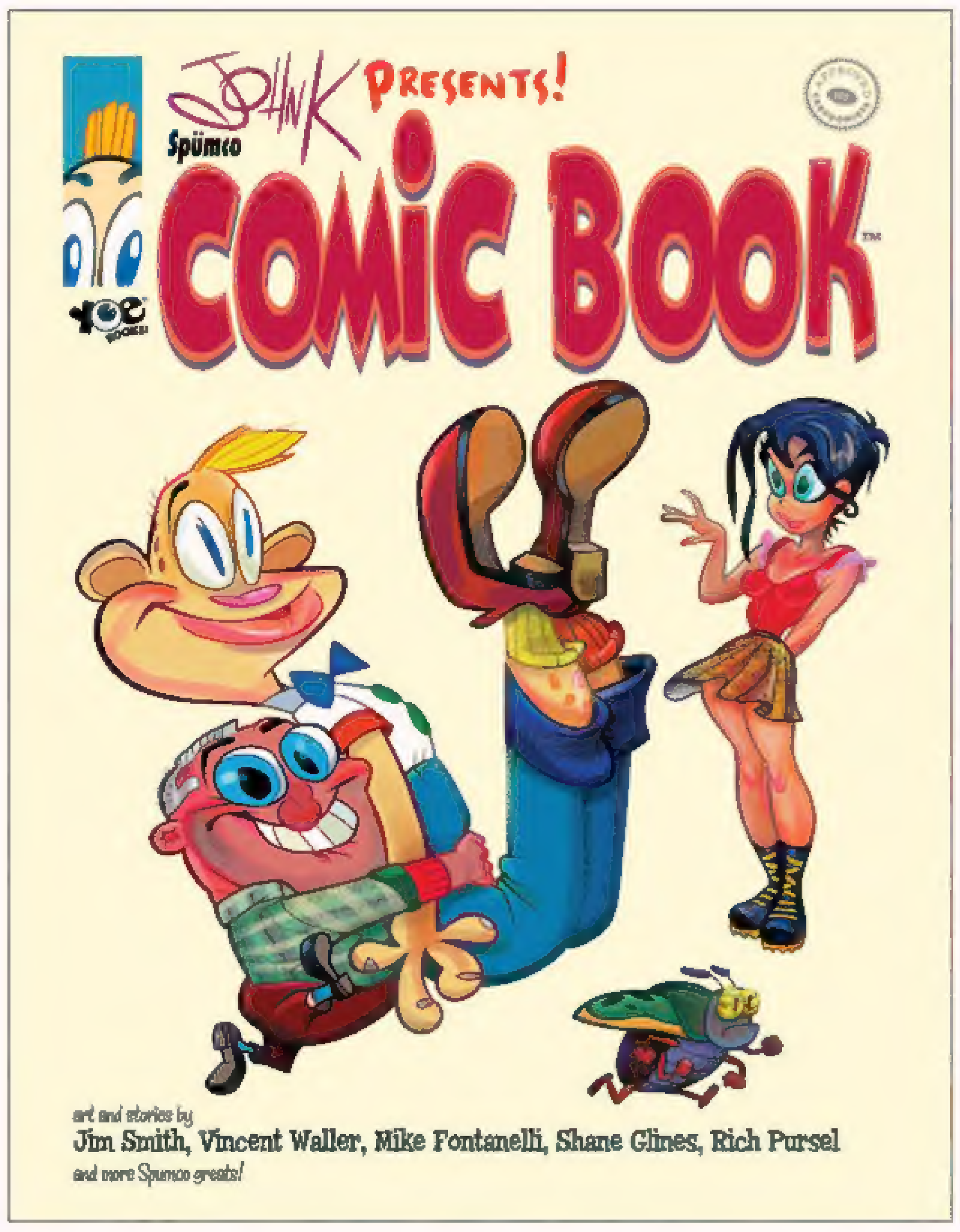

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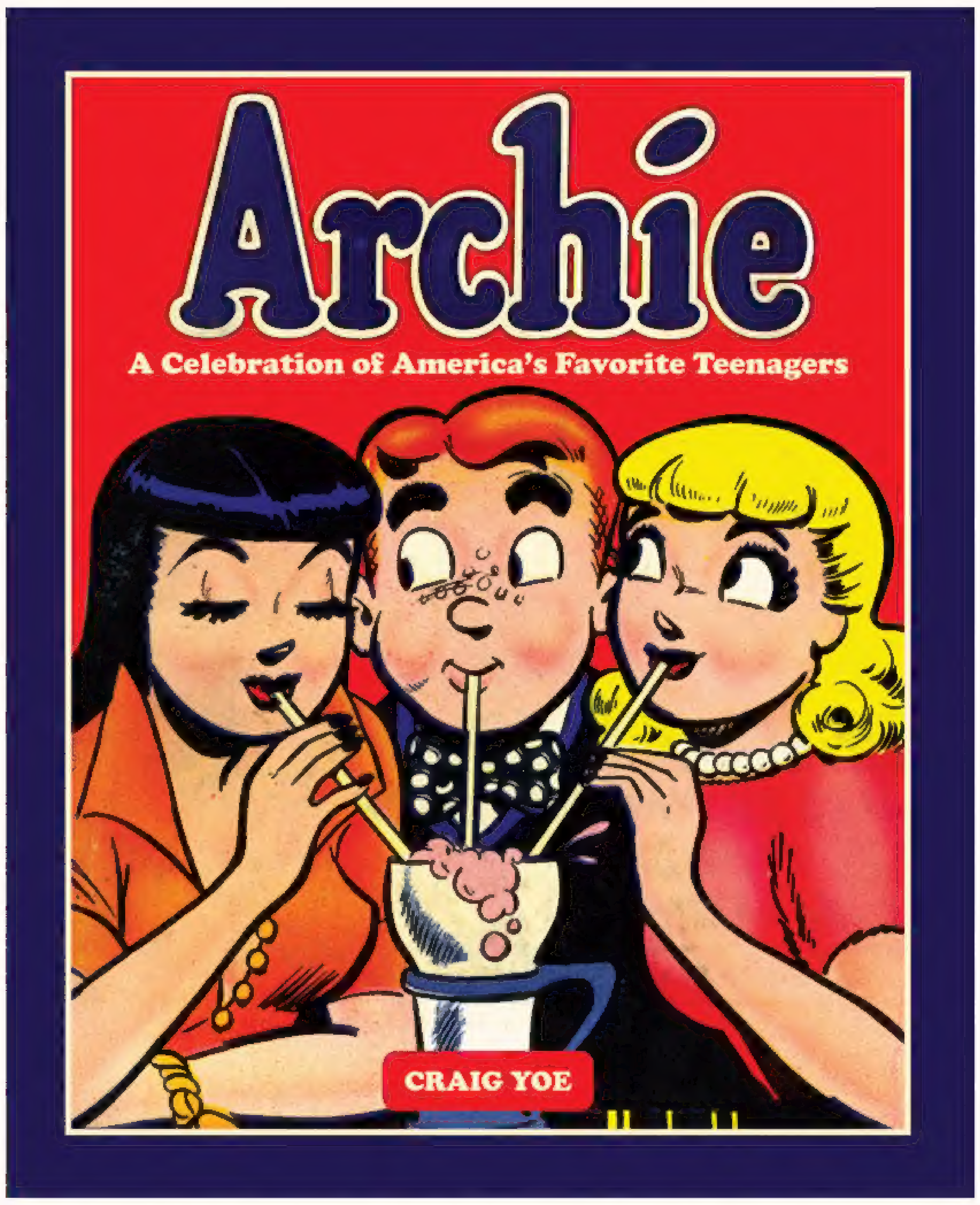

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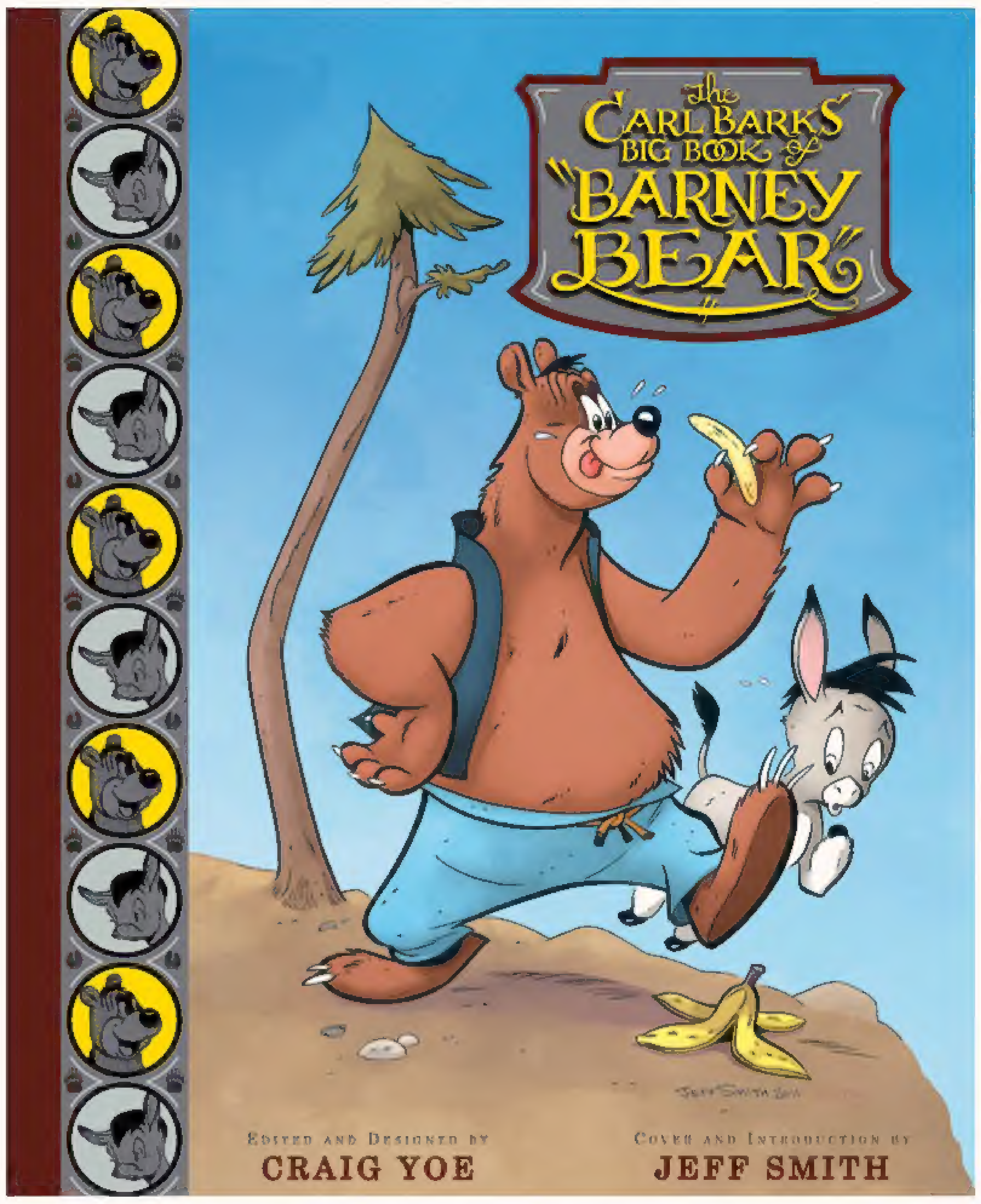

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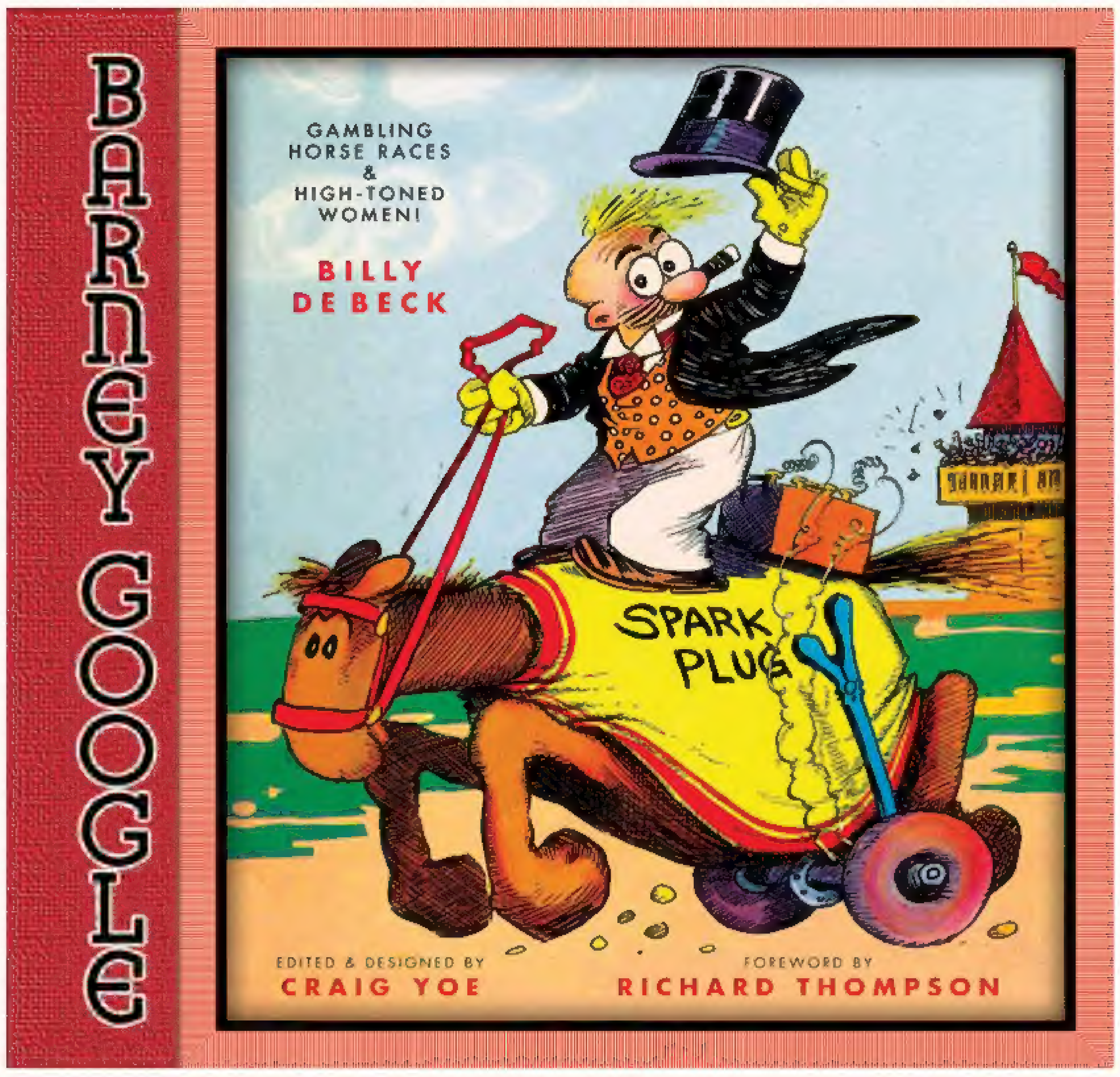

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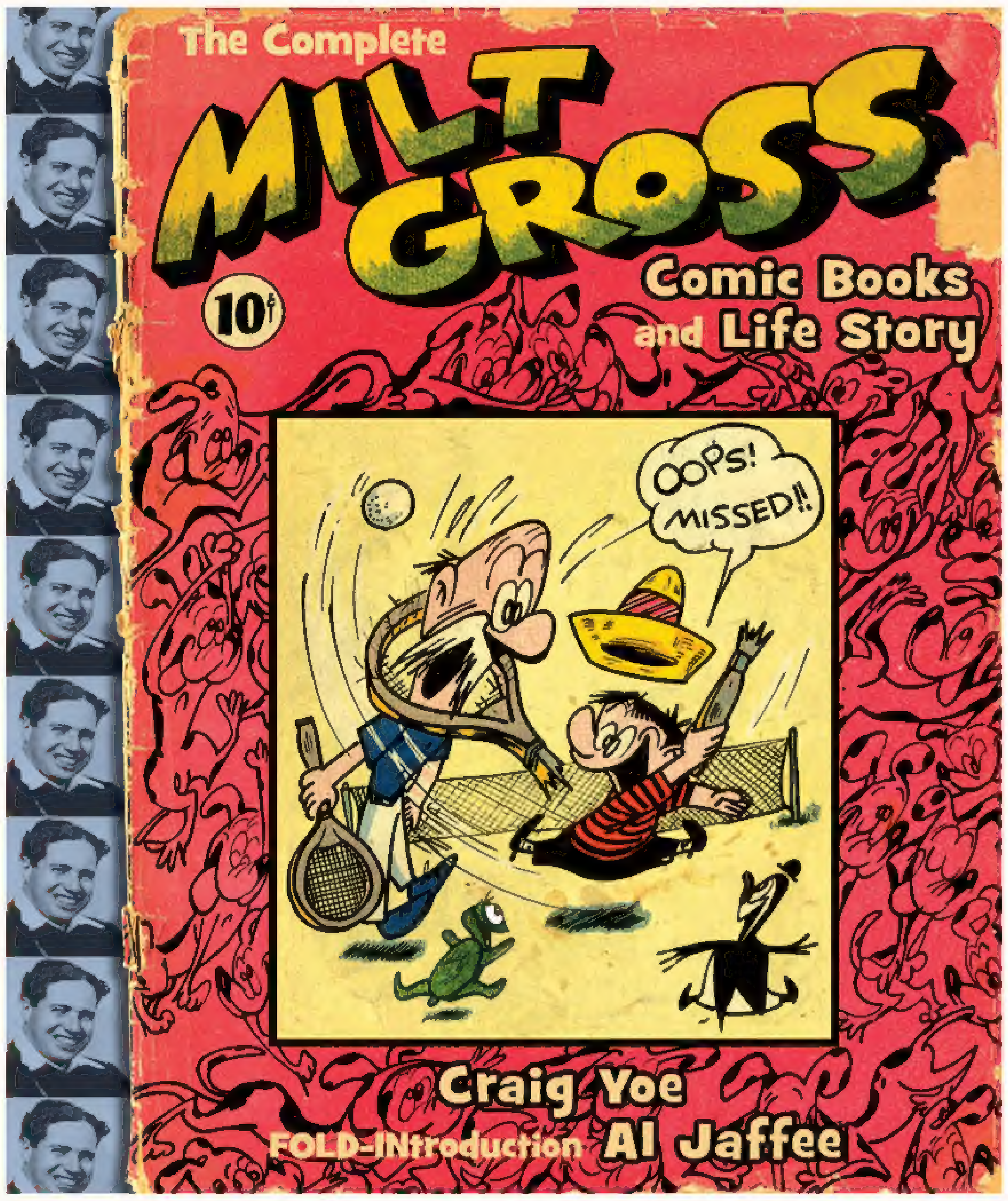

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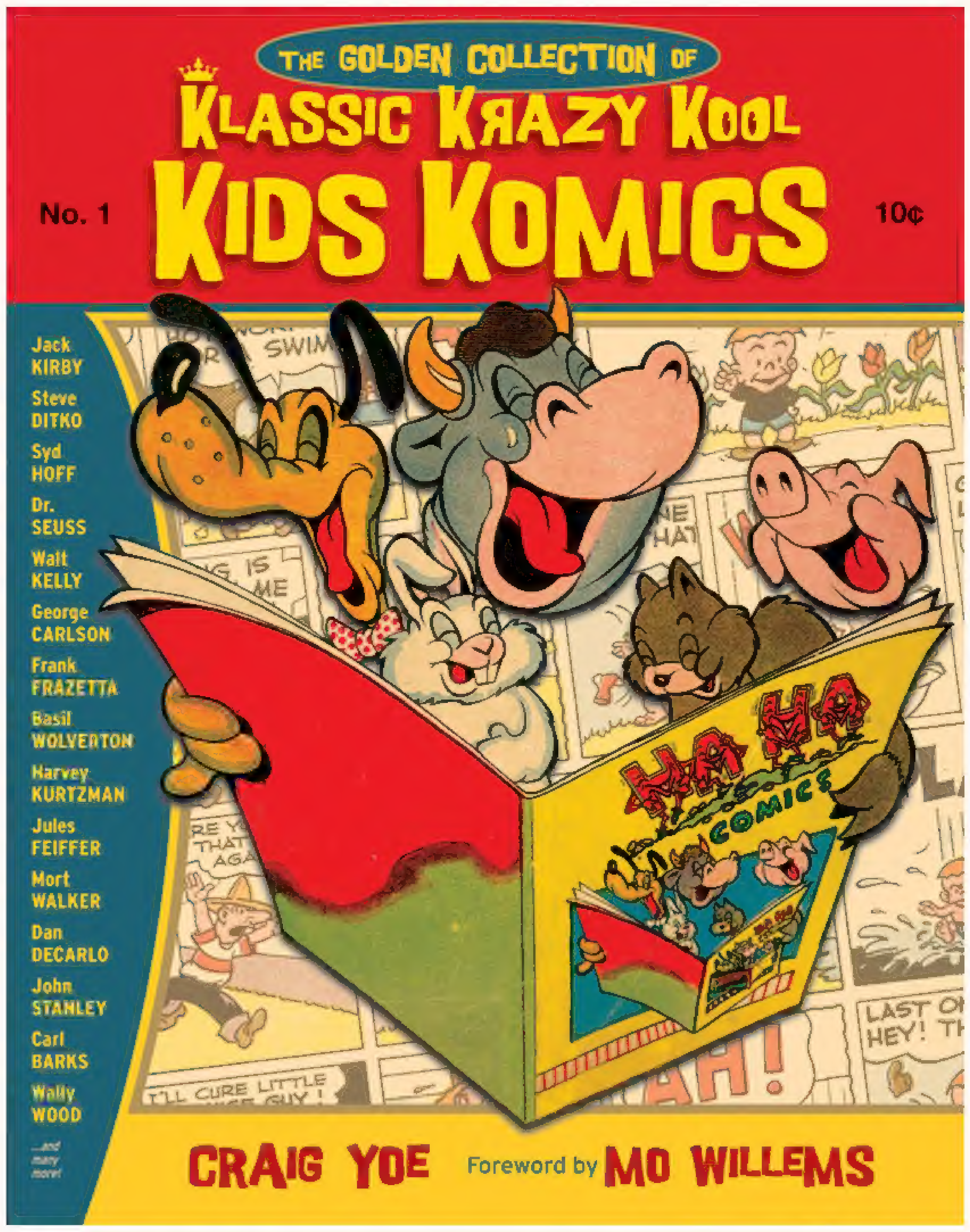

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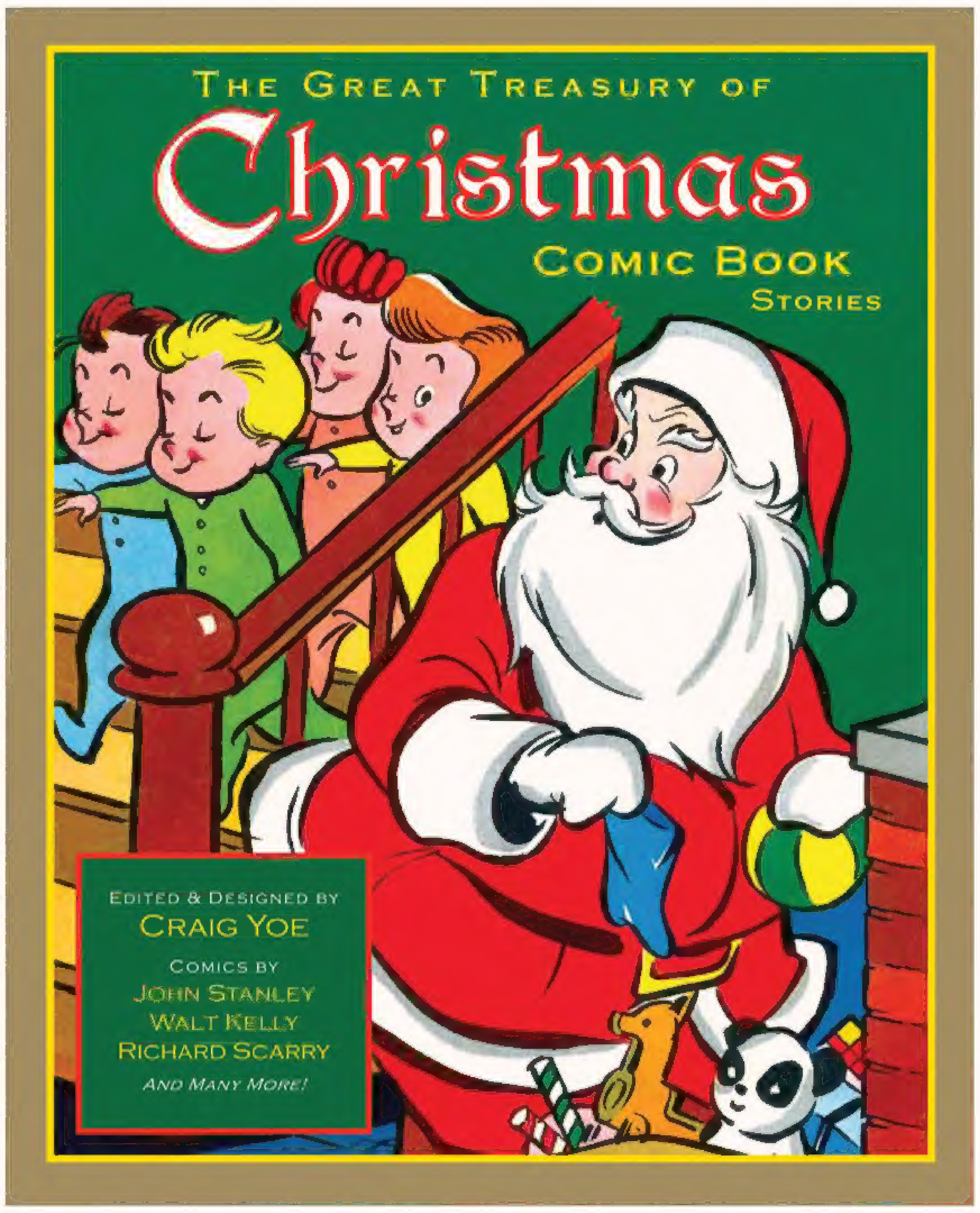

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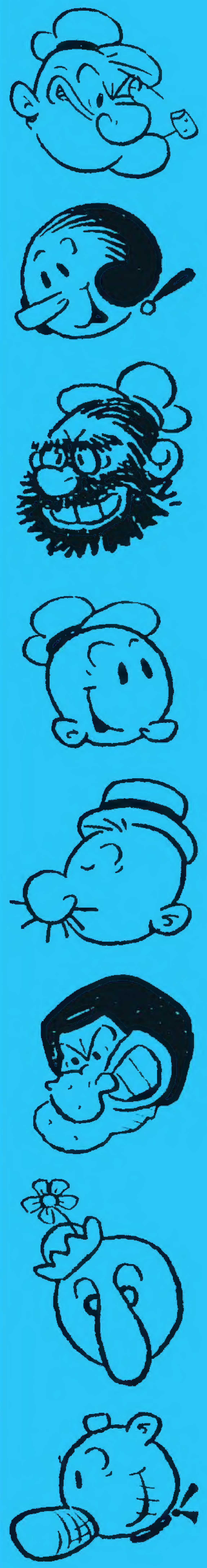

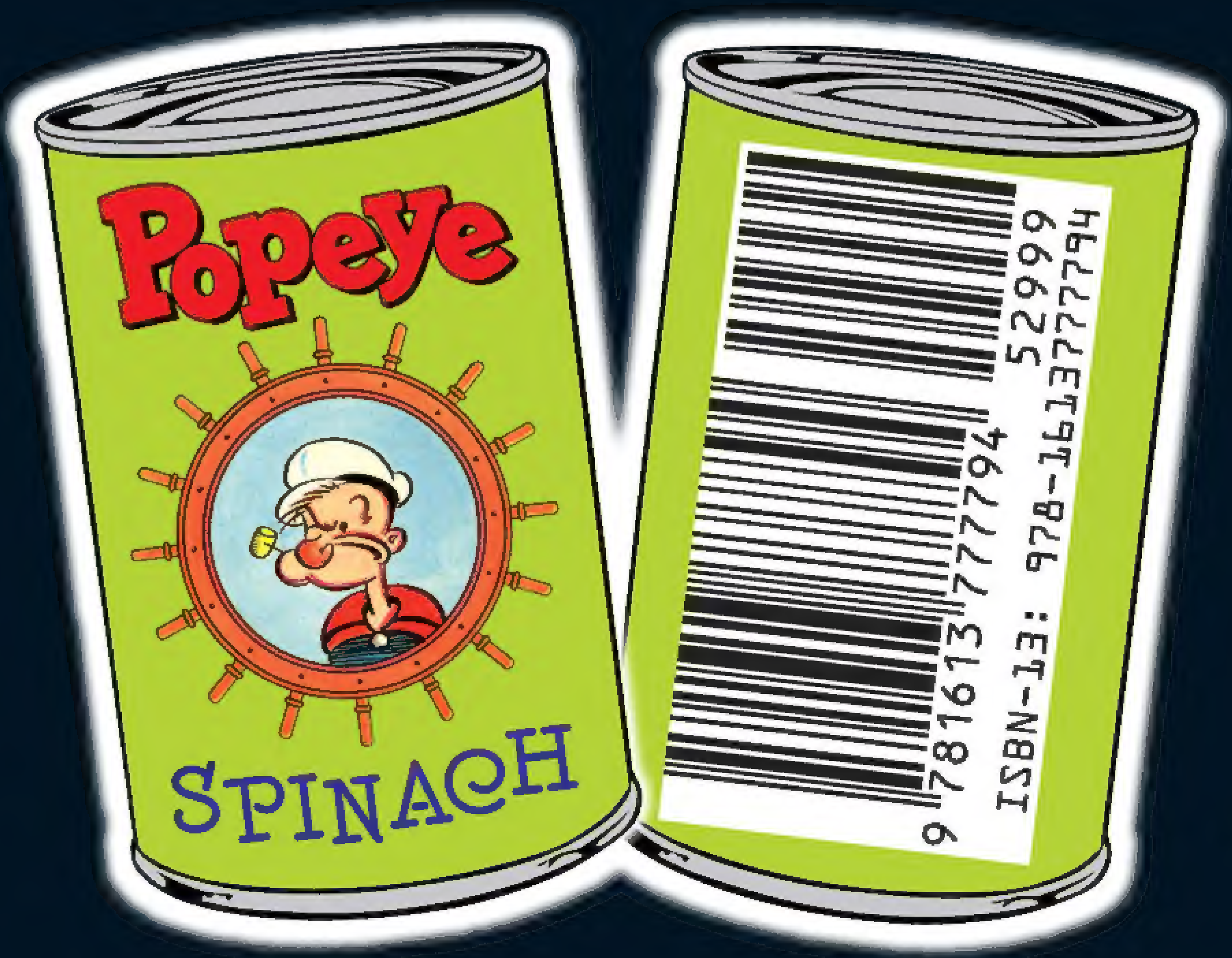

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